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FRANCES PAYNE BOLTON

A LONG WAY FORWARD

*The Biography of
Congresswoman Frances L. Bolton*

by DAVID LOTH

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A LONG WAY FORWARD

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A LONG WAY FORWARD

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CHAPTER I

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

IN 1885 Fanny Frances Payne was living with her uncle, Henry B. Payne, in his big, austere house on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. When she arrived, friends and neighbors had been told that she was on a visit. It had lasted now for more than forty years.

Actually Miss Payne was in exile. She had been banished at nineteen from her father's house in New York state for what that gentleman considered an intolerable offense. She had been reading books which he regarded as unsuitable for ladies. Abraham Payne was no more bigoted than most men of his generation, but he believed that a woman's duty was to obey. He had shipped his unnatural daughter, as he thought her, to his very much younger brother so that her presence would not remind him constantly of her disgrace.

The author whose works had precipitated this domestic crisis was Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Her Cleveland relations liked Cousin Fanny, and were inclined to be more liberal than Easterners in such matters as a lady's taste in literature. So when her host's youngest child, Mrs. Charles W. Bingham, gave birth to a girl

on Palm Sunday, 1885, they named the newcomer Frances Payne Bingham.

Fanny Payne continued to read Emerson and his successors in modern literature, but that was the extent of her rebellion against the place of women. Frances Bingham, brought up in the same tradition, could hardly be called a rebel at all. Yet her life is a part of the women's revolution which has made the punishment of her cousin seem as archaic as throwing Christians to the lions.

Far more prescient Victorians than Cousin Fanny would have scoffed in 1885 at any suggestion that a girl from one of the shaded, sheltered homes on Cleveland's most fashionable street would take an eminent place in the councils of men, and do it without sacrificing an iota of that mysterious quality called femininity. To be sure, crusaders for equal rights were active in 1885, but they won more ridicule than converts, aroused a greater sense of outrage than of justice.

Frances Bingham never became one of them. She worked, and, when necessary fought, for goals she considered more practical. For her, as for her sex generally, there was no single campaign or victory which suddenly changed her status or her opportunities. It all happened so gradually that only in retrospect can the speed and force of the revolution be judged.

She was born into a world which was closer to that of her earliest pioneer ancestors in America than to that of her grandchildren. She grew with the times. Her story differs chiefly from that of millions of other women who lived through this period in that she helped the times to grow, too.

Like other millions, she married and had children. In fact it is her married name that is known. As Mrs. Chester Castle Bolton she was so closely identified with progress in nursing that some competent observers say she has done more than any other layman of her generation to make it the high profession it has become. It is the mark of Mrs. Bolton, not of a Miss Bingham, which has been placed upon the media of mass communications, especially broadcasting; upon education practices; upon the scientific explorations of parapsychology. As Frances Payne Bolton, member of Congress since 1940, she has done as much as anyone to accustom the House — and the rest of us — to the idea that a woman may be quite as competent a legislator as a man. It never occurred to her that, proud as she is of her maiden name, her achievements would be any the more notable for being recorded under it.

She had unusual advantages. She was born into a family whose members had played not inconsiderable roles in the development of the nation. They bequeathed to her, along with easy access to the great and the prominent, a strong sense of the obligation owed to the community in return for privilege. She had economic security always and wealth from the time of her young matronhood, for one of her uncles was Oliver Payne, cofounder with John D. Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Company. Forty years ago he set up large trust funds for each of his various nephews and nieces — the Whitneys and the Bingham.

She had to overcome obstacles, too, not all of them stemming from the fact that she was a woman. She faced the handicap of family objections to many things she con-

sidered important, and hers was not the temperament that thrives on opposition. She had to wrestle, not always victoriously, with fears and doubts, with disparagement from those whose praise she sought, and a sense of being misunderstood by some she most wanted to trust. For years she fought against illness which she was assured must either kill or disable her. She sometimes assumed responsibilities for which she knew she was not fully prepared.

So neither family nor wealth completely explain Frances Bolton. She is the product of both, of course, but to a much greater extent she is the product of her own personality as it has been refined and shaped by the inexorable forces of life. These are the keys to her successes and failures, her victories and defeats, her accomplishments and mistakes.

The quotations which articulate people like to use often are a clue to their beliefs, aims and motives. Frances Bolton is sufficiently articulate to express herself in her own words, but she has a gift for finding striking statements in unusual places. One of her favorites was written during World War II by a dying Yugoslav soldier for his unborn son. It reads:

Keep your power to receive everything; only learn to select what your instinct tells you is right;

Keep your heart hungry for new knowledge;

Keep your hatred of a lie and your power of indignation;

Keep your intolerance, only saving it for what your heart tells you is bad;

Keep your wonder at great and noble things like sunlight and thunder, the rain and stars, the wind and sun, the growth of

trees and the return of the harvest, and the greatness of heroes;

Keep your love of life, but throw away your fear of death. Life must be loved or it is lost; but it should never be loved too well.

CHAPTER II

THE ROOTS GO DEEP

THE fact that Frances Bingham belonged to her family's ninth generation in America is of more than genealogical interest. Without taking sides in the ever-unresolved argument of heredity versus environment, it is easy to trace the influence of her ancestry upon the little girl in Cleveland because for her heredity *was* environment. The Bingham and Paynes, Perrys and Beardsleys, Skinners and Douglasses, of the past were of absorbing interest to Frances, molding her thought and behavior. Stories and facts about them — not always the same thing — played at least as great a part in her education as did formal schooling.

The family record is a cross section of what, according to the once-popular New England school of history, was all that mattered in the development of the United States. It was a record of men and women who settled and organized a new country along the Atlantic seaboard, pioneered the westward migration, built American industry and set a standard of civic conduct which, with its strengths and weaknesses, has created a peculiarly American community life.

The first Bingham in this country was a seventeen-year-old boy, Thomas, son of a cutler in Sheffield, England's great steel center. (Nearly two and a half centuries later, Frances's father was delighted to find, while visiting England, that a Bingham then was head of Sheffield's venerable cutlers' guild.) Thomas sailed for America with his parents in 1659, but the elder Bingham died during the voyage. His widow remarried in Connecticut the next year. At that time her son acquired four acres of his own in Norwich. Thirty years later he was a deacon, owner of a thousand acres in Windham and father of eleven children.

Successive generations of Bingham followed this pattern of increase. The Cleveland branch descended from Thomas's youngest, Stephen, whose only child to reach maturity became one of the colony's early physicians, and lived to see his eldest child take part in the campaigns of the War of Independence around New York. This son, who left ten children of his own, seems to have bequeathed some of his martial spirit to the youngest, Cyrus, for many years a captain of militia.

Captain Cyrus's eldest son, William, born in 1816, had his generation's restless curiosity and optimism about the West. At twenty he set off for Cleveland, just that year promoted from a village to a city, with more than three thousand inhabitants and all possible jobs apparently filled. He was about to move further west — it seldom occurred to these venturers to give up and go home — when he was offered a clerkship in George Worthington's hardware business. The career of one of the recognized builders of Cleveland was launched.

Within a few years, starting with a modest capital supplied by his father — a not uncommon but often overlooked factor in the success of Western pioneers — he had his own thriving hardware and metal business. As the years passed, he became a director of several banks and one of the founders of the Cleveland Rolling Mills. He took his civic duties seriously, too, as did most of the New England migrants, serving on the city council and building the first modern municipal water works.

At twenty-six, already successful in business, he married a handsome girl of twenty-one with a somewhat less strictly New England background than his own. Elizabeth Beardsley had been born in Ohio, but her father David had had a roving career as teacher, businessman, judge and legislator, during which he had settled for a time in Maryland and married Cassandra Hersh, of Fredericktown. The softer influence of the South, which visitors to Cleveland sometimes noticed beneath the bustle of the young West, was due to families like the Beardsleys.

On May 26, 1846, their only son was born to William and Elizabeth Bingham. They named him Charles William, and for a good many years everything conspired to give him a happy life. The family — there were two daughters, one older and one younger than Charles — prospered, and the boy was able to indulge strong tastes for study, sports and travel. At Yale he was considered a brilliant student. He took a genuine delight in rather formidable intellectual pursuits, poring over abstruse philosophies in Greek, Latin or German. He developed, too, considerable musical scholarship and a modest talent

for the violin. At the same time he was a member of the Yale crew, captain of a boat club, a fencer and a heavy hitter for his class baseball team. He enjoyed his muscles enough to express almost fierce delight in a class rush so violent that the authorities called it a riot.

Graduated in 1868, he spent the next thirty months on an extended foreign tour, but, unlike most young Americans on the loose in Europe, he devoted a good share of his time to serious scholarship. He studied hard at the University of Celle near Hanover, and broadened his moral as well as intellectual outlook by living in the home of a German atheist, apparently a mild and tolerant one, for Charles noted that at each meal the entire family stood while the youngest daughter said grace.

The American went beyond the dry bones of academic learning. He traveled through Germany, observing the creation of a nation out of many states. He ventured as far afield as Russia and Turkey. He was in Paris for the final collapse of the Third Empire, watching the barricades go up along the boulevards and dodging behind a pillar of the Pantheon when the firing began. He visited iron works and steel mills, writing home about them and asking his father for details of business conditions because he was beginning to "feel like getting to work myself and leave this good-for-nothing inactive life."

On coming home, however, he took his master's degree at Yale and only then, as an apprenticeship to a possible industrial career, went into one of the open-hearth steel furnaces on "the flats" in Cleveland in 1871. His hot, dirty, backbreaking labor was varied pleasantly by balls and concerts, dinners and plays, at which young Bingham

speedily became a popular figure. In one group devoted to producing dramas in German, his name appeared in programs with that of a "Fraülein Payne." Soon they were seen together in other places.

The round-cheeked, vivacious girl of seventeen was Mary Perry Payne, Molly to her friends and Midge to her sister. In 1871 she was just returned from two years in Europe, the petted baby of an eminent family. Her father was one of the state's most respected political chieftains, destined for high office. Her brother was the leading competitor in oil refining of that rising Cleveland, John D. Rockefeller. Her sister recently had become the distinguished young New York matron, Mrs. William C. Whitney. All these nodded benign approval as friendship ripened between the young amateurs of the German drama. In 1874, when Molly went to Washington to help manage her father's household after his election to Congress, she was formally engaged to Charlie Bingham.

The Paines — that was the original spelling — had been in America only a little longer than the Bingham. The first to arrive, also a Thomas, was an elderly man by the standards of the day, fifty-five years old when in 1622 he landed at Yarmouth in Plymouth Colony with his wife and a ten-year-old son, Thomas. The father died in 1650; the son lived to be ninety-four, a man of substance in farms, grist mills and a cooperage business, and of public service as selectman, road surveyor, deputy to the general court and member of "The Grand Enquest." (Among his descendants were Robert Treat Paine, signer

of the Declaration of Independence, and John Howard Payne, author of "Home Sweet Home.")

The Paines were mobile as well as prolific. Of Thomas' ten children, one, Elisha, moved to Connecticut, and his son, Abraham, in 1741 became part of the vanguard of New England migrants to eastern New York. He settled in the Crum Elbow Precinct, later Amenia. Of his ten children, the eldest boy, named for his father, felt a call to the church, was ordained in 1750 and moved to Cornwall in Connecticut. This Reverend Abraham and the family of his brother, the Reverend Thomas, changed the spelling of their surname to avoid any assumption of kinship with the noted radical, Thomas Paine. This desire arose from no distaste for the pamphleteer's politics — the Reverend Abraham headed the Cornwall minutemen in 1776 — but because the popular writer also was popularly regarded as a freethinker.

Payne, then, was the spelling when two of Abraham's nine children, Elisha and Samuel, emigrated to the dense woods of Herkimer County, New York, in 1794. They hacked a town out of the forest and called it Hamilton after the Federalist leader they admired. The name ultimately prevailed, although for years the place was better known as Payne's Settlement. This was hardly surprising, because the brothers were mainsprings of community activity and enlisted most of the other settlers. In addition, Elisha contributed nineteen youngsters to the population, four by his first wife, Polly Brooks, and fifteen by his second, Esther Douglass. Each civic enterprise — the first town meeting, establishment of a school,

organization of a new society — had its initial impetus in the home of Elisha or Samuel Payne. In 1806 Elisha became a judge, a title which confirmed rather than added to his leadership.

Four years later his second wife bore their ninth child, a boy named Henry, who grew up with strong leanings toward the law. So after he had attended Hamilton College, which his father and uncle had joined in establishing, Elisha sent the young man to study in the office of a leader of the Canandaigua bar. Here Henry spent most of his time with a fellow student three years younger than himself, a distant cousin on his mother's side, by name, Stephen A. Douglas.

The pair — Payne, lean, inordinately long of stride and looking even taller than he was beside Douglas's chunky, short-legged figure — debated points of law and life, agreed upon the superiority of Democratic principles over Whig (although Elisha Payne had been an uncompromising Federalist and Whig all his life) and formed a lasting friendship, personal and political. In 1833 both he and Douglas qualified for admission to the bar and decided the West was the place for budding lawyers. Douglas set out for Cleveland at once, and Payne followed in a few months, financed by his father. On his arrival, he found his friend ill and destitute, so his first care was to be a nurse. He got Douglas on his feet and lent him enough money to move to Illinois, where he gained almost at once a rewarding law practice and the admiring title of "the Little Giant."

Payne was as successful in Cleveland. Blue-eyed, gentle

and soft-spoken, his arguments were couched in what the popular bull-throated orators of the day regarded as a pitifully minor key. But his good humor and good sense impressed judges and jurors as deeply as the loudest voices at the bar. He won a lot of cases. He also won the regard of Nathan Perry, one of the pioneer fur traders and leading citizens of northern Ohio.

In 1835 Payne accompanied his friend to New York where in the Franklin House he was introduced to the trader's daughter, Mary, a pupil in Mrs. O'Kill's School, "a little bright rosy-cheeked merry school miss," he wrote. She was sixteen, nearly seventeen, and before a year was out he married her.

They set up housekeeping under such idyllic conditions that it is hard to believe they inhabited the same city as the one where William Bingham was finding it so hard to get a job. The idyll persisted for sixty years. The Paynes cherished a genuinely high regard for each other's abilities and opinions. Friends commented on the deference which Mary's increasingly distinguished husband often showed for her judgment, and he himself once wrote:

Here I, bearding strong men in their dens — enchaining the attention of throngs of interested hearers — admired by friends — dreaded by foes — feared and respected by all, am nevertheless waiting with trembling to learn what a *little woman* will say or think about it.

Mary was anything but a dominating female, as her husband's letter proves. No genuinely henpecked man could write so cheerfully and revealingly. She never

wavered in her high esteem for his talents and dignity; all her life he was to her "Mr. Payne," and she signed her letters to him "Yours respectfully."

Popularity and success came quickly to Henry Payne, but ten years after his marriage, a hemorrhage of the lungs forced him to give up active practice, and in 1849 he tried his last case. He did not give up an active life, however. Like most progressive young men of his day, he was interested in the rapidly expanding railroads. His health was not too frail to keep him from serving as a director of several and president of one, the Cleveland and Columbus. His practical ability was so notable that, when the city's finances got into one of their periodic snarls in 1847, his overwhelmingly Whig ward elected him to the finance committee of the city council, although his open adherence to his party had created comment in a city where many an eastern Democrat turned Whig to appease the opinion of the majority.

Soon Payne was a chief of the Ohio democracy. After his success in the ward, he was elected state senator by a rockbound Whig district, the victory inspiring his party to push him as its candidate for United States senator. He lost by a single vote. In 1857 he was nosed out for governor by Salmon P. Chase, of the new Republican party.

By this time the Paynes had five children. Nathan Perry was born just a year and a day after their marriage. Two years later came Oliver Hazard, then Flora in 1842 and Harry in 1845. A fourth son, Elisha, lived only a little more than a year in 1851-52, and the youngest, Molly, was born in 1854.

Henry Payne led the Douglas forces in the Democratic National Convention of 1860, and drafted the platform which, although adopted by a majority, split the party hopelessly in the election. After Fort Sumter he was an ardent "War Democrat," and his older sons were among the early Ohio volunteers. Nathan enlisted as a private; Oliver left Yale to accept a lieutenancy offered through his father's friendship with Douglas in an Illinois regiment. The commission was a bit of favoritism, but Oliver earned his promotions in the field and in less than two years was a full colonel in command of the 124th Ohio Volunteers. Seriously wounded at Chickamauga, he rejoined the 124th in time for the battles of Resaca and Pickett's Mill and the grim Atlanta campaign, which won him brevet rank of brigadier general.

In the years after the war, Cleveland grew fast in industry and trade. The city was typical of the rising might of a Midwest which was proudly and rather ostentatiously throwing off the tutelage of New England, reaching confidently for industrial, commercial and political power. The Payne and Rockefeller oil refineries, the coal and iron interests of William Bingham and Company and Rhodes and Company (in which young Mark Hanna recently had become a partner by marrying a Rhodes), the big wholesale firms of which the Hanna grocery business was a good example, the crowded Great Lakes shipping — all these, and a stream of immigrants to work the mills and build homes and docks and factories, were producing an authentic boom.

It was interrupted by the panic of 1873 when Charles Bingham was courting Molly Payne. But it was only an

interruption, not severe enough to break the custom of serving eighteen different kinds of cake at fashionable dinners. One effect, though, was a revival of Henry Payne's political party, and his election to Congress in 1874 from a district which normally went Republican by five thousand votes. The next year his son, Nathan, was elected mayor of Cleveland.

The prominence of the Paynes and Bingham drew a good deal of attention to the wedding which united the two families on June 8, 1876. There were Charles's sisters, Caroline, who was now Mrs. Charles Brayton, and Cassandra. Molly's sister, Mrs. Whitney, came from New York, and her three bachelor brothers were on hand, of course. With only the rosier prospects, the young couple set out for a European wedding trip.

They missed the Hayes-Tilden campaign and the dispute over Southern votes in which Congressman Payne headed the House contingent on the extra-Constitutional Electoral Commission and served as secretary of that body. They explored Stockholm, heard some of the world's best music, visited together scenes of their previous trips. Then, less than a year after their marriage, came word that changed their lives. William Bingham had signed a friend's note; the friend had defaulted; every bit of the family's liquid assets were needed to meet the obligation. Charles would have to come home. The firm of William Bingham and Company remained and would maintain the family adequately. But it would need the work of the family, too.

Charles promptly immersed himself in the business,

and proved to have a talent for it. He was the first Clevelander to bring over German toolmakers, then the best of their craft, and his Standard Tool Company was a major factor in making the city a machine-tool center. He expanded his interests into coal and copper mines and banks. He was so eminently practical that, when Nathan Payne died without a will, the family asked his brother-in-law to administer the estate.

Charles Bingham did not allow these matters to monopolize his interest. He played a leading role in the establishment of what became the Case Institute of Technology, was a notable supporter of the Cleveland Museum of Art and the Public Library, kept up his extensive reading and never let a day go by without scanning a page of Greek and a page of Latin as well as translating a page of German and one of French. The range of his mind is indicated by the subjects of four successive papers he prepared for Quiz, a select group for the discussion of serious topics presented periodically by one of their number. Charles Bingham discoursed to them on electricity, Mexico, Audubon and the origins of the Western Hemisphere.

Meanwhile he had acquired on Euclid Avenue, well beyond the Perry house, a home for his family. There he and Molly welcomed their first child on December 2, 1877, and named him Oliver for Molly's favorite brother. A second was born July 21, 1879, called William after his grandfather, and a daughter September 29, 1881, christened Elizabeth Beardsley for her grandmother. The management of this household was a career in itself, but Molly found time to match her husband in com-

munity work. Her own interests were chiefly in the care and education of small children — a fact perpetuated in the Mary Payne Bingham Kindergarten — but she was almost as active in Presbyterian Church work.

For all their travel and culture, Charles and Molly Bingham were devoted Clevelanders, more intelligent in their civic pride than noisier “boosters” but recognizing a deep obligation to their city. This was strengthened by a sense of the privilege they had acquired simply by being born Bingham and Paynes, and of the responsibility that went with it.

They were interested in, and proud of, relations who had stayed in the East, but were rather remote from these kinfolk. When Colonel Oliver Payne left Standard Oil in 1884 and moved to New York to become a power in finance, industry and politics — the appointment of Flora’s husband, Bill Whitney, as Grover Cleveland’s secretary of the navy was credited in part at least to Colonel Payne’s Democratic party contributions — they were pleased by his success. But they regarded even more highly the tribute to local leadership in the form of a grass roots movement to instruct Ohio’s Democratic delegation to the national convention to support Henry Payne for the presidential nomination.

In short, the traditions of New England were strong, but modified by Midwestern attitudes which put more emphasis upon a man’s achievements than upon his ancestors.

Yet no one born into a family with roots so deep in the American past could ignore the heritage nor be unaffected by it. For some it was a tremendous burden which

those whose temperaments shrank from responsibility would let crush them into a mold of what they thought tradition demanded. For others it was a platform from which to launch a career, a stimulating challenge to top the past in real achievement. But, of course, no one along Euclid Avenue was philosophizing in this way at the end of March, 1885, as Molly Bingham awaited the arrival of her fourth child.

CHAPTER III

A CHILD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

MARY PERRY PAYNE was not one to indulge in speculation over the changing world, but she did note on a scrap from a memo pad that she learned of the birth of her ninth grandchild through that newfangled instrument, the telephone. She noted also that her son-in-law had tried to call her soon after Frances Payne Bingham was born in his stone house further up Euclid Avenue, but he couldn't get through until next morning.

"Mother, I thought you would like to know we have another daughter," Charles Bingham said when he finally did reach her.

Her grandsons, arriving soon after in a state of pleased excitement, were more loquacious. Oliver, grave with the responsibilities of his seven years, guided the five-year-old Will down the avenue under the bare elms. Grandmother Payne saw them coming and in her still girlish manner ran to open the door.

"Well, Will," she greeted the younger banteringly, "how come you here so early?"

"Because there's a baby!" he exclaimed, his eyes bright,

his voice quivering with the importance of his news, and both boys broke into a rapid fire of description.

"It's just like a little doll, its hands no bigger than this," said Oliver, indicating the top of a lamp chimney.

"It can't talk," said Will.

"It can't walk," said Oliver.

"Little tips of hair," said Will.

"It'll cry and sleep," said Oliver.

Later their father came with Betty to supply additional data. All was well with Molly and little Frances. In the opinion of her parents, the baby looked a good deal like her sister, who at three and a half was expressing no opinions.

One suspects that talk in the Payne household this Monday morning was more about the new arrival than about world news. But normally the drama in the headlines would have been discussed keenly. Grover Cleveland, first Democratic president in twenty-four years, had been in office less than four weeks and was reported to be wrestling manfully with a difficult financial problem, too much money. The president, dispatches said, had plans for reducing the troublesome Treasury surplus and balancing the budget. Also he was faced with a horde of patronage-starved partisans, although Henry Payne's favorite newspaper, *The Plain Dealer*, noted this day with doubtful taste that the Democrats were unarmed, unlike the Republican office-seeker who had murdered Garfield.

The war scare between Russia and England was subsiding, but the French were being badly beaten in Indo-China — unlikely place names, such as Dong Dong and

Long Ko were prominent in the news of disaster — and the ministry in Paris was crumbling under Parliamentary attacks which would bring it down next day. "Sinking Into the Grave" was the ominous headline over an item on the last illness of General Grant. Riel's Rebellion in Canada was going badly for the government, Toronto reporting "a new victory for the half-breeds."

Local news was less alarming. The biggest social event of the year, the Grand Charity Ball, was only ten days off, and the doings of a number of committees — Henry Payne headed the list of sponsors, which also included William Bingham — were reported at length. The Cleveland baseball team was in town for the opening of the season against Nashville on April 1.

Other signs of spring were in the air. One leading haberdasher advertised elegant suits in plaids, checks and fancy worsteds at five dollars. Another's six dollar cashmere overcoats were "as good as \$12 ought to buy." The paid notices made little attempt to reach the lady of the house, neither in clothes nor household goods nor cosmetics. The world on which Frances Bingham opened her eyes was very much the province of men.

Of course, the world of which she first became conscious was by no means as broad as all this. Hers was bounded by the family, and it included for the child elements of fear and confusion in conflict with influences for security and confidence. By this time she was no longer the youngest. When she was two years and eight months old, Charles and Molly Bingham had their last child, a boy, named Henry Payne for his uncle and, like him,

called invariably Harry. This was not the reason for the strains and tensions which Frances felt rather than understood. Far more disturbing than the usual jealousies which psychologists had not yet learned to call "sibling rivalry" was the atmosphere of tragedy which pervaded and disrupted the household.

As early as Frances could remember, the chief preoccupation of her parents seemed to be Oliver's health. Kind and gentle beyond his years, precocious in intellect, he was the most promising of the children. But he had developed endocarditis after scarlet fever and during his long illness the younger children were kept out of the way. Then, the disease persisting, Molly Bingham took her eldest son on long winter trips in a vain search for the health which doctors thought a mild climate might bring. For weeks at a time, Frances was sent to visit Grandmother Payne with little Harry, while Will and Betty went off to stay with Grandmother Bingham.

The shadow of Oliver's illness fell over even the most joyous occasions and intensified the uncertainties of life. All the children stood in great awe of Father, for Charles Bingham was a stern man, severe and aloof although just, hardly inspiring the intimacy of childish confidences. The compensating warmth which his wife might have provided was diverted from the younger children by her concern for Oliver, her heavy household responsibilities and, above all, her long absences from them.

Frances, a stocky little girl with very straight light brown hair cut short, almost like a boy's, wide blue eyes and fair skin, frequently was bruised in spirit by what seemed to her indifference or contempt. She did not take

teasing well, believing they meant it when her brothers or Betty said, "Oh, Francie, you can't do anything right!" Secretly she was a little bitter when people remarked how pretty Betty was while ignoring the plainer little sister. That wouldn't have been so bad if only Frances had felt that she looked at least as pretty as she could. But she always was painfully aware that she was dressed unbecomingly. Her dresses had been chosen invariably for Betty; because they were made well of sturdy stuff, the older girl never wore them out. The style, colors and materials were not to Frances's liking, and did not suit her, a depressing fact with which no one seemed to sympathize. For a long time the only frock of her own, as she thought of it, was one made for her to wear to dancing school.

This dissatisfaction was one of the reasons she was called sulky, but it was noticed that she did not tamper with truth to gain praise or avoid criticism. She had curiosity combined with a certain firm literalness. When at the age of six she was sent to her first school, just opposite the Bingham house, one of her mother's friends engaged her in conversation.

"You go to school straight across the street, don't you?"

"No, not straight across," was the reply. "There's a little turn at the gate."

"Frances is remarkable for directness," Mary Payne commented.

For all that the family atmosphere fostered in the child doubts of herself and mistrust of others, there were important counteracting influences. At the time Frances took for granted the comfortable house, wide lawns,

one's own little horse to ride, escape from Cleveland's summer heat to the sprawling rooms of Harrywold, the Lake Erie house which "Uncle Ol" built for Molly Bingham on land that had been a hunting and fishing lodge of the bachelor Paynes.

Then there was music. With the Bingham this was as much a part of everyday life as eating; most quiet Sunday afternoons were devoted to impromptu concerts. In addition, the children, aided by Carl and Dudley Blossom, sons and grandsons of partners in William Bingham and Company, organized what they rather grandly called The Beethoven Club and arranged quite ambitious programs. In the summer of 1892 they recorded in all the dignity of real printing the offerings of a typical "musical" at Harrywold:

PROGRAMME

1. Trio — Piano and Violin Wohlfahrt
 Carl Blossom, Piano.
 Will Bingham, First Violin.
 Dudley Blossom, Second Violin.
2. Solo — Piano Grieg
 Carl Blossom.
3. Solo — Violin Becker
 Dudley Blossom.
 Carl Blossom, Accompanist.
4. Solo — Piano Gurlitt
 Francis Bingham.

This was not Frances's only club. With neighbors of her own age, she formed one called "The Brownies" in honor of Palmer Cox's charming illustrations of an imaginary little people in the innocent "comics" of the day,

anticipating by many years the quite different organization of junior Girl Scouts. The girls, six or seven years old, held little fairs to sell objects they made themselves — pincushions, doilies and the like — and contributed the proceeds to charity. In less philanthropic mood they played with dolls, went for walks and rides, indulged in decorous games.

The most thoroughly pleasant intervals in Frances's childhood were the long visits to the big, bare Payne house, curtainless because Grandmother was afraid of fire. Mary Payne was an endlessly entrancing storyteller. Grandfather was only a slightly less lovable figure, towering over a little girl, tall and slender and benevolent with a fringe of thin, silky, white hair around his head. Before Frances was a year old, he was elected United States Senator, and it was in this dignity that she first became aware of him. His wife, hardly bigger than a girl herself — four feet ten inches when she stood up straight, which was increasingly difficult as rheumatism claimed her — delighted as well as instructed an eager youngster. From her tales of the family alone, Frances absorbed a considerable segment of American history before she could read.

Grandmother's stories of Indians gave the child a more than averagely correct notion of aboriginal life. Her own family, the Perrys, had moved westward from Connecticut by way of Vermont and Canada years before the Western Reserve was surveyed, let alone regarded as a possible state. When Nathan Perry was twelve, his father had taken a tip from the old Dutch fur traders and put the

boy in the care of a Seneca chief, Red Jacket, for training in woodcraft, Indian languages and customs. As Grandmother spoke of the trappers and hunters of assorted tribes who used Nathan's home virtually as their own when they came to Cleveland to trade, a portrait of Red Jacket on the wall helped to illustrate the words. Nathan's daughter could remember the Indian trappers coming to her father's house with their odorous bundles of furs and bear fat, very grave in the presence of the trader's family, then sleeping rolled in blankets in the kitchen or woodshed. They accepted cookies and milk from the little girl with guttural grunts of gratitude and ate them sitting cross-legged on the floor, but made off for the nearest dispenser of hard liquor as soon as they were paid.

Grandmother had a lot of stories about her own mother, who also had been of a pioneer family, daughter of Captain Abraham Skinner, founder of Painesville and Skinnerville, surveyor, guide and all-round community leader. Mary Payne told the enthralled child how he had brought over from England those three famous stallions, Creeper, King William and All Fours, from whom the best of American racing and saddle stock descended. In another of her tales, Frances felt as if she were riding home from Hartford with a young Paulina Skinner and crashing, horse and all, through the ice. Paulina had been twelve then, coming back from Miss Patten's School where she was grounded in astronomy, geography, literature and other graceful accomplishments. She had died in the Perry house at ninety-three the day before Frances's first birthday.

Between Grandmother and Cousin Fanny, the little

girl heard a great deal about the Paynes. If Frances thought she was too strictly disciplined, she might have taken comfort (but did not) from hearing how old Elisha Payne had regulated his brood of nineteen. In his town house no minor child was allowed to speak unless spoken to, and no member of the family was permitted to wear boots or outdoor shoes indoors. The vestibule was adorned with an impressive array of footwear at all times, with incalculable savings in housecleaning, no doubt.

A sense of obligation was imparted painlessly, too, in the stories of Judge Payne's civic activities. Frances liked to hear of Elisha's leadership in establishing the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institute and how, when he was seventy-four, he solved the budding seminary's financial crisis by riding horseback all the way to New York to enlist the support of William Colgate, the country's most successful manufacturer of soap and perfumery. Payne returned with so much cash in his saddlebags that a grateful institute later changed its name to Colgate University.

Grandmother Payne knew stories on the Bingham side, too, of Great-Grandfather leaving three fingers of his hand in the old grist mill on the family farm, of the asthma which afflicted Dr. Eleazer Bingham, making it impossible for him to till his father's land and so diverting him to medicine, of Ensign Stephen's adventures in Revolutionary War battles, of David Beardsley's travels in pre-Civil War Maryland where he found his bride. Her vivid description reconstructed for her childish audience the hardships of travel when young William Bingham made his way to Cleveland by the new steam

cars which only went as far as Albany, by barge and coach to Buffalo and then by lake ship.

Among Frances's favorite stories were those which Mary Payne told of her own brother, Oliver Hazard Perry, named for a distant relative, the naval hero, and her bachelor sons. Tragedy had overtaken all of them, but it was romantic tragedy. Oliver Perry had been well on the way to rivaling Nathan's influence when he was killed in a railroad accident just before Christmas in 1865. Frances's uncle Harry Payne, a gay and lovable young lawyer, had fallen victim to the disease which had cut short his father's career at the bar. Doctors thought a change of climate might help, and Harry went off to Mentone in 1877, but died there at the age of thirty-two.

The sorrows which surrounded Frances's Uncle Oliver Payne almost palpably were of a different kind. During the Civil War the handsome young colonel had fallen in love, and his sentiments were reciprocated, but the lady came of an ardently Confederate family. In real life this was a bar to marriage, although the fiction of a later generation might lead readers to suppose that hardly anyone married on his or her side of Mason-Dixon's line. The fact that neither the young lady nor Oliver Payne ever married kept his unhappy romance burningly alive for a younger generation. It was impossible for them to be in the presence of the strong-featured, authoritative man he had become, without seeing him as a shining and glamorous figure.

The impressionable Frances soaked up the atmosphere and spirit of these stories so that they had a profound

effect upon the development of her character. She was not encouraged, however, to combine this with a free expression of her own personality. The nineteenth century gave no such liberties to adults, let alone children. A wholesome discipline was part of any self-respecting family's life, to be reflected by the individual.

Even little girls had duties. There were specific chores to be divided; somehow the boys managed to fob off on their younger sister the messiest, such as cleaning the pigeon coop and taking the hot ponies to the barn after a ride. One learned patience from weeding dandelions from the lawn, a rewarding task because it was outside the scope of duty and so Frances at five or six years old was paid ten cents a bushel.

At about this time she received an allowance all her own. There was nothing offhand about it. Father called her into his study, a pleasant room of comfortable dark furniture with windows looking on lawn and elms. To be summoned here always was a solemn occasion. Charles Bingham's handsome, regular features, ornamented with a fine brown mustache, seldom smiled in these days, at least upon his children, and his displeasure was something to be dreaded. On this day he explained gravely that Frances was to receive ten cents each Sunday morning, and should keep track of how she spent it so that she could report the details. He handed over the first dime and a shiny little red account book.

At the end of the first week she took him her financial record, "Oh, so painfully accurate," she could remember many years later. Charles Bingham read it carefully and handed back the little book unsmilingly.

"Yes," he said, "that is correct."

"But you are not pleased with me," the girl cried, feeling the tears close behind her eyes as she sensed his lack of enthusiasm for the heroic effort she had made to get her sum to come out right. "What have I done?"

"You have kept careful account, my dear," he admitted, "but I am sorry to see that you have spent it all on yourself. You have given nothing to anyone else. You will be happier if you do."

The impression of that scene remained long after more obviously important events in life had grown dim. Eventually the moral which Father tried to draw overshadowed his brusqueness, too. It kept recurring not only in personal and family incidents but in the larger affairs of the world as they unfolded.

One of the early unfoldings was at Hathaway-Brown School, a fashionable institution for the girls and very little boys of Cleveland. However, Frances lost much of the normal companionship with friends of her own age in the winters she went off with Mother and Oliver. She would come back to find that she was a little outside the most intimate friendships of the other girls, a lonely feeling which intensified her timidity in dealing with people.

Her contacts with children suffered more than her education. Travel, collecting strange plants and butterflies, reading and private tutoring were good substitutes for the classroom so far as knowledge went, but early practice in the give and take of school life is irreplaceable. There was some frustration in the journeys, too, for they did

not accomplish their prime objective. Ashville and Bermuda failed to help Oliver, but Santa Barbara seemed to suit him and just before Frances's seventh birthday, although two children usually remained with Father, all of them were in California, riding horseback on the beach, exploring for unusual flowers and playing skat and tennis.

A year later, Molly Bingham heard that Florida might be even more salubrious. From that time on, West Palm Beach was their winter resort. Henry Flagler was beginning to open up the sands, jungles and marshes of the east coast, but people who actually went there were almost as much pioneers as the Skinners and Perrys had been in the Western Reserve three generations earlier. A single track railway ran as far as West Palm Beach with only one break — a narrow gauge stretch between Jupiter and Juno along which four Negroes pushed a handcar.

In 1893 Molly went down with Oliver, leaving the other children with their grandparents. The trip by side-wheeler boat from Eau Gallie on the Indian River, interrupted at the whims of a crotchety captain, had been so tedious that next year she decided to make the journey by train. The ride lasted from early Monday morning until late Friday night, with overnight stops at Cincinnati, Chattanooga, Atlanta, St. Augustine and finally West Palm Beach. The trains obligingly stopped for meals, but the twelve-hour ride of the last day remained in memory as an ordeal, with sand seeping in through the windows over everything until one's teeth were gritty with it. At last the West Palm Beach station was reached, and the whole party took up as much luggage as

they could carry for the long walk to the dock. There a naphtha launch waited to take them on the last leg of the trip, down Lake Worth and through a canal to their own dock at the house George Lainhart had built for them.

Here at last was reward for all the discomforts of the tiring trip. A long path led from the dock to the highest bit of land around, all of twenty-five feet above sea level. The house, an airy structure of stained shingle, cunningly built to attract every vagrant breeze, crowned this height. It was anchored so solidly against hurricanes that the worst blows of sixty years have left it unmarred. Every year after '93 the discomforts and rewards of the journey would be repeated. The first pleasurable excitement would be receipt in the fall of a terse communication from old Nilson, the gardener.

"The storm has went," he would scrawl, at the end of the hurricane season, and preparations for the hegira began in Cleveland.

After the long train ride, the first twenty-four hours in Florida provided a never-failing series of high adventures. These began with the walk up from the dock in the pot-black dark, sometimes to the accompaniment of a tropical downpour, sometimes under the brilliant southern stars with the palms rattling like rain and the mysterious noises of the jungle all around suggesting the presence of bear or deer, wildcat, coon or possum. Then up early in the morning to watch the unbelievable sunrise — Frances never was convinced that there were any quite so breathtaking — and to explore the well-remembered surroundings. There was the wide cut through the dense

growth, a mile to the nearest neighbor and three miles to the tiny resort that was Palm Beach, and a clearing where once had been an orchard. Then down to the dock to renew acquaintance with the boats — the launch, the twenty-foot catboat "Idler" in which they went to market, the small sharpies which the children were allowed to sail themselves. With glee they recognized the herons and pelicans, ibis and wild canaries of every color. Overhead buzzards wheeled in graceful arcs and from the woods came the plaintive notes of doves and whippoorwills.

Soon the days would settle into a delightful routine of sailing, swimming, fishing and tramping with the boatman, "June" Rowley, as mentor and friend. From him they learned to handle boats, identify birds, catch the useful fish and throw others back, revel in, rather than fear, the tremendous storms, feel themselves one with the endless life of God's world all around, so much closer here by the sea than anywhere else.

One evening while Shakespeare was being read aloud, Frances looked up to see Indian faces pressed against the living room windows. Their expressions were interested and friendly as they listened to the strange rhythmic words. The reading broke up when the children found that the Indians had a fawn to trade for cloth, and the bargain was made quickly. Alas, the lovely little creature died of sheer fright during a pyrotechnical storm unusual even for the Florida coast. On another evening Frances was reminded of Red Jacket as an Indian chief in full regalia paddled by, standing erect in his canoe without a glance for the child on shore, bending only to clear the

dock as he passed and then gliding on, motionless and dignified as a cigar store figure.

Formal schooling was not entirely neglected. The Palm Beach household included a young tutor, Arthur Judson, a good teacher and a pleasant companion, although he left gaps in the instruction he imparted. He taught Frances a good deal about the sea and stars, a little Hebrew and Greek, but in American history he repeated year after year the period from discovery to the Indian wars. Mr. Judson was not much interested in history. He was better at helping to sandpaper and paint boats.

These Palm Beach winters were joyous, serene, overlaid with the eternal mysteries which the little girl sensed without any feeling of oppression. When she got back to Cleveland, she would try to unravel some of them through books in the Bingham library. This was her favorite room. The thousands of volumes lining the walls were so well used that childish fingers were not repelled by newness, for Charles Bingham never had a book on his shelves he did not read, and usually reread. Many were in foreign languages, and Frances could read those in German, for the Bingham believed children should have a second tongue. Perhaps in memory of their courtship, they chose German, and for years the grace said at their table was the one Father had learned at the home of the Celle atheist:

Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest,
And bless that which Thou hast given us.

Curled up in one of the big comfortable library chairs or taking a volume to her own room to hide in a drawer

or behind another book she was supposed to study, Frances began accumulating a vast, miscellaneous store of information and ideas which would have to be sorted out and digested later. Reading was a delight erasing for a time dissatisfaction with her annoyingly straight hair, with her unattractive clothes, with the slights of a household too busy and too careless and too cold to recognize the need of all its members for warm understanding. There was only one drawback to her new accomplishment. Every night she had to read a chapter of the Bible aloud to Harry, and he had what Frances considered a deplorable taste for battles, clamoring in the most tiresome way for constant repetition of the siege of Jericho.

The world broadened for Frances through other media than books and a sense of oneness with nature. Cleveland was an expanding manufacturing center, displaying changes of the great age of technology, some of which even a little girl could not miss. The centennial log cabin, built in the public square the year Frances was eleven, was a symbol of the pioneering past, not an example of a house in which people lived. Country roads were mere cart tracks with only one hundred fifty miles of paved highway in the whole United States but a Clevelander, Alexander Winton, had just put the first pneumatic tires on a horseless carriage. The city was so built up that Charles Bingham pastured a cow on his Euclid Avenue lawn, saying with some prescience that people oughtn't to forget what the animal looked like.

The gasoline motor had not yet affected family travel. Each summer the move to Harrywold presented the Bingham with a major problem in domestic logistics. All the

furniture and linen and dishes had to be transported from the Euclid Avenue house in drays over roads so bad that the horses often bogged down in mud, and although the distance was only a few miles might not get through in a day. Then the family spent the first night at the lake on mattresses on the floor, a lark for the children.

In all this, whether in or out of the home, an observant child could not fail to see the truth of the saying that men only work from sun to sun but woman's work is never done. Also that there were a lot of other disadvantages to being a member of what still was called, with a mixture of gallantry and contempt, the weaker sex. Before she knew that this was so, Frances realized that some books were better smuggled into her own room than consulted openly, though no objections would be made if Oliver or Will wanted to read them. She saw that men seemed to do all the interesting things in the world; when a woman had to earn a living she was a servant or a teacher or, more rarely, started a genteel little business like Ella Grant Wilson who came twice a week with flowers and sometimes helped to arrange them. Although there were husbands who consulted their wives on matters of substance as Grandfather Payne did, mostly the world outside the home was regarded as beyond feminine comprehension, and Frances noted that women were pointedly excluded from men's talk. When she visited the Paynes, she had a fine object lesson in the mere presence of Cousin Fanny, past seventy now, a sweet-faced soul in unrelieved, old-fashioned black.

Of course, women reigned supreme in one area, a wedding, and Frances observed the full splendor of this

truism when she was taken on her first visit to New York to be a flower girl at Cousin Pauline Whitney's marriage to Almeric Paget, the future Lord Queenborough. She never had seen so many beautiful horses as those that drew the splendid landaus and broughams up and down Fifth Avenue, so many hansom cabs, so many lovely clothes.

The occasion was one of the season's big society weddings, and the family's first international match. The ceremony was also graced by the genial, portly presence of President Cleveland. For years Frances cherished the little glove which had shaken his hand and the memory of his benevolent pat on the head as he told the flower girls how well they had behaved.

But the high spot of the whole affair, eclipsing presidential condescension or the bride herself or the magnificent appearance of the beautiful Lady Colebrook in wine red velvet, was her own dress. After a lifetime of Betty's made-over clothes and a single dancing school frock, it was pure bliss to find herself gowned in shimmering white silk chiffon with grown-up long white gloves above the elbow and a hat adorned with real ostrich plumes. The ensemble was one possession which the girl cherished beyond most things, even when she was seeing it used as a costume for the playacting of her own children and their friends.

The whole affair was something to brag about to the Brownies as they sewed doilies with fringed edges, iron holders and aprons to sell at their June fair for charity, or played under the elms. Frances had one special friend among them now, since her father's close companion,

Leonard Hanna, had brought his family to live in a house next door at first and then a little further up the Avenue. She and Fanny Hanna had their private telegraph line of string between their rooms and shared secrets.

New York had opened the child's eyes to a wider world than she had known before, but there were lessons to be learned from sorrow, too, in the process of growing up to meet the world. Sometimes Mother seemed worn by work and worry, so that one felt a little pang of guilt over one's resentment that she had so little time to give a daughter, and death itself intruded. Grandmother Payne had been so crippled of late that when she came to Harrywold in the summer Charles Bingham had to carry her from her carriage to a couch in the house, a pitifully light burden. Suffering, however, had not soured her nature, and to Frances she still was the wonderful teller of tales and repository of childish confidences. She was seventy-six years old, though, and the frail body was quite worn out. In March, a couple of weeks before Frances herself was ten, Mary Perry Payne died, leaving a void in three generations which could not be filled.

Children of ten are resilient. But the loss of Grandmother Payne intensified one of Frances's characteristics which her family already had noticed and accepted without much thought as to its effects on her. She liked to be alone. She could spend hours by herself, and she sought the answers to her questions in books more often than from elders. She was a moody child, more at ease with a printed page than with her family. She felt belittled by what she thought was more than her fair share of dis-

cipline, by the uncomfortable feeling that she was of less consequence in the home than her sister or brothers. Solitude and solitary questing after answers to insoluble problems do not induce very orderly thinking, but they encourage independent thinking. Frances developed through her unguided reading some rather unconventional ideas without any desire to translate them into unconventional behavior.

Living among Bingham and Paynes, she was exposed to politics, but remained supremely disinterested. She heard talk of the part Grandfather had played in re-electing Douglas to the Senate in 1858; "the Little Giant's" debates with Lincoln had attracted more attention, but Payne had influenced important votes. She also heard the background of contemporary issues discussed by some of those who clustered around old Senator Payne. The talk went in one ear and out the other, she would have said, but enough stayed to have some effect later.

The one political excitement she shared was that of 1896, the year of the crusade to save the nation from the silver heresies of William Jennings Bryan. All over the country people were lining up with passionate fervor for or against the inviolability of the gold standard. In Frances's family any differences that may have separated Republicans and Democrats were merged in a common belief that the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 would be a national disaster. Senator Payne, eighty-five years old now and very frail in his loneliness, was an ardent Gold Democrat, as were Uncle Oliver and the rest of the clan. The Bingham had been Republicans anyway, and as in many families across the country there was a closer

drawing together as the Boy Orator of the Platte stormed back and forth across the land, loosing his golden voice and magnificent curly mane upon frenzied audiences who were as convinced of the justice of his arguments — if the flood of his eloquence could be so described — as they were of the truth of Holy Writ.

Frances did not care a bit about the arguments. For her the big moment of the campaign was a mammoth McKinley parade up Euclid Avenue. She was on the porch of the Payne house where a group of his old friends had come to sit with the Senator. From some distance away she heard the roaring, and ran down toward the street. A rampaging torrent of banners and posters and flags in blue and gold, of gilded elephants and yelling marchers with red faces, of bands blaring in brass above the tumult and the shouting streamed up the Avenue. Clinging to the iron rails of the fence, she watched the men on prancing horses, the boys on dancing feet move gaily to the brisk tunes of the music. She thought it was wonderful, but as a spectacle; if it had a moral lesson, she missed it.

A few days after the big parade, Senator Payne slipped quietly out of life, and once more the puzzle of death stirred a brief eddy of bewilderment in the mind of his granddaughter. But then the election was held, Mother began packing for the journey to Florida — it was Frances's turn to be one of the party — and soon catboat racing on the lake was interfering with Arthur Judson's lessons.

There was only another year of this routine of childhood left for Frances. Molly Bingham had packed into

her forty-three years a lifetime of work. The strains of travel and illness, even when mitigated by devoted and hard-working servants, were more than any save a singularly tough body and mind could have borne. Molly had no trace of the ruthlessness which might have helped her meet the difficulties of her life. Gentle, considerate, super-sensitive, she had time for the troubles of everyone else and none to waste on complaints about her own. She spent hours listening to young Ella Wilson's trials in starting a florist shop, and she offered good advice. She gave thought to lightening the heavy work and long hours of the maids in the face of her husband's inability to see their needs and problems as she saw them. But it was not in her to spare her own strength, and there was very little of it left.

Late in 1897, she led her caravan to West Palm Beach, Frances being included again. The therapy of sun and sea and air had lost its potency for Molly Bingham, however. She was worn out, and on January 20, 1898, with the newly risen sun bathing the well-loved house in pale gold, she died.

An elderly, kindly clergyman from the nearest mission chapel came to give comfort to her children. Taking Frances on his knee, he began explaining that she must not be unhappy because God had put her mother to sleep; Gabriel would waken her to eternal joy on the Resurrection Day. It was routine consolation for a bereaved child, but, as Grandmother Payne had said, Frances was remarkable for her directness.

Her blue eyes looked steadily into the clergyman's, and she cried furiously: "No! No! You've got to show me

something better than that!"

Slipping off the startled gentleman's lap, she rushed out of the house in a passionate fury of revolt. Running as hard as she could, she reached the beach, confronting the immensity of sea and sky on the spot where often before she had taken her childish problems of anguish or agony. But this one was so huge that it matched the vast expanse of nature itself.

It was characteristic of the girl that in this crisis of despair her indignation and distrust were greater than her fear. Disbelieving profoundly in the minister's words, convinced that they were merely a device to deceive her, she shook her fist dramatically at the heavens and called aloud: "That isn't true, God, and I must know what is. Do anything You want to me, but let me find the truth."

Did she hope against hope that there might be a blinding flash of revelation? Was she merely venting a childish anger against fate? Perhaps there was a touch of that in her attitude as she stood, a lonely little figure on the wide beach with the jungle behind her and the blue water in front, but it was a genuinely sincere cry, too.

There, with death in the house of so many good times and God Himself seeming very real in the closeness of His sky to the earth, Frances came to the end of her childhood. No more unquestioning acceptance of mere statements, no matter how authoritatively promulgated! Not after her revolt from the kindly missionary's well-meant spiritual pap. As she dropped to the sand in an agony of weeping, the girl passed her first milestone on the road to maturity.

CHAPTER IV

GIRL INTO WOMAN

SOLACE which Frances failed to find at the missionary's knee or in her family she discovered in nature and the library. No reassuring voice from on high answered her passionate cry the day her mother died, to be sure, but as time passed an only less spectacular miracle was vouchsafed to the girl. Watching the sun rise out of the ocean day after day, seeing the changing lights and shadows on sea and sand, the fabulous colors of cloud and jungle, she seemed to glimpse snatches of the meaning of life as she stood alone, a tiny figure in awkward blouse and skirt confronting the illimitable horizon. Small as she was, she was a vital part of it all, of the grandeur and the glory, and even of the mystery.

When she returned to Cleveland, some of Father's books supported this view. The cadence of philosophical writings, especially in an introduction to Asiatic thought, was reassuring even when the full meaning eluded a child's grasp. Here, in the theory of reincarnation, were glimmerings of an explanation of life and death which, while failing to fill the void left by her mother's death, did assuage the sense of bitterness and injustice.

Through another book, *The Twelve Great Religions*, which she read over and over again, she became aware for the first time that other faiths than Christianity command the souls of men. She tackled comparative philology in German. She dipped into Schopenhauer and Kant and Renan, heavy going but comforting even when she found them incomprehensible.

The solace was not without its cost. Solitary reading does not help reserved or timid people to mingle easily with others. Frances was widening the emotional gulf between herself and the rest of the family. Undemonstrative as they, she retreated from their apparent indifference into a world of her own where no one could follow her.

No one tried to follow, nor gave thought to her private little world. Although she liked to be alone, she had not become quiet or self-effacing. She was brisk about her chores, vigorous in games and in lifting her voice at Sunday afternoon musicales, crisp and rather decisive in speech.

Of course, there were other changes in her life. The children's beloved Fraülein Hoepfner, from whom they received a good grounding in the German language, some learning in German literature and much affection, remained with them. From Maggie McGillicuddy, the cook, to Mrs. Johns, the laundress, the servants were kind and patient. But there was a new figure in the household, Molly Bingham's girlhood friend, Annie Ward, soon Aunt Annie to the youngsters. Miss Ward had been one of the young ladies who had made the European tour with Molly nearly thirty years before. A spinster who had

established a school in Boston, she gave it up willingly to help rear her friend's children.

Frances loved her, but nothing happened to overcome her feeling of being slighted, left out. And then she lost the one person who sometimes made her think she was important. Two years after their mother's death, Oliver, too, died in Palm Beach, and for a long time his younger sister was very lonely, knowing that she always would miss his gentleness and understanding. Almost immediately after the funeral, Charles Bingham decided that with Will away at school he might find it easier to adjust his life if his daughters, too, spent a couple of years abroad. So in 1899, under the care of Miss Ward, the girls sailed from New York on a smallish liner, the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. They had ten days of life afloat, of wet slippery decks, of clear days and storms on which the ship tossed so that she lifted her screw out of water with fearful shakings of the entire vessel, of missed meals and an all-pervading smell of rubber. It does not sound attractive, but to Frances it was an exhilarating adventure.

After a tour of England and Scotland, Miss Ward and Betty settled in Paris for a social season which Frances was too young to share. At the turn of the century, a girl of fourteen was very much a little girl, dressed as a child, excluded as rigorously as an infant from adult pursuits. So Frances spent the next winter in one of those delightful schools which France contributes to the improvement of the female sex of all nations.

This was Dieudonne, a lovely chateau at Bornel on the Oise belonging to the impoverished Marquesa de San Carlos de Pedroso. The widow of a nobleman who had

been a distinguished figure at the formal, ritualistic court of Spain, the Marquesa was half French, half Irish and wholly charming. When her husband died, he left only the greatness of his name, so the Marquesa turned the rather astonishing pedagogic talents of herself and her accomplished daughters — five of them, each more beautiful than the others in Frances's admiring view — to the edification and education of a select group of thirty-five girls. In Frances's time, twenty-seven of them were English, five American and three French.

Outnumbered but displaying a fine solidarity, the Americans ruled the roost. They showed the way in games, in forbidden and therefore delicious suppers after lights were out, in pranks, in sports and pageants.

For the first time, Frances experienced the heady delights of leadership. "We Americans ran the place," she says. "The English girls were a little slow."

Dieudonne, too, made more of her voice than anyone had at home. The Marquesa had a cosmopolite's understanding of music, and her lovely eldest daughter, Marguerite, was an accomplished artist. In fact, when the family fortune had vanished, Marguerite had horrified half her world and delighted the other half by appearing on the concert platform in Madrid. Illness had obliged her to give up an exceptionally promising career, but she knew a good voice when she heard one, and how not to spoil it. Frances worked with her joyously, and quickly won solo parts in concerts given on such red-letter occasions as visits from the Bishop of Beauvais or the Marquesa's old friend, the Infanta Eulalia. With ankles aching from the cold and goosepimples on their bare

arms, the girls in their frilly white dresses suffered agonies of correct deportment, but Frances felt almost warm as she held a B natural for the longest possible time to impress the guests.

"Such fun for me," she recalls, "even if it was a little too long for the visitors."

The girls had a good deal of freedom for those days. They were permitted to walk in groups to the village unaccompanied, except in the few weeks of the hard cider season, when they were confined strictly and no doubt wisely within the Dieudonne walls. If Frances got homesick, and this did happen once or twice, she could leave her little room with its brass bed, flowered curtains and wide view of lawn, hedge and wooded hills to seek out the sympathetic Marquesa, sit in her American rocker and talk English. Otherwise French was the rule, and Frances was grateful to the teacher at the Hathaway-Brown School who had given her such a thorough grounding in the language that she was able to chatter away more easily than the other newcomers from England and America.

She did not go back to the chateau after the summer holidays. Her second year in Europe was spent in travel with Betty and Miss Ward, so filled with new sights and new people that she had no regrets for school. These wanderings left her with an appreciation of foreign manners and a tolerance for foreign institutions which never left her.

She was in Italy for the splendid ceremonies of Holy Year which, however, were no more impressive than the

person of Pope Leo XIII, "a beautiful old man so fragile you could almost see through him." So feelingly was this remembered that, when Frances told about it in a speech more than thirty years later, her enthusiasm won from a Catholic listener the comment: "I didn't know you were of the faith."

As soul-stirring were the Oberammergau Passion Play, then in its full grandeur before the villagers had transformed their shy tribute to God into a commercial tourist attraction, and Wagner's "Ring" performed at Beireuth by artists outdoing themselves because Frau Wagner and her son, Siegfried, were in a rear box. Unforgettable were the canals and windmills and tulips of Holland, a trip up the Rhine, the mountains of Switzerland, the palaces of Venice, the art of Florence.

A Christmas season in Berlin was a high point of the year. The girls lived for a time at a hospice operated by the Reverend Adolph Stoecker, a kindly, conscientious gentleman who had been tutor and later court preacher to Wilhelm II until his outspoken criticism of some of the emperor's intimates led to his dismissal. Then he founded the Christian Democratic Party and was elected to the Reichstag, first minister of the gospel to sit in that body. A round, cheerful man with a single tooth ornamenting a face that reminded Frances of the full moon, he preached in a high, philosophical vein. In his unheated church, his words were less fascinating than his breath, emerging from mouth and nose like steam from an engine.

By contrast, Frances and Betty were house guests in

Potsdam of General and Frau von Kroecker. The dull routine to be expected in the establishment of a former member of the Imperial General Staff failed to take a girl's mind off the cold. One stove was supposed to serve the entire house. It was in the main hall on the ground floor and Frances's room was at the very top of the building. A feather-filled comforter too small for the bed kept slipping off in the night, and, when she rose shivering in the morning, a skim of ice on the pitcher of water provided for washing was a grim discouragement to cleanliness. It was a relief to get bundled up for the sleighride to church or town. Snuggling into fur coats and caps with robes and footbags as further defense against the cold, they would be quite cheerful, especially as it was permitted to take robes and foot-warmers into church.

One day they stood on the curb to watch the funeral procession of the last Field Marshal of the Franco-Prussian War. The kaiser walked by in full stage, but the imperial egotist inspired, in one observer at least, less awe than he intended.

"He was a rather small man, and had his five sons walking behind him in reverse order of their height, the tallest one last so that people wouldn't notice how short he was," Frances says with a chuckle. "But, of course, they did."

The general's household and the hospice guests were badly disappointed that the Bingham girls were not Indians. A series of popular German novels by authors who never had been in the United States had aroused much interest in American aborigines. Frances and

Betty found that they could invent the most outrageous yarns, the more outrageous the more readily believed. It was great sport to spin tall tales. Neither the girls nor their German listeners ever tired of it.

Among the broadening experiences of travel, young men should be included. They were drawn to the elder Miss Bingham usually, sparing for her younger sister just so much attention as politeness demanded. Frances found this unsatisfactory, especially as Betty perversely ignored the youths Frances thought she should encourage, a situation borne with no becoming meekness. Her own heart throbs left no scars, as the nearest she came to romance was admiration for a "dandy young Englishman" whom she did not even meet. "I am quite cracked — at least Betty says so," she wrote to Father. "I rather doubt it myself, as I left my heart pretty well locked up with you at home."

The European trip closed in a shopping spree which was the highlight of the whole two years, at least in that part of the girl's soul which was most conventionally feminine. She was sixteen years old and entitled to a grown-up wardrobe. She got it not only in Paris but at Worth's, and the skirts were down to the ground! No more of Betty's castoffs.

It was almost a full-grown young lady who returned to America. The new clothes adorned a figure that was slimmer, more graceful and a couple of inches taller than that of the little girl who had embarked on the *Kaiser Wilhelm* in '99. Her brown hair still was as straight as could be, alas, and beneath it a pair of very bright blue

eyes looked out upon the world with unusual steadiness. A firm chin indicated determination, but a gentle mouth denied more than manageable stubbornness.

The new wardrobe was not to dazzle Cleveland just yet. The two years in Europe, Father decided, should be followed by at least that long at Miss Spence's School for girls in New York, where the finishing touches of a lady's education could be imparted. This was as correct an institution for the American girl as could be found. Deportment and ladylike accomplishments were supplemented by enough scholarship that graduates completed the equivalent of the freshman year of college.

The school was housed at No. 22 West Fifty-fifth Street, a few doors off Fifth Avenue. The five-story dwelling, one of a row of similar buildings, looked modern then and still (1956) has a severely staid appearance; it is now headquarters for courses given in the name of Dale Carnegie. When Frances entered it, the school was just ten years old. Its head mistress and founder, Clara B. Spence, had established its reputation firmly as "an institution where girls might acquire a culture of mind and character which would fit them to be gentlewomen in the highest sense of the word," her biographer put it. At this time forty years old, Miss Spence seemed to be a pleasant, motherly woman (until one looked again at the firm mouth and square chin) with a touch of gray in her hair, a fondness for lace and embroidery in her costumes and a severe avoidance of ornaments other than a modest brooch or pin. Her parents, Scots born, had their nation's advanced notion that women are capable of higher learning. They had sent their daughter not only to

Boston University, where she received an A.B. degree when she was seventeen, but to the University of London for postgraduate work. Her only reasonable career after that was teaching, and she had been on the faculty of several private schools before she founded her own.

Miss Spence's academy was cut to a nineteenth-century pattern, but the city outside offered evidence that the twentieth was going to change old ways in revolutionary fashion. Although traffic noises at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street still consisted chiefly of the clip-clop of horses' hooves and the shouts of drivers, an occasional evil-smelling gasoline buggy or wavering electric provided a portent, as it passed amid jeers and imprecations, of a new world on wheels.

In her own family, Frances could see something of this trend. Aunt Flora's widower, William C. Whitney, was head of a group which controled a patent believed to ensure a monopoly of the gasoline motor. (Henry Ford, who was to destroy that monopoly, had plunged into the new industry for good in the same year Whitney entered it.) A more pertinent footnote on the history of the automobile for Frances was that her eldest cousin, Harry Payne Whitney, one of the country's leading horsemen, was neglecting his stables to indulge a sudden passion for the new mechanical monsters. But the automobile was scarcely a practical form of transportation; it was a toy for the rich and a dream burning in the brains of a few obscure eccentrics.

Frances thought very little about all this. At Spence she preferred to improve her acquaintance with the writings of Indian philosophers and mystics. She read eagerly

Sir Edwin Arnold's great epic on the life of Buddha, although it was hardly a favorite with many girls in their teens, and forty-five years later she carried in her handbag a copy of the lines from Sir Edwin's translation of the Aryan Vedas:

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not; End and beginning are dreams.
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit
forever;

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it
seems.

Nay, but as one who layeth his worn-out robes away,
And taking new ones, sayeth "These will I wear today!"
So putteth by the spirit its robes of flesh,
And passeth to inherit a residence afresh.

Of course, the schoolgirl's world included less lofty interests. In the pursuit of them she displayed a vivacity curiously at odds with the contemplative bent of her reading, which she kept to herself carefully enough to avoid seeming odd to the rest of the school. "A regular steam engine for energy," one of her companions described her, and another has commented: "When I first met Frances, I thought she was rather arrogant. But then I realized that this was just a manner and maybe a bit of defense to keep from being hurt. She was awfully good fun after you got to know her."

Miss Spence's girls were not cloistered completely. Frances on Sundays usually had dinner with Uncle Oliver Payne at his Fifth Avenue home only a few blocks above the school. In the world of finance he was regarded as stern, almost forbidding. But to a niece he was lovable,

sympathetic and still the romantic hero of stories she had heard as a child. At first she thought that the big man with the powerful beak of a nose and craggy brow was remembering his lost love. But Colonel Payne was not one to live in the past. He was fond of children, especially those of his favorite sister, Flora, and understood them better than most bachelors. After her death some years before, he had taken two of Flora's children into his home, Payne Whitney (who dropped his given name of William for his uncle's surname) and the youngest, Dorothy, who was only six when her mother died. The boy remained with Colonel Payne, but Dorothy returned home when her father remarried and Frances felt that her uncle missed the girl. At least he seemed to like to hear her talk about Dorothy, who was two years younger and also a pupil at Miss Spence's.

Sunday afternoons at his house, however, were not confined to small talk about cousins. Some of the most distinguished and powerful figures in America were his guests, and his little niece from Cleveland gained poise and practice in meeting the great — and the near-great.

More glamorous than any of them was a young man Frances met occasionally through her roommate, Sara Wiborg, of Cincinnati, as Miss Spence's girls walked two by two from the school on their daily constitutional in Central Park. Sara's family were devotees of the theater and had many acquaintances among stage folk. Sara, a pretty and vivacious girl with lovely wavy blonde hair and wide blue eyes, was popular with the younger actors. One of them used to stroll casually along Fifth Avenue as the Spence column wound its way to the park.

Flirtations, of course, were strictly forbidden and the French mistress, Miss La Bonte, shepherd of the flock on most walks, was supposed to suppress any violation of the rules. But she was quite helpless in the presence of Sara's admirer, for the young man was John Barrymore. Three years older than Frances, he already was elegant in the extreme and a dream of manly beauty, as generations of stage-struck girls would testify. He would fall in step with Frances and Sara just as if he didn't know conversation was prohibited. Miss La Bonte would come bustling up, twittering: "Now, Mr. Barrymore, you know you mustn't . . . you know that the girls . . . you know . . ."

Within three minutes the courtly, handsome, glib young man would have won the teacher to complete forgetfulness of the rules. As the column proceeded on its way, he was added to its flank, talking a blue streak and making the girls laugh.

During one of her Spence years, Frances and Sara spent many Sundays with the Colgate Hoyts. Mrs. Hoyt, Sara's cousin and such a good friend of Charles and Molly Bingham that their youngest daughter always called her "Aunt Lida," was one of the Shermans from Ohio. On one of these Sundays she had invited Fritz Scheff, the spoiled, beautiful, young toast of the day, for tea. But instead of her tea, Fritz sat down at the piano and sang — "and how she sang!" Frances remembered. Though she never said so, one feels that the schoolgirl's dream of a career took shape that day.

Musical to their fingertips, Frances and Sara organized the Spence Glee Club with the sympathetic help of Frank Damrosch, elder of two famous brothers who at this time

was director of the New York Oratorio Society. Her voice instructors gave her high praise, but no one took her ambitions very seriously, although she herself never forgot the experiences of Paris shortly before she left Europe, when Father insisted she have the best available judgment on her voice and its care. She agreed to abide by the opinion of Madame Marchesi, one of the world's great teachers of *bel canto*, and as she tells the story:

Aunt Annie Ward and I went into the studio quietly, for Madame was finishing a group lesson with some sharp words for the young singers. Having said her say and clapped her hands in dismissal, she turned and came smilingly across the room, her hands outstretched. "What do you want of me, child?" At the touch of her hand and the kindness in her eye, I told her my story. "I see — very well — come to the piano with me." Then followed scales — chromatics, arpeggios, trills, octaves which led into reading songs new to me, first the soprano, then the second part, then staccato, oh, all the many variations a voice must do if it is to be a real voice. Afraid? Oh, no — no one could be afraid of Madame Marchesi. And then she took me to a little sofa and with her hand on mine said:

"Child, your father is right, you should not use the voice just yet. If in a year you come to me I promise to put you wherever you want to go. The voice is beautiful; you have music in you. But, my dear, one thing I must tell you — music is an exacting mistress, and one must have great courage and a consuming desire, for no one becomes a great artist until the heart has been broken. Go home happily, my child, and should you return we shall go far together."

But I never went back.

In other studies than music, Frances had a difficult time measuring up to the high standards Miss Spence

set. Her interrupted schooling added to her troubles educationally. The full diploma was far beyond her reach, nor did she earn the Spence certificate. When graduation time came along, Frances found herself possessed of a Special Certificate which, though it did not credit her with many subjects, bespoke good work in her restricted fields.

She did win recognition of another kind, and one which she thinks helped her on the long road from girlhood limitations to a public career. She got to know the other girls in a new way, especially in the glee club, which was her joy. Her own class made her its treasurer in her junior year, a distinction which had been given to no other girl from west of the Hudson, and with others she won the coveted Honor Pin.

As a passport to the adult world of 1904, the recommendation of a Special Certificate was inconclusive. But then it was not supposed that the Frances Bingham of American society needed a passport. After all, an initiate "knew everyone." All approved paths were plainly charted toward a life of teas, dinners, dances, the pleasant, busy round of a debutante, then marriage, a home, a family, mild devotion to worthy charities.

Just how all these would work out for this particular girl, no one was bothering to inquire.

CHAPTER V

YOUNG LADY OF FASHION

THE plain, dumpy little girl who had left Cleveland in 1899 returned in 1904 as a slim, graceful young woman well enough prepared to take her place in Euclid Avenue society, but not overjoyed at the prospect. She entered into what should have been a gay and happy life of dances and theater parties, rides and talks and teas, Sunday afternoons of music. But like many a young person of nineteen, Frances felt that her family failed to understand her. In her case it was true, partly because of her own inability to make herself understood, to convey easily and intimately the feelings of her heart to someone who was not more than ready to receive confidences.

In his own home, Charles Bingham inspired awe and respect, but it was difficult for his children to challenge his judgments or to unburden themselves lightly in his presence. It would be a long time before his younger daughter suspected that his sternness and reserve were a protection he had built for his sensitivity.

Her own sense of aloneness and a shy aloofness were not lessened by her brothers and sisters. Will had been deeply shaken by the death of the mother he worshipped.

The attempt to make up to his father for the death of their eldest brother, Oliver, weighed overheavily upon him. Supersensitive, his longing to be a violinist forbidden by a stern parental edict, Will became ill, and from then on lived apart, finally making his home in Bethel, Maine. From there in later years his benefactions, as Frances said, "reached out like golden threads of understanding to literally thousands who sought help for their education or a hand up over a hard moment." His vision brought into being the New England Medical Center, which was in a way a pilot experiment for broadening the education of physicians and medical technicians and alleviating human suffering.

Betty was just enough older to prevent a flowering of sympathy and understanding between the sisters. Both were sensitive and shy. Betty's lovely contralto voice seldom was heard. Few recognized the quality of her horsemanship and love and understanding of nature. Only years later did the love the girls had for each other develop into abiding friendship.

Harry, the youngest of the five, went off at a very early age to the Taft School and then Yale. Then he married and moved to New York, so here again Frances found no chance for confidences or intimacy.

All this did not mean that the Binghamms lacked affection for each other or pride of kinship. They had their family solidarity and family jokes, but for the most part each of them went an independent way. Frances's way led her, quite unknown to the rest of the household, into activities which were to remain absorbing, rewarding interests for the rest of her life.

It all began because of a custom among the daughters of Cleveland society that each year's crop of debutantes should organize a tight little group of its own members, adopt a distinctive name — Sunbeams, Rainbows, Baker's Dozen, or the like — and, in addition to the more frivolous pursuits of a social elite, undertake the support of some local charity. Frances and her contemporaries went back to their childhood club for a name, the Brownies, and set about following in the footsteps of their elders. It seemed to them that all useful fields of charity had been preempted. What should they do? One of the members presented a revolutionary idea. Why not make the bandages and dressings used by the Visiting Nurses, become the supply committee of this newly established outgrowth of the Baker's Dozen? With the grateful agreement of the VNA Board, the Brownies went to work cutting and rolling bandages (no commercial supplier then existed), making dressings and buying all the supplies.

Then came a new idea. Why not lighten the burden of public health nurses by making rounds with them, carrying extra supplies and helping in the homes? Mathilda Johnson, director of the Visiting Nurse Association, made the suggestion, coupled with the injunction: "Get your parents' consent, for you will be going into the dreadfully poor homes of the city to scrub floors or children, whichever is most needed, and they might not want you to."

The other girls did, but not Frances. Father might be too fearful for her and refuse, keeping her from this pioneer work — for such volunteer tasks never had been done in Cleveland by delicately reared young ladies — which she passionately wanted to do.

"After all," she remembers, "he only let us do what certain other parents permitted their daughters — and I knew the ones whose counsel he asked!"

So Frances simply went along with her friends, saying nothing about her work at home. Every morning she was down for breakfast at an early hour, no matter how late she had been dancing the night before. Father approved of such promptitude and said so, little dreaming the reason for it. As soon as he left for his office, Frances was off to join the visiting nurse to whom she had been assigned. The chores she was put to in the next few hours were thoroughly menial as a rule but strangely satisfying.

There was the occasion on a spring day when she and the nurse climbed a steep, narrow staircase, groping in the dark through noxious odors to a room where a badly burned child lay moaning on a ragged cot. The nurse set to work efficiently to relieve the suffering while a swarm of other children crowded around to watch. It became Frances's task to get these youngsters out of the room and clean them up.

"You'll have to cut them out of their winter clothes," the nurse casually explained, handing her a pair of scissors.

The garments literally were crawling, but Frances clenched her teeth and went to work on the children one by one, snipping away the foul rags, scrubbing the small bodies with soap and Lysol amid a chorus of howls and astonishingly adult imprecations. By the time the burned child was resting more comfortably on a cleaner cot, the other youngsters were unrecognizably immaculate, and

Frances felt a glow of genuine accomplishment.

"Don't forget to take a bath with Lysol yourself tonight," the nurse told her as they trudged down the dirty stairs, "and especially your hair."

Even more memorable was a climb down several flights of steep stairs. At the bottom a dim gaslight revealed what at first glance Frances took to be a heap of rags flung into one corner. But it moved and mumbled as the nurse leaned over.

"What a horrible old hag!" the girl thought when she looked at the ruined face, wrinkles encrusted with dirt, gray hair hanging tangled and filthy over the shoulders.

"The old hag" turned out to be all of thirty-five and a college graduate besides, no small distinction for a woman in the year 1904. She was sick, of course, but that was not the worst. As Frances helped the nurse with the task of cleaning up, she had her introduction to the horrors of drug addiction.

Such adventures prompted serious thought in a girl who was naturally reflective. She wondered, for one thing, why these experiences were warmly gratifying while much less onerous chores at home — keeping the household accounts or planning a week's meals or counting the linen, when periodically taken over from Betty — were boring. She resented taking orders from her sister, who was not nearly so "bossy" as Frances sometimes thought, but she accepted the visiting nurse's instructions meekly. Only years later did she think she had found an answer to the puzzle in the lines of Walt Whitman:

The gift is to the giver and comes back most to him.

And she found this especially true, of course, when the gift is of oneself, of one's own time and strength.

Miss Bingham's double life had been going on for several months when one morning she stepped into the dining room as usual and knew that something was wrong. The silence was profound, but a more tangible danger signal was Father's mustaches, drooping in a forbidding and depressing arc as they did only when he was mightily displeased. The children called them "the family barometer," and the reading this particular morning obviously was "low and stormy."

"Francie," he said quietly, for he was not the man to allow anger or annoyance to add a decibel to his voice, "I want to talk to you in my study after breakfast."

The meal proceeded without further conversation. That was ominous, too, but Frances ate with good appetite and then accompanied Mr. Bingham to the study.

"Francie," he began without preamble, "have you been going about with the visiting nurse?"

"Yes, Father."

"Why did you do it without asking me?"

"Because I knew you would say no."

For a moment there was dead silence. Charles Bingham's fine eyes gazed contemplatively at his daughter. The handsome face was expressionless above the white collar, which was the only relieving note in the dark clothes appropriate for a solid man of business, and he seemed to ponder whether this reply was impertinence or mere honesty. Then slowly a smile, the rare, surprisingly mellow but all too rare smile, lighted the regular features,

and the "barometer" rose to "fair and all clear," as a well-shaped hand twisted the mustaches to their accustomed horizontal sweep.

"Yes," he said, "I would. I would have been afraid that you might catch something. But since you have done it, tell me about it."

Frances was not at all reluctant. She explained why the Brownies felt that they had nothing to do unless they accepted Miss Johnson's suggestion. She told him of visits to parts of Cleveland which most girls in her circumstances never knew existed. She described tenements where a single miserable room was home to a whole family. She observed that the Negroes in the teeming slums were housed and taught even more poorly than their white neighbors, the Central and Eastern European immigrants who made up most of the city's foreign-born population. She explained why discrimination among the miserable seemed to her truly terrible.

All in all, hers had been a view of Cleveland and of life from which men like Charles Bingham, who lived by the conventions, protected their womenfolk. Much of Euclid Avenue — and similar streets in other American cities — behaved as if theirs was another planet than that inhabited by those fellow human beings who usually were called by far harsher names than "underprivileged." To many of the more fortunate, poverty and distress were the penalties of individual sin or at least of unworthiness. But, paradoxically, among these same conventional people there had developed a sense of obligation and service which was in sharp contrast to much in their manners and their thinking which, half a century later,

strikes us as unbearably smug. After all, responsibilities to the community and to humanity were of the conventions, too, and social welfare programs in the United States owed quite as much to this solid, if unspectacular, virtue as to the agitation of radical zealots who wanted to make away with all conventions.

In Cleveland there were plenty of examples of this essentially conservative sense of civic duty. Young reformers like Frederic Howe were crusading without screams or violence for municipal baths and recreation grounds, improved schools and stricter sanitation. Some of the older women in Frances Bingham's own family had been active in establishing and supporting hospitals and clinics. Men of means were becoming accustomed to making large donations to help others to a degree which had not been known in Europe since the Church had received tithes.

So Frances knew that she was not talking a foreign language to her father as she described what she had been doing. She did not belabor the squalor of the environment into which her volunteer work had taken her, but she did not gloss over it either. When she had finished, he smiled again.

"Yes," he said, "I should have forbidden you to do it, but now that you have, I am glad because you have seen something of how most people in this world have to live. I hope you will never forget it."

No monument has been erected to the Brownies, but as they pursued their work in the slums, they were widening the scope of women's activities in the world. In leav-

ing their homes for active involvement in the unpleasantness of life, these girls were breaking the protective shell which had been built around the cultivated, well-bred members of their sex. Once their carefully nurtured isolation was ended, who could tell what limits would be set to their participation in affairs which men had for so long regarded as their exclusive preserve?

They were happily unconscious of the implications of their grubby labors. They sought no converts, would have been surprised if they had been pointed to as crusaders. They were as seriously concerned with clothes, parties and boys as if they never had scrubbed a floor or applied a bandage. In taking their volunteer work in their stride, they were admirable precursors of the women who would combine careers, family and an active social life without pretending any more versatility than if they had been men.

Frances was no more prophetic than the others. Her first season in Cleveland society was as pleasurable as she could have anticipated. If she still cut a slightly less distinguished figure than Betty, that was no more than could be expected, even if it did arouse occasional unreasonable pangs in "little sister." Then, the year after Frances returned home from Miss Spence's a young man came back from Harvard and, before either of them was aware of just how it happened, became her squire for balls, garden parties, tennis games, boating and riding.

He was a good-looking, medium-sized youth in his twenty-third year whom she had known all her life. Chester Castle Bolton was a neighbor, the son of family friends, with a background in Cleveland and indeed in

America very similar to her own. Long ago their friends had begun to couple their names, and while Frances was in Europe they had corresponded. At fifteen the girl noted that she "had a very newsy letter from Chester" and in at least one instance she had warned her father: "Please don't let Harry publish the fact—neither he nor I should like it."

At twenty she was less reticent about allowing her name to be linked with that of young Mr. Bolton, but not much more ardent in spite of or because of parental enthusiasm. He was the eldest of the five sons of Charles C. Bolton and the former Julia Castle. The Boltons were descended from a Cromwellian horse trooper who settled in Londonderry after his general had "pacified" Ireland. The trooper's grandson emigrated from County Antrim to New Hampshire. Charles Bolton's father had studied in the same law office in which Henry Payne received his training, and came to Cleveland a year later. Within two years he was helping to draft the city charter. Like Payne, he had been a Democrat on his arrival, but he turned Free Soiler in 1848 and helped organize the Republican party in 1856. Charles, his son, went to work for Rhodes and Company, and was made a partner soon after the firm changed its name to M. A. Hanna and Company in the early 1880's.

The year Frances returned from Spence, Charles Bolton had retired from business, and she found him a darling, an opinion she never changed. Of his wife she stood much in awe. Chester's mother, daughter of another leading businessman who had served as Cleveland's first mayor, was a handsome, dark-eyed woman with the rare

distinction of a college education (Vassar '79), who ruled as a proud matriarch over her family of six men, unspoiled for her as yet by the intrusion of any daughters-in-law.

Chester was interested in the steel business, as Charles Bingham had been a generation earlier, and similarly prepared for it by going "onto the flats." Also in the same pattern, he found his work not too strenuous to keep him from accompanying a young lady on evening engagements. However, the resiliency of youth was not enough to enable him or very many of their companions to match Frances's "steam engine" energy. One of her contemporaries complained that she did not get tired or would not admit it if she did. For the weary there is nothing so distasteful as the bright enthusiasm of the indefatigable suggesting that everybody join in something new. There probably were evenings when young Mr. Bolton was grateful for the ormolu clock in the Bingham drawing room. Ten strokes of its clear bell was the signal for any young gentlemen calling on the girls to go home. Mr. Bingham allowed exactly fifteen minutes leeway before he came down to make sure. Of course, Frances was allowed out with Chester later than that at a dance or other suitably chaperoned function.

Theirs was a romance whose history, like that of happy nations, is brief. There were no obstacles, no family or financial hurdles, no differences in background to reconcile, no complicated misunderstandings to unravel. So far as they were concerned they were very much in love, although each had interests independent of the other. Frances did not learn much about the steel busi-

ness from Chester. He did not learn much about the problems of nursing from her. But before another year was out Frances was engaged to be married.

Meanwhile Frances was identifying herself with the cause of the nurses she had been helping in the slums, and through them of all nurses. She interested herself in the way they were trained and in the conditions under which they lived. She did not like either. The nurses themselves were dissatisfied with their education, although stoical enough about the tendency of the public generally, and especially that part of the public which endowed schools and hospitals, to class the nurse as a domestic servant assigned solely to the menial tasks of illness.

The unlikely combination of a stuttering friend and a diphtheria epidemic enabled her to do something about the housing and later the education. The friend was Kate Hanna Ireland, one of the Baker's Dozen who, after the Visiting Nurse Association was founded, had gone onto the board of the Lakeside Hospital, whose School of Nursing was Cleveland's principal institution for training in that profession. Mrs. Ireland's speech impediment put her at an extra disadvantage when she wanted to argue with the others, mostly prominent business and professional men, about the need for better quarters and better schooling for nurses. So she asked Frances, who was not yet twenty-two, to join the board.

"You can speak for both of us," she explained.

Kate was a shrewd judge of eloquence. Frances was quite without experience in oratory, but she had a natural talent for expressing herself clearly and convincingly.

In the presence of a large group she seemed to shrug off the self-consciousness which often marked her in first meeting individuals, and her singing had helped her to improve this quality. The board lightly agreed to invite Miss Bingham to become a member.

That happened to be the winter of severe diphtheria and scarlet fever epidemics. Every parent in Cleveland felt his home threatened by the scourges which in those days were among the leading causes of children's deaths. Today, when diphtheria is so rare that many a young or even middle-aged physician never has encountered a case in his practice, it is hard to appreciate the terror which followed the onset of an epidemic. It was comparable to, but more widespread than, the fear which polio was to inspire in a later generation. Once a child had contracted diphtheria in the early years of the century, doctors were virtually helpless. The best hope lay in good nursing, and this particular winter the nurses of Cleveland had risen heroically to the challenge. Frances chose that moment to speak out on their behalf.

"They couldn't speak for themselves," she says, "and they needed protection."

The talk which young Miss Bingham gave to the board of the Lakeside Nursing School was a shock to most of those who heard it. They were not accustomed to outspoken speech by a mere girl. They were not in the habit of having their judgment questioned by any woman, much less a slip of a thing most of them had known when she was in short skirts. They listened in amazement while she told them of the work nurses did, of the importance to every family in Cleveland in seeing that these women

knew their jobs, of what the people of the city owed to the custodians of health. She described how nurses who had earned the community's gratitude had to return from tremendously long hours of toil to quarters which even then would have been considered inadequate for servants in the "better" homes. After the normal risks of their profession, they were herded so closely together, sleeping in attics in double-decker bunks, that they were exposed to unnecessary and disgraceful health hazards off duty.

"All I hope is you go up and see it," she concluded, "and I defy you to sleep well tonight."

Mr. Bingham, who also was a member of the board, was as embarrassed as anyone by his daughter's blunt speech, though he took a special pride in the results that accrued. Whether the board was afraid of not being able to sleep at night or of having to listen to Miss Bingham's pleasantly modulated but scornful voice again, they took steps to improve living conditions for nurses. Not long after, John D. Rockefeller made a grant to finance a survey of nurse training, in which the Lakeside School was included. It proved to be one of the solid milestones on the road from apprentice training to nursing education.

Frances Bingham's first venture into action had been a solid success.

CHAPTER VI

THE WORLD AND THE FAMILY

TWENTY-FIVE seemed to Chester Bolton a fitting age to marry, and so on Saturday, September 14, 1907, a week after his twenty-fifth birthday, the Bingham house on the lake shore was decorated for its first wedding. In the days immediately before that, however, Frances was assailed by doubts, and in a last-minute bout of anguished indecision almost worked herself up to the point of calling it off. She did not confide this inner conflict to anyone, and she was badly prepared to resolve it by and for herself.

All she really knew of marriage was the examples set by her parents and other married members of the family circle so far as she had observed them. That was not much, and was concerned almost entirely with the material aspects of homemaking. Income, furnishings, servants, budgets, prices and so on had come under her ken to some extent. She even had some experience in managing a household, for ever since she had come home from school, she and Betty had alternated at two-month intervals in planning the meals, giving orders to the cook and maids, counting the laundry, keeping the accounts. Frances had

learned to write neat columns of figures which would balance.

She was completely untutored, though, in the balance which must be established between husband and wife. This ignorance, of course, was not peculiar to her or even to her generation, but that hardly made it any easier for a young woman in these early September days of 1907 to grapple with her fears and doubts. If she had asked someone about them, the answer would have been to wait and learn, for young people were expected to manage their marriages and to adjust to one another by instinct. Indeed, if they knew that adjustments would be called for, they were observant beyond the average. The personal and human intimacies involved in learning to live together were left by this educational attitude, or vacuum, to their imaginations before the wedding and to experience afterward.

Small wonder, then, that many girls were even more frightened by the prospect in the early than in the middle years of the century. At the same time, the pressure of opinion from all sides was that the married state was the only life for their sex, that a wedding was a triumph and spinsterhood a disgrace. The pressure almost always was stronger than the fear, no matter how the individual might be torn apart by the contradictions, and often did not have to be expressed at all to be effective. So the calm preparations for the union of Frances Bingham and Chester Bolton were not disturbed by the bride's inner conflicts, and no one except herself seems to have wondered if that union really was wise. It was not the most promising start.

The ceremony itself was unostentatious, almost private, out of respect for Julia Bolton, whose mother had just died. Only the immediate families attended. The religious views of both were tolerantly respected. The Bingham, as Presbyterians, had the Reverend Hiram C. Hayden, who had married Charles and Molly and baptized Frances, read the service. The very strong Episcopalian sentiments of Chester's mother were gratified by having Bishop William A. Leonard assist.

Then the young couple were off for a European wedding trip, and to Frances came the first full realization of the fact that she was living in the era of which it had been said: "Those were the days when husband and wife were one — and the husband was the one."

Actually the prevailing notion that homes were made by women for the benefit of men was not so objectionable to Frances as one might expect of a high-spirited girl who had an ego to express even if she was not aggressive about it. Her mother and her grandmother had accepted without question, so far as she or anyone else knew, the status in which they were placed. Furthermore, that status was by no means a bar to the flowering of a strong personality. Frances's new mother-in-law was by far the most forceful member of her family, whom she ruled with what seemed an absolute sway. But her husband and sons never had the impression that the matriarch was devoted to anything except their support and comfort. Even when she felt most unhappily the full force of matriarchal power, Frances suspected that Julia Bolton never had the least idea how thoroughly she dominated her

children. For all her authoritative ways, the older woman was representative of a world which the younger would see changed — not always for the better, in her opinion.

Yet some of Miss Bingham's activities had presaged the changes which young Mrs. Bolton would experience. She had been doing work in the slums quite unlike anything any woman in her family had attempted. It made her part of the modern world in ways which her elders scarcely could have imagined. Then her experience on the board of the Lakeside School of Nursing had demonstrated to her that there were spheres of action in which a woman's point of view was not only valuable but essential. That attitude in the recent past had been expressed only indirectly by feminine influence, never directly as Frances had done at the board meeting.

What was happening to her was a symptom of that revolution in women's status which was taking place all over the country. Changes in patterns of work, inside and outside the home, of recreation and of education were beginning to accomplish what the most eloquent feminists failed to achieve by argument.

For example, women were now the nation's shoppers, as they were only beginning to be when Frances was born. This could be seen in the newspaper advertisements which in 1885 had an almost exclusively masculine appeal. By 1907 they still sounded the merits of whisky and men's suits and smokes, but these bids for reader attention were far outnumbered by descriptions of the wonders to be had in dresses, furs and ladies' hats, in household equipment and furnishings. From women as buyers for

the home, it would be only a step to women's control of the family finances.

Electricity and mechanical inventions were lightening the burdens of housekeeping, freeing millions of housewives for some new activities outside the home; the year after Frances was married, Charles Bingham even had the Lake Erie house wired. The typewriter was making a place for women in business offices so that a girl with a little schooling and a living to earn had some alternative to being a school teacher. It is true that help wanted columns reported as many openings for male as for female stenographers, and the men were offered fifteen dollars and even eighteen dollars a week as against eight to twelve dollars for girls, but city offices no longer were as strictly masculine as the Union Club.

Women in law and medicine were rare enough, but not quite the freaks they had been, and some of them competed in areas of the professions where their sex never had been admitted before. Sometimes comments were made on the genuine merits of their work without the stereotyped comparison to an elephant waltzing. When, at about the time of Frances's marriage, Attorney General Charles Bonaparte appointed good-looking Mary Winterton Quackenbos as a special assistant to help in his antitrust campaign, the public was informed in the press about her professional qualifications, which were considerable, as well as her penchant for smart black and white costumes.

The shop, the mill or domestic service remained the fate of untrained girls. But for the first two, at least, there

were champions, often quite respectable, who were fighting against the length of the work week, fifty-six to seventy-two hours in most places, and against the sweated wages paid to factory hands and shop assistants. Once women in homes and jobs had a little leisure, what might they not do? And do it without asking the permission of their men.

It was not so obvious in 1907 as perhaps it should have been that two of the things they, along with members of the opposite sex, would do when they got the chance were ride in motor cars and go to the movies.

The automobile still was a vehicle for the upper classes; there were more job openings for chauffeurs than for coachmen this year. But the mania for "going for a ride in the country" was spreading. The police already felt obliged to set traps for speedsters whose reckless careening about on the better roads at twenty miles an hour provoked an epidemic of runaway horses. In the week Frances was married, the press made much of the fact that Helen Taft, of Cincinnati, whose father was being groomed vigorously for the presidency, was a passenger in a car which had been clocked at thirty-three miles an hour. Of course, that speed could not be maintained for long, so an officer on a bicycle was able to overtake the party and "edged the driver to the curb." The fine was ten dollars.

In 1907 the motion picture was confined almost entirely to nickelodeons, little shops with gaudy fronts and hard seats where flickering figures chased each other across a rippling screen for the amusement of the audience.

Although stories on film were rare — *The Great Train Robbery* was only two years old — there were thousands of nickelodeons all over the country. People on Euclid Avenue, except perhaps the servants, knew of these entertainments only by hearsay if at all. A prediction that most of them would live to see movies virtually drive the live theater from such cities as Cleveland would have been laughed to scorn. Why, Cleveland in the coming winter would see all the hits just now opening on Broadway — John Drew and Billie Burke in *My Wife*, Sara's friend, John Barrymore, in his new starring role in *The Boys of Company B*, Nazimova in *The Master Builder* and a dozen more.

No one in Frances's circle ever had heard of Fox or Zukor, Laemmle or Loew, already big names in the strange shadow world of make believe. They hadn't heard of David Wark Griffith either, but a few weeks after the Bolton-Bingham wedding, this unsuccessful actor-playwright abandoned the stage for the screen which he, more than any other man, was to remodel into an entertainment form that would occupy a good deal of the new Mrs. Bolton's energies and thoughts in a few years.

On the day of the wedding itself there were events which the newspapers regarded as more newsworthy than the status of cars and movies. Leading space was given to the *Lusitania's* maiden voyage, setting a record of five days, fifty-four minutes, from Liverpool to New York. Major notice also was accorded to the fighting around Casablanca, where Moroccan rebels were threatening French rule; the opening of the mayoralty campaign in

which Representative Theodore Burton overoptimistically hoped to defeat Tom Johnson; a break and partial recovery in the stock market.

The life to which Frances Bolton returned from her wedding trip gave no hints that she might become any more important to people outside her circle of family and friends than any other Bingham, Payne or Bolton woman had been in the last nine generations, that any talent she might possess ever would be employable in public service or private enterprise. For all her overflowing vitality, she gave an impression of self-effacement. When her ideas or desires encountered opposition, she was more likely to drop them, or at least keep them to herself, than to press for them.

An example of this sort of frustration was the first home of which she was the titular mistress. When she and Chester got back to Cleveland they found a three-story frame house, furnished and with two servants, waiting for them to move into. It was his parents' wedding gift. It was not large, nor pretentious, but it was a far cry from the home Frances had envisaged. Although no one in her family, so far as she knew, ever had lived in anything but a house, she had hoped to set up housekeeping in one of the new apartment buildings which the conservative compared scornfully to beehives little better than slum tenements. Her dream was four rooms all on one floor, with heat and maintenance furnished and so little work that she could take care of the place herself, even learn how to cook — the one part of homemaking she had never had a chance at.

The young Boltons lived very simply. They were

determined not to exceed Chester's income, thirty-five hundred to four thousand dollars a year at this time, nor was there any reason why they should. His were highly respectable earnings, the salary of a rising young executive. In 1907 a third of that was good pay for an office manager or head bookkeeper. The aristocracy of labor, railroad engineers, might rise to as much as \$125 a month, but only after reaching top seniority.

Prices were correspondingly low. Young Mrs. Bolton could ride downtown on the streetcars for three cents. The best beef sold for \$4.25 a hundredweight. Houses comparable to the one in which she now lived could be rented for \$20 a month, the wages of a good cook and general domestic help. A skilled dressmaker came in for \$1.50 a day. If one had leisure and a desire to travel, the Hamburg-American Line offered an Oriental cruise of seventy-six days for \$300 in first-class accommodations. Quite good shops were selling black caracul coats for \$75 and sixty-six-inch mink scarves for \$37.50 to go with the big flat mink muffs at \$50. Only automobiles commanded prices which seem to us expensive. The 1908 models were coming on the market the month the Boltons were married, and a good one would have taken a year or more of Chester's salary. The Franklin forty-two-horsepower touring car sold for \$4,000; a sixty-horsepower six-cylinder Great Arrow cost \$6,500.

Such sums were scarce. Before the Bolton honeymoon was over, the sharp financial panic of 1907 began to take its toll in business failures and unemployment. Hard times, although not striking very close to the new little home, colored the bride's outlook upon the society in

which she was taking her place as a matron.

The slums which she had known as helper to the visiting nurse were, if anything, more dilapidated and crowded than ever, the people in them hungrier and dirtier, their chief products an increasing miasma of vice and crime. Two methods of meeting the problems created by these miserable masses were popular among the more fortunate. One was to contribute money to charity and forget about it. The other was to blame all economic evils on the men who were being denounced as "malefactors of great wealth," and then attribute accompanying social ills to economic determinism.

The fact that Frances was not able to indulge her ideas of independent housekeeping freed her for still a third approach, since neither of the others appealed to her good sense. When one actually went among the people of the slums, instead of just talking about them, it was obvious that much of the suffering arose not only from economic injustice but from poor health and sanitation, ignorance, discrimination, all reacting upon each other to plunge the victim down a spiral of degradation into misery, crime and drug addiction.

Even at twenty-two, Frances knew that neither conscience money nor assaults upon the wicked trusts would provide equality of opportunity for Negroes and foreigners in jobs, housing and education. Reasonable health standards and practical tolerance, she thought, could do more. The problems cried out for remedy, not relief.

Of course, it was easier to say that trends which led human beings to despair and dope ought to be reversed than it is to hit on methods for doing it. It would be

pleasant to report that young Mrs. Bolton was so far ahead of her time that she devised a program which future generations would applaud, but in reality she had no more ideas of a universal solution than anyone else. On the other hand, she did know that the nurses, whose work she continued to support ardently, were on the right track with their campaign of health and cleanliness. She knew that the mere fact that a nurse or she herself treated a Negro or a Hungarian with the same care and dignity accorded to a native-born white was an object lesson worth more than a speech.

She had neither interest in, nor understanding of, politics and government at this time. Yet many members of her family were involved intimately in them, all the way from her father-in-law's participation in municipal good government movements to the national fame of Grandfather Payne's nephew Sereno. This Eastern cousin, a member of Congress since 1882, was the coauthor in 1909 of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, highest in history.

It was true that her own efforts did not make as obvious an impression upon health and education as she could have hoped. But for a young woman, Frances Bolton could muster an unusual amount of patience. No doubt she had a temperamental leaning that way, and her studies had strengthened it. She believed, as she wrote later, that this is a "quality nature demands of the successful." So, far from demanding haste, she found positive satisfactions in waiting.

Of them all the most rewarding was motherhood, and in fact it was the experience of bearing children which confirmed for her the truth of this philosophy. She once

expressed her appreciation of this source of wisdom when, expounding the virtues of patience to a group of people with whom she was seeking to realize objectives which were very important to her, she said: "To be happy in the waiting period is also an essential — and perhaps it is because I have known the indescribable joy of waiting for children, of feeling one with the invisible forces of Creation as only mothers can, that I am the one who perhaps more than all of you has said 'Wait — why hurry, why force, why not be willing to go along with life?' "

Motherhood may only have confirmed her philosophy; it made a profound and welcome change in her life. She became absorbed in every detail of infant care and for the first time discovered the full happiness of having someone completely dependent upon her. This new type of responsibility, intimate and ever-present, was a far more delightfully warming sensation even than cleaning up slum rooms or arguing on behalf of nurses.

Her first son arrived on June 20, 1909, and both his grandfathers were complimented when he was named Charles. Nearly three years later, on her own twenty-seventh birthday, March 29, 1912, a second was born and christened Kenyon in memory of Chester's brother who had died only a few months earlier. (These were only the advance guard of Charles Bingham's grandchildren. Betty, who had been married in 1910 to Dudley Blossom, he of the children's Beethoven Club at Harrywold and now a partner in William Bingham and Company, had a son too, and her daughter was born only a few months after Kenyon. Harry married in 1912 and within two years also was the parent of a son and daughter.)

The normal preoccupations with babies' diet, clothes and exercise could not keep Frances from being concerned, even before her eldest was out of swaddling clothes, with the mental and moral aspects of their upbringing. She felt rather acutely the disadvantages which she had suffered from her own haphazard schooling, rather exaggerated them in fact. But, justified or not, her sense of inadequacy in this area prompted determination to do better for her sons. This would not be easy, might not be possible in a family which was quite satisfied with the conventional education of the well-to-do as they had known it.

However, she had a few years to wait before she could put any of her ideas into practice, and by then she was in very different circumstances from those of the girl who had married in 1907.

The change came about through the generosity of Frances's beloved uncle, Colonel Oliver Hazard Payne, one of the richest men in the country. A bachelor, he wished to leave what he had accumulated to his natural heirs after his death. To Payne Whitney, who, after his father's second marriage, lived with the colonel and was like a son to him, he left one half of his holdings. The other half he divided among the four Binghamms and their British cousins.

Frances always had had spending money — an allowance for clothes, gifts and so on until she was married, and afterward some dividends from Standard Tool Company stock, averaging twelve dollars to fifteen dollars a month, and a small sum from her mother. These had made it possible for her, after her marriage, to buy her

own and some of the children's clothes and make her own personal and charitable gifts. But in 1917, Colonel Payne's trusts became active, and instead of an income of a few thousands, Frances found herself with one of some hundreds of thousands and all the many changed responsibilities and problems that go with it.

Perhaps the most troublesome of these was her fear that so great an imbalance between husband and wife might tend to intrude upon her marriage. She knew the pride a man takes in providing all his wife's needs; she recognized that a sense of inferiority might develop in a husband's heart and mind when he finds the family economy so suddenly out of the normal proportions. She therefore gave a sizable portion of her inheritance to Chester, and never regretted it.

Even before they came into their money, the Boltons had begun building a lovely colonial house in Lyndhurst, on the outskirts of Cleveland. Betty and Dudley Blossom chose an adjoining site, and over the years the large tract of woods, gardens and pasture took on something of the aspect of a family preserve.

When Charles Bingham offered Frances some eight hundred feet of his Florida property, where she had spent so much of her childhood, if she would build on it within the year, Chester said: "That is beyond me, my dear, but if you want it, go ahead on your own."

It was one large personal expenditure which wealth enabled her to indulge in, and she never regretted this one either. For the rest, her adjustments to the possession of so large an income were made more in what might be called the public than the private portion of her life.

She never did get into the habit of spending a lot of it on her personal whims or pleasures.

Yet the possession of a large fortune presented some problems which she never did solve altogether. Money, people said then as they say now, is power, but power is a poor basis for the best family relationships. To avoid the appearance of using power, she felt that she had to give up some of the normal methods of persuasion which she might have attempted in differences with her husband, for instance, if she had not had more money than he. And perhaps he would have consulted her more (although it was hardly in his nature) if he had not been afraid of seeming to defer to her money when all he wanted was to defer to her judgment.

The public responsibilities and opportunities of a great fortune had more far-reaching effects. The very wealthy occupied a place in the social values of the world which is no longer theirs, or at least not so exclusively. While the general run of newspaper readers were avidly interested in the wild extravagances of some of the rich, and reformers concentrated on abuses which had accompanied the accumulation of some great fortunes, the country was dependent upon the personal benefactions of millionaires for the expansion of health facilities, cultural institutions, higher education and research to a far greater extent than now, when the basis of philanthropy has broadened to corporations and the dollars of the masses, and when government has taken over phases of help for its citizens which once were the exclusive province of private charity.

Frances's own small income up to this time had been

devoted mainly to philanthropy. Now she was to become one of the principal targets for the pleas of the deserving and the undeserving alike, of those who really can use money to advantage for the benefit of the community, of those who seek backing for weird or impractical or futile projects, of those who regard the wealthy as their natural prey.

Finally there was the influence which all these family and public considerations have upon character. One of the natural reactions of the rich or the powerful to the approaches of their fellow men is suspicion. By the time one has been asked for favors often enough — and in ways from which the poor or just well-to-do are immune — it is hardly possible to disregard one's doubts as to human motives. Frances was not to be free from that mistrust. On the other hand, she did not let it sour her attitude toward others, and she actually became more resentful of what she once called the "tyranny of things" (which she could not avoid) than she did of greedy people. In essentials, "the rich Mrs. Bolton" remained very like the merely prosperous Chester's wife.

CHAPTER VII

CALL TO ARMS

EVENTS refused to wait for completion either of the estate, which the Boltons called Franchester in a combination of their first names, or Frances's plans for the management of her new wealth. The world in which she had been reared came to an end with the crack of an assassin's pistol at Sarajevo in the summer of 1914.

More than most Americans, more especially than most Midwesterners, the Boltons realized that the war, which many believed to be only a remote European madness, held implications of profound importance to them. Of course, no one could envisage how vastly different life would be after the holocaust. But thoughtful people who had traveled and studied to some purpose could not but see the long shadows which the conflict cast around the world.

Frances had personal ties which brought the reality of war closer than her memories of troops marching off amid cheers and laughter to fight Spanish dons in Cuba in '98, or of tearful throngs along an Edinburgh street two years later where she had stood to watch the tattered remnant of a famous Scottish regiment come home from the Boer

War, or of a kaiser on parade behind the flag-bedecked bier of German's last field marshal in the Franco-Prussian War. Her cousin Pauline, whose wedding had been her chief childhood impression of magnificence and fine clothes, literally was working herself to death for the soldiers of her adopted country. She died in 1916 at forty-two, and plain Tommies begged for the privilege of carrying her coffin to its grave in a lovely little cemetery outside London. Something of Pauline's passionate devotion to the Allied cause communicated itself to her American family.

By this time the probability of American involvement in the war was apparent to less well-informed observers than the Boltons. Chester went to Plattsburg that summer for the officers training course which had been established as part of a new preparedness program. Oddly enough, responsibility for organizing a war machine rested principally with two Cabinet officers who were as keen pacifists as it was possible to be without fanaticism — Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels and Secretary of War Newton D. Baker.

Baker was a Cleveland man well known to the Boltons, not perhaps as favorably as he was to those who admired his politics. Frances, for example, knew that her father rather distrusted the brilliant lawyer and municipal leader. Forty-five years old, an engaging and persuasive pleader who had been one of Tom Johnson's "boys" and his eventual successor as a reform mayor, Baker was the sort of bright young man whose political career is an inevitable march from left to right. At this time he was barely on the turn. He was disliked by ardently pro-Allied

citizens, whose belligerence had been fanned by the German U-boat campaign and stories of atrocities in Belgium. It was no secret that Baker had been appointed secretary of war this year because Lindley Garrison, who had held the post since the beginning of the Wilson administration in 1913, was warlike in his inclinations. Even Baker's foes in Cleveland, however, were aware of his administrative abilities which were to win him a reputation as the best secretary of war the United States ever had, certainly up to this time.

The steady march toward war after the election of 1916 was watched from the Bolton home with the mixed emotions engendered by their sympathies and a realization that it would draw in all the young men in both families. But Frances had other preoccupations. She was expecting her third child, she was concerned about the schooling for her first and she was engaged in a new nursing program.

There was no school in Cleveland which seemed just right to a mother with vivid recollections of the gaps in her own education. The public schools, although not as crowded as they would become, were definitely below par in the qualifications of their teaching staffs. The University School, which had been established when Frances's brothers were small and which both they and Chester had attended, was not meeting the standard she wanted for her sons.

Frances was not the only young mother who felt that her children should have something better. Three of her friends whose sons were a year ahead of Charles decided

to experiment with a young man who had tutored in one of their families, James A. Hawken. The year's trial proved successful. A small house was obtained and the Hawken School opened its doors to eighteen boys, one of whom was Charles Bolton.

Frances found the young pedagogue and the two men associated with him both stimulating and challenging. Jim's desire to emphasize the development of a boy's character and personality made an appeal to her, especially after Charles developed a need for very real understanding. His need took her to the school for the first weeks each day, and gave her insight into the methods Jim Hawken was seeking to put into practice.

So successful was the effort that it was not long before larger quarters were needed. Eventually the Boltons gave the school a parcel of land in Lyndhurst and built the school building.

By this time Frances was deeply interested in education as such, in method and means. She no longer spent much time in the school itself, although she often sat in on faculty meetings as the representative of the parents, and in meetings of the parents themselves. Convinced that the school had a real contribution to make, and aware that it could not become self-supporting overnight, she covered the deficit and provided certain scholarships each year. As oncoming generations took over, she felt that "the Hawken School had spread its wings joyously and left the protecting nest."

As the parents' representative on the faculty, meanwhile, she became aware of a new and powerful influence which was making itself felt in the children's world —

the movies. The older, uncouth nickelodeons were being replaced by larger but equally garnish buildings, and the new films offered a strange caricature of life which childish minds (of all ages up to seventy, but Frances worried about the younger ones) absorbed with gluttonous relish. The dark theaters were filled with kids, it seemed, agonizing with Pearl White in *The Perils of Pauline*, gaping at the contortions of the vamp Theda Bara, laughing at Charlie Chaplin, crying at Mary Pickford, whooping over the Keystone Cops and the wild Westerns.

"Sex and crime," said one of the most successful of the new entertainers, explaining the secret of his own immense popularity, "are the great feeding grounds of funny ideas."

To some of the parents, including Frances, it seemed that he might well have said "of all movies." To others, the hours their children spent in badly ventilated, dim halls straining their eyes were more dangerous than the doubtful emotional fare of sex and crime. It fell to Frances's lot to strengthen the headmaster's efforts to confine movie-going to week ends, and to encourage wholesome recreation. She observed gratefully that the students, through their own eager participation in games, in the arts and in simple crafts, found even more fun than their contemporaries did at the movies.

Frances had been as active in a larger educational project. The work of visiting and district nurses had been expanded and refined into a new profession of public health nursing, and young Mrs. Bolton was one of the laymen keenly interested in promoting high standards and adequate training. When the National Organization

of Public Health Nursing was formed, she soon was on friendly working terms with its executive secretary, a dedicated, almost fiery woman, Ella Phillips Crandall. In Cleveland, Frances's talents were in demand to win for the new group the recognition of health authorities and educators.

The winter of 1916-17 interrupted all activities save that of motherhood. Her third son, Oliver, was born on Washington's Birthday, 1917, but as she received the congratulations of family and friends, she and they were following with absorbed attention the inexorable advance of war.

Diplomatic relations with Germany already had been severed in reply to the imperial government's announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare against ships of neutrals and of belligerents alike. Before Frances was out of bed, she and most Americans were reading the arrogant Zimmerman Note in which Germany invited Mexico to become her ally if the United States entered the conflict, the bait offered being the recovery of Texas. The torpedoing of five American merchant vessels during March was the last straw. On April 2, President Wilson delivered his war message; on April 6 Congress declared war.

The Boltons already were at war. Chester had a considerable reputation among Cleveland businessmen for organizing and executive abilities, talents much needed by the civilians who were being mobilized hastily in the last weeks of technical peace to create the machinery of modern war. In mid-March, while the world was thrilling to news that revolution had overthrown the czar in Russia, the Council of National Defense had created the

Munitions Standards Board, whose first task was to devise a schedule of supplies for an army of a million men. Baker, who was chairman of the council, recommended a fellow Clevelander to head the new board. This was Frank A. Scott, a handsome, patrician-looking man with a distinguished bit of gray in his thick hair, who had risen from messenger boy to vice presidency of the big machine tool firm of Warner & Swasey. He knew Chester well; another of the Bolton brothers, Irving, worked for his company, and with hardly a day's notice, Scott whisked the new father off to Washington.

It was not what Chester wanted. He had trained at Plattsburg to fight battles and, like most amateur officers, he was eager to get into the front lines. But Scott and Baker knew that a capable man in the office might be worth whole regiments of brave soldiers in the field. They politely but firmly refused to let him go. Scott kept the young man so busy that he hardly had time to complain anyway.

The Army, whose chief exploits recently had been police work of a picturesque nature but not very much of that, resembled the troops who had won the Civil War much more than the mighty host which Pershing finally took to Europe. Chester had a leading and highly confidential part in the change, in the Army's tables of organization, general outfitting and especially ordnance. The kind of ordnance developed on the Western Front was as new to the army as flying, and a modern department had to be created at once. Then the board faced the delicate problems involved in finding raw materials for contractors without completely disrupting the market. It

also had to prevent various government purchasers from competing with each other for scarce facilities, especially difficult when the Army and Navy each wanted the last factory available to make a given product.

When the young Boltons found that Chester's job would keep him in Washington, Frances picked up the boys and followed him, leaving Franchester half built and the furniture stored. She had a hard time finding a house, for few were available, but finally located one, so big it later was converted into a sizeable inn. It had belonged to a defeated senator, Henry Lippitt, of Rhode Island, and Frances set about having it cleaned and made ready for her family in the early fall.

Washington in April, 1917, had been a quiet city without crowds or traffic congestion. In but a few months it was teeming with people from every state in the Union eager to contribute something — whatever they had — to strengthening the nation for war. Combining as it did the worst features of South and North, the hot, moist, overgrown village on the Potomac revealed glimpses of beauty in its wide streets, trees and gardens. A few public buildings of distinguished architecture, a few gracious homes leavened the dull lump of Victorian government offices, grimy slums, crackerbox shops and row upon row of small, dingy houses, some of which were saved from total ugliness by shrubs and flowers.

Frances had scarcely put her big house into some sort of order than she was summoned to New York on a mission of personal tragedy. Colonel Oliver Payne had died, a not unexpected event in view of his age, less than a month short of his seventy-eighth birthday.

"It was only then," Frances says, "that people knew how much interest he had taken in hospitals and the advancement of health generally, not just in giving money, although he had done that of course, but in advice on organizational problems. His death brought into momentary relief some of his many benefactions such as the Cornell Medical School. Few knew of his yearly coverage of the deficits of the New York Public Library, quietly assumed by his favorite nephew, Payne Whitney. Indeed, few knew the far-reaching generosity of this quiet, unassuming man."

Frances returned from the funeral to a routine which revealed that the N Street house provided not only a roof but a major problem in housekeeping. The mistress of the establishment found herself maintaining a home not only for her own family but for a constantly changing bevy of her husband's friends and associates. The orderly planning of meals which she had learned in her father's house was impossible here because she never knew how many people would come to table. Frances became quite adept at ordering only dishes which would stretch at the last minute. Sometimes the wives of Chester's house guests would arrive for visits, although never without warning and seldom for very long.

"They were good sports," Frances says, "and shared the work when they could. They used to join me in the living room to mend the socks for all the members of the gang who happened to be in the house at the time. We always had a big pile."

The brevity of wifely visits was due less to flaws in the Bolton hospitality than to the fact that husbands were

unable to offer much in the way of companionship. All of them were so swamped with work that they were on hand only for meals, if then, retiring for more work or conferences after dinner. Frances saw as little of her husband as any of the others. If he was not at a meeting in the evening, he was locked in his study with a mass of paper work.

It was thoroughly secret — Frances never did know much of the details — but she served in a way as its guardian. One day she was informed that someone in her household had aroused suspicions as to his reliability, and she must take the responsibility for seeing that none of Chester's papers were left about where any unauthorized person might catch so much as a glimpse of them. So every night after Chester had gone to bed, Frances gathered up the material on which he had been working, took it to her own room and in the morning put it back just in time for him to pick it up on his way to his office.

He fretted occasionally over the fact that he was not in uniform, although he had received one of the first captaincies in the new army. All three of his brothers were at camp. The youngest, Julian, had left Harvard to join the Army. Newell had been a devoted national guardsman and promptly received an exciting and enviable job as aide to a general in the field. Irving, taking leave from Warner & Swasey, was in camp as a captain. Frances's brother, Harry, had been commissioned in a field artillery unit which Chester knew would be going to France soon.

Chester himself was entitled to assume his military rank as a reservist, even in his office job, and was tempted

to do so. But he had been made chairman of an important ordnance committee on which several generals served. If he insisted upon his commission, he would wear the bars of a captain. It would be quite unthinkable that, thus modestly adorned, he could speak freely to men with stars on their shoulders. So he continued to wear a business suit.

Working to the limit of his endurance, he was more fortunate than many, for his health stood up under it. His superior was not so lucky. Older and carrying an even heavier load of responsibility, Scott was wrestling with virtually all the problems of industrial mobilization. This was a concept which was new to the men in both government and industry, and its very newness made the inevitable difficulties and differences especially perplexing. The Munitions Standards Board was replaced by the General Munitions Board with added duties, and then on July 28, 1917, by the War Industries Board with more still. Scott remained as chairman throughout these changes, and the strain of the last broke his strength. In October he was forced to resign and go home, being succeeded by the more rugged Bernard M. Baruch. At the same time, Chester Bolton became aide to the assistant secretary of war, Benedict Crowell, who was in charge of munitions for the Army, but he did not even then take up his commission.

Frances, meanwhile, had found her own niche in the national war effort. It was in her favorite field, nursing, with more at stake in human welfare, as well as profes-

sional prestige, than at any time since Clara Barton and perhaps Florence Nightingale.

Nursing was one of the key factors in the over-all health program by which it was hoped that the medical horror of past wars in which Americans had taken part might be averted. Disease and festering wounds always had taken a far greater toll than the bloodiest battles. One might argue that medical ignorance had made this inevitable even as late as the Civil War. But memories of the thousands killed during the war with Spain by neglect of known precautions, as against mere hundreds slain by the enemy, still lingered. Since then science had made significant advances. At the same time, the hazards of war were increased greatly by the unprecedented numbers of men being brought into hastily improvised camps and the overcrowding of transports which was a risk that had to be taken if a million soldiers were to be moved overseas in accordance with the set schedule.

Skillful nursing was one of the major elements in preventing epidemics and, even more important in the public mind, in the recovery of battle casualties. The Army was going to need many thousands of nurses, and frankly was floundering in its search for them. The experts to whom they looked for advice were sharply and irreconcilably divided.

The professionals, physicians as well as nurses, were strongly of the opinion that the qualifications of the registered nurse should be demanded of those who tended sick and wounded soldiers. Some laymen held that full training was not essential, and that anyway there were not enough qualified nurses, so that chief reliance should

be placed upon volunteers of the sort who now would be called nurses' aides.

Powerful forces were enlisted on both sides. The professionals had their experience and the weight which technical people always carry in their own field. The laymen had the enormous prestige of the Red Cross and of influential citizens who thought that good will and enthusiasm were as good as technical knowledge. They also could point to the undeniable fact that the European belligerents, with three years of mass warfare to teach them, had put their trust mainly in volunteers. The professionals countered with the statistics on mortality rates from sickness and wounds in these European armies. They also pointed out that Europe had to make do with volunteers because trained nurses were not available abroad in anything like the required numbers.

Frances unhesitatingly aligned herself with the professionals. She felt herself one of them in everything except training. She could appreciate the difference between her own strong, willing efforts and the techniques of a properly trained nurse.

The first struggle came over an attempt to get trained nurses into the hospitals and first-aid centers, which were being established in France for the first contingents of American troops. Space on transports was scarce, and there was keen competition for the little available. The Red Cross and other volunteer agencies had enrolled thousands of untrained or only slightly trained young women who were eager to get to the front, or as near to it as possible, without delay. Frances recalls that, at the same time, there were some five thousand registered

nurses who had offered their services to the Army and were ready to sail, too. But there was no way to get them into the military organization.

The members of the nursing profession who were taking the lead in the struggle were no strangers to her. She had been working with them and attending their conferences for several years. Ella Crandall was a good friend and appreciated the help Frances had given in creating the profession of public health nursing out of the old district and visiting nurses. So was Annie Goodrich, the current president of the American Nurses Association, who would be the spokesman for her side *ex officio*. Miss Goodrich was on the faculty of Columbia University's Teachers College and supervised nursing services at the Henry Street Settlement founded in New York by her old friend and former student, Lillian Wald. With Miss Wald and Adelaide Nutting, she made up what the nurses of that and of a later day too called "The Great Trio."

"Annie Goodrich was a wonderful woman," says Frances. "She had been a nurse for twenty-five years when the United States entered the war, and no one understood the problems of nursing better. Lillian Wald used to say she had a spirit of fire, but you didn't realize that when you first met her. I don't suppose she ever had been pretty, although her eyes were marvelous, her smile irradiative, and at this time, when she was fifty or more, she had no very distinguished appearance. Slender and very quick in her movements, she made her impression only after some acquaintance. Then her wit and wisdom could be appreciated properly.

"She had had a rather unusual education for a nurse,

as she was brought up by governesses and in private schools here and abroad. She was in her middle twenties when she decided upon her future profession, prompted by her feelings of inadequacy in dealing with a great deal of illness in her immediate family. One of the senior students when she started was Lillian Wald, and that was when their friendship began. Annie was only a year out of nursing school when she became superintendent of nursing at the New York Post Graduate Hospital. She had headed the nursing services of several other hospitals, but her real passion was the education of nurses, in which, of course, I had been much interested, too. She inspired several schools of nursing in the East, taught and lectured and had done as much as anyone to lift the standards of the profession.

"Of all nurses she was the best qualified to speak on their behalf. But the very fact that she was a nurse proved a handicap. The men to whom she had to present her case in Washington were accustomed to thinking of nurses as fine women, no doubt, but hardly more than a sort of superior domestic servant who could bathe the sick, bandage wounds and measure out prescribed doses of medicine. These men were not inclined to pay much attention to what such a woman might have to say on a matter of serious national policy."

Frances might have added that they would not listen very willingly to any other woman either. They would accord the pretense of a hearing to what they considered a woman of position, but their first reaction would be to brush her off just as abruptly as if she were a nurse. They heard Mrs. Bolton, perhaps reluctantly, for she had been

deputed to speak for the professional side of the argument. Then, as had happened to the board of the Lakeside School of Nursing, they were convinced against their inclinations. Registered nurses were taken into the Army Nurse Corps with relative rank and sent overseas, but that was only the preliminary skirmish to a larger battle.

Many more women would have to be trained for nursing duty if the soldiers were to have full professional care. Here the laymen brought their strongest pressures. They proposed to follow the European model, recruit volunteers, teach them first aid and dispatch them to the front or wherever they were needed. The professionals demanded that the Army set up its own school to educate nurses according to the current standards of medicine. It would take longer and cost more, to be sure, but it would save lives and health.

Frances went back to Cleveland for the convention of the National Association of Nursing Education, to which both the American Nurses Association and the National Organization of Public Health Nurses sent representatives in order to build a united front. It did not take them long. The three groups appointed a committee to present their views to the War Department. Recognizing the value of lay support, they named only one nurse to the committee, Annie Goodrich. The two other members were Frances Bolton and Mrs. Alfred Brewster, also a Cleveland and a Brownie.

Frances had been suggested as the chairman but she demurred. Her husband was in the War Department and almost certainly would feel some embarrassment in hav-

ing his wife at the head of a committee seeking to impose upon his superiors a program which they might not like. In fact, he probably would be uneasy at the prospect of his wife taking any leading part in a matter which he was conventional enough to believe was best left to the judgment of men. Frances avoided possible domestic embroilment by the simple expedient of not mentioning at home the campaign upon which she embarked as soon as she returned to Washington. And prudently she insisted that Mrs. Brewster serve as chairman of the committee.

It was easy for Mrs. Brewster and Mrs. Bolton, of Cleveland, to arrange an audience with Baker, and they found him equally easy to talk to. The secretary's long jaw, rimless glasses and straight hair gave him a superficial resemblance to Woodrow Wilson, but he was a gentler individual. He understood the uses of courtesy as a tool in negotiation, too, and he was most polite to his three visitors, so polite that Frances remembered her father's doubts as to Baker's trustworthiness. However, he appeared to be very sympathetic to the proposal for an Army nursing school which Frances outlined and Annie Goodrich elaborated upon. Baker devoted a good deal of his time and energy to making sure that the men for whom he felt himself responsible should have the best possible medical care, but he was no expert on the merits of the nursing controversy.

"He was very pleasant," Frances recalls, "but nothing at all happened. Of course, Mr. Baker had not committed himself at our first interview, nor when we saw him again. Nevertheless, we were left with the impression on both occasions that he agreed with us. Then there were delays

which no one could or would explain to us. It wasn't until a fire alarm brought everyone out onto the grass that we realized the Red Cross was the chief obstacle to the school."

Out of Baker's office had come the chairman of the National Committee on Red Cross Nursing Services, who was the chief proponent of the volunteers. She had the prestige of that organization behind her when she called on the secretary of war. She also had the benefit of the Army's natural desire to get nurses quickly, for by this time Americans were at the front in substantial numbers and the great, costly offensives of 1918 were filling the hospitals with wounded.

The nurses' committee decided to have a try at putting the whole controversy on a strictly professional basis where their arguments would be understood best, and where the sincere advocates of the volunteers would have no opportunity to bring pressure or exercise their eloquence. A conference was arranged for Baker's office, at which only medical men and women were to be present. Frances and Mrs. Brewster accompanied Miss Goodrich to the department.

"We expected to wait in Mr. Baker's anteroom during the meeting," Frances says, "but while we were standing there with Miss Goodrich the door to the private office was opened and charming, courtly old General Gorgas [famous for his yellow fever work and now surgeon general] bowed to all of us and said, 'After you, ladies,' so we just sailed in, and everyone was too polite to ask us to leave."

At this conference, the secretary of war agreed that the

Army School of Nursing should be established. Orders were to be issued at once. The committee of three went away delighted.

But days passed without orders. Early on a Monday morning, in response to an S O S from Miss Goodrich, Frances was out of her house at seven and in the nursing office not many minutes later. The two women held a council of war. Remembering that molasses attracts more flies than vinegar, Frances says, they decided that she should write to Baker thanking him in the name of the women of America for his far-seeing action in establishing an Army school, and that she should deliver it herself to see that the school came into being.

Before she got to her destination, she almost had to stop to argue the point whether or not this was a fitting errand for a woman, especially the wife of an aide to the assistant secretary of war. For in the corridor of the War Department, she caught a glimpse of Chester walking in her direction. But she saw him first, and dodged behind a pillar until he had passed so that she would not have to explain her mission.

Arrived at the secretary's office, she talked with his lame, very efficient young secretary, saying: "That order must go in, Mr. Allen. Will you take Mr. Baker this note and stay there until the order is actually given? I will wait."

Obviously she looked capable of waiting, well-groomed, self-possessed and quiet, for the rest of the war. But the secretary came to her after three hours to inform her that the order was signed and issued. The volunteer aides were held back, the five thousand waiting nurses were

started on their way and the Army School of Nursing came into being with Miss Goodrich at its head.

It was a notable triumph, and her friends among the nurses, as well as their lay supporters, insisted that it was due largely to the work of Frances Bolton. It committed the Army forever, as it turned out, to the principle that American soldiers should have the best professional nursing care that there is. It paved the way for improved nurse training, for acceptance of these women as actual commissioned members of the armed forces, for the end of a popular attitude that nursing is somehow menial. There was an even more gratifying result. Partly, even largely, because the United States Army was the best nursed army in the world, the death rate from disease was only 4.7 per thousand among troops overseas and 6.4 per thousand among those in the United States. Even the larger of these figures was far below the rate obtaining in any other army in any war in the past, lower than that of any belligerent in this war, lower than the rate for American civilians in the same age group.

To have taken part in a program which could show such magnificent results was a great builder of self-confidence. Credit for the work done went to Mrs. Bolton not only because she was rich and well connected, not only because she had the grit to sit in Baker's office until she got action, but because she had taken a leading part in initiating the whole strategy of the nurses' campaign, had been their most articulate and forceful spokesman.

A member of the board of the National Organization of Public Health Nurses and chairman of its War Emergency Committee charged with raising the then large sum

of eighteen thousand dollars, Frances shared their anxiety over the fact that public health nurses were being made to feel slackers if they did not leave their jobs to go overseas. The exodus had been so great that wives and children of soldiers were not having proper care, and the morale of the men was suffering accordingly. So Frances and Ella Crandall went to work and obtained recognition of these nurses' war service as such. Arm bands for them to wear to prove that they were serving their country were issued.

For both these campaigns, Frances Bolton had stepped out into the world of men and found that it was not such a labyrinth of ogres and puzzles as it had been painted. She was one of many women who discovered in the stress of war that her sex was much less helpless than men had told them. Women had filled quite acceptably the places of their husbands and brothers in all sorts of novel positions in the civilian economy. Coeducation was more widespread than ever, and even the schools and colleges for girls were revising their curricula to make them more like those of institutions for men. Young women were no longer wearing stiff corsets, symbolically discarding the shackles of slavery; there was almost as much talk of what freedom would do to the family as there was of what it would do to feminine figures.

Frances was only thirty-three years old, but already her upbringing was considered the relic of a bygone day. The list of things a lady could not do had shrunk drastically. Indeed, many observers who were not usually inclined to yearn wistfully for "the good old days," nor to recall those days as better than they really were, felt that

young women were going to dangerous extremes in behavior.

Not that full equality had burst upon the sex. Very seldom was a woman paid as much as a man in the same job. Very seldom would she be promoted to an executive post if there was a man with half her qualifications available. She occupied only the lower ranks in all the professions except teaching. She did not have the vote in most states, although that was coming by constitutional amendment within little more than a year. She still was so much a second-class citizen that even some years later Frances attended a political committee meeting where she heard the chairman say as an obvious afterthought to a not very brilliant agenda: "Oh, we haven't heard from the Negroes or the women yet."

She was not surprised that a man should suppose that neither a woman nor a Negro would have anything to say that was worth the hearing. But she never got so used to that point of view that she accepted it submissively.

On balance, though, the world as she saw it at the time of the 1918 armistice offered far wider opportunities for a woman, specifically for herself, than she could have expected only a few years earlier. In the last few months of the war, she had more leisure to think about what she might be able to make of those opportunities.

Chester had succeeded in cutting himself loose from a desk job. He had finished his work of re-organization, so that he won release from Crowell's office and an appointment to the Army War College for officers' field training. Promoted to lieutenant colonel, he was made assistant chief of staff of the One Hundred and First Division, and

was just completing his training for overseas duty at camp in Mississippi when the terrible Spanish influenza epidemic and then the armistice ended his military career.

For him, too, the war had changed everything. He had no desire to return to business. On the other hand, he was much too young to retire, only thirty-six. He was not cut out by temperament or training for a life of elegant leisure. He was not immediately attracted by public service, either in politics or philanthropy, at least not as a career.

In this rather negative mood, he came home to Cleveland in time for Christmas. Frances already had closed the house in Washington, and, for the first time since it was finished, the little family was together at Franchester. No doubt in a new home there was plenty to be done in settling in, both inside and out. But that hardly answered the question of what the Boltons were going to do with their lives in the new world which was opening in 1919 full of hope and disillusionments, of material expansion and moral confusion, of idealistic striving toward a better future and nostalgic withdrawals toward a past which never could be recaptured.

CHAPTER VIII

A TIME FOR TESTING

FOR all their advantages, the Boltons did not appear to be destined for a very easy or happy life as they settled into their handsome new house. The strain of his war service had left Chester none too well, and Frances, who was carrying her fourth child, contracted influenzal pneumonia. Most pregnant women died of it, and, although Frances pulled through, her daughter, Elizabeth, was born on June 18, 1919, to live but a day.

For a long time afterward, the mother was weak and in constant pain, as if the poisons of her influenza had caught up with her again and left her with a multiple neuritis. This wore off, dwindling to excruciating headaches at intervals, and for years she was miserable. A kidney operation gave some relief, but various doctors took a very dim view. Some even told her that in all probability she had but a very few years to live — one mentioned five — and while she could not accept the prognosis, she faced very real, discouraging difficulties in those next few years.

However, the boys were an abiding comfort. The older ones were at the Hawken School, which Charles soon

would be ready to leave for his college preparatory work. He especially had responded to the opportunities of education, and his father envisaged for him a great career at Harvard, where he himself had enjoyed his headiest triumphs.

Frances, who believed as probably all mothers do that she understood her children better than any man, was as ambitious for their future, but with less rigid plans for them. She subordinated even those to trying to understand their current needs and problems. Like most progressive parents, she wanted to eliminate from the upbringing of her boys those faults which she remembered in her own.

"Few boys are truly friends with their mothers," she said once in analyzing how far one might succeed in this direction, and again: "I wanted them to be able to look upon me as their friend, although that could not be either the beginning or the end of our relationship. If I could help them to realize one simple truth which took me a long time to learn, I thought, I would have done well by them — that the one thing that matters is how you live, what you are. The one knowledge that is worth suffering for is knowledge of yourself, for only through that can you get other knowledge. Unfortunately, you can't really help anyone, especially a child, to walk these paths unless he knows that the way to your mind and heart is never closed. You long to have him feel that there is nothing in the world he should be afraid or ashamed to discuss with you in a matter-of-fact way."

Genuine freedom of communication often is revealed in little things. One of the incidents which demonstrated

the relationship established between mother and sons happened after the Bolton family had returned from a christening, and Frances had gone to her room to change. She was mildly surprised when the three boys marched in, their party clothes replaced by corduroys and sweaters, as they were supposed to be doing their assigned chores. They stood before her, nudging one another as if each was urging his brother to speak up.

At last Charles, accepting his position as the oldest, said: "Muth, do you believe we are all conceived in sin?"

"No, I certainly do not," she replied.

She braced herself for further questions, for requests to elucidate and expound, perhaps even for argument.

But Charles simply said, "Well, that's a relief. Come on, let's go!"

The three fairly ran from the room. A few minutes later she heard them go whooping to their chores. It was typical of them that they asked direct questions, and typical of their mother that they got direct answers.

The parents' problems were not so easily solved. Chester, medically advised to postpone taking up any business, was long in adjusting to his return from the Army. He went into dairyfarming and built up a fine Guernsey herd. But he was not happy in the restrictions of his life. Frances kept busy with her home, her children, her outside interests, but she found no way to be well, search as she would.

It was at this time in their lives that each found help.

For Frances, it came during a visit at the seashore. After dinner one evening, the women of the party were in the drawing room arguing about the merits, or rather

as they were describing it demerits, of a method of physical re-education which some of their acquaintances were attempting.

Their remarks were vicious with the confident acidity of ignorance until a quiet young woman whose exquisite gown of black lace ruffles Frances had been admiring burst out: "I can listen no longer! You know nothing about this teaching, and I do!"

The others were taken aback, but one of them answered: "You'll have to prove it to us."

"I can only tell you I have through this means cured myself of a codeine habit and of the headaches that caused it," the little woman replied quite mildly.

There were gasps, expressions of utter disbelief on every face.

"Then stand on your head," one of the audience challenged her, for it had been said that this was one of the exercises in the method of physical re-education.

"Gladly," was the calm reply, "if I may have an elastic band."

"Fastening her skirts around her ankles," Frances describes the scene, "she knelt, put her head between her hands on the floor, and in one lovely motion raised her tiny toes in the air. The black lace ruffles of her skirt reversed themselves with exquisite effect as she stayed there in complete self-mastery."

"Where can this be learned?" Frances asked her when she came to sit beside the visitor from Cleveland.

She explained, answered questions, and then it developed that she knew Frances's Cleveland physician very well, saw him each summer. She agreed to tell him, too,

about the work and the people engaged in it, so that he could judge whether Frances might benefit too. The doctor was enthusiastic, and on his urging, Frances went to New York in the fall to begin her physical re-education with the quiet young woman's teacher.

The help she received was dramatic, and in more ways than one. For, as she learned what her body was like, how to use it, how to strengthen it, she began to see some of the larger, deeper meanings of much which, as a girl and since, she had read and loved for its beauty. The poetry of the Vedas now conveyed a more clearly understood philosophy. Since she continued to read in these abstruse works of East and West, the combination of the great literature of the past and her new learning of the body combined into an art of life, "through which," she once said, "I have regained my health and a happiness and peace of mind beyond words."

Through her new teacher, she was introduced to such simple facts of life as breathing, which most of us take for granted as an involuntary, automatic function of the body. But in her re-education, she learned that it could be more than that, as Eastern teachers knew very well. For example, Frances says:

The Buddhist chants were designed to help control the emotions because they dictate certain patterns of breathing which contribute to or reduce certain inner feelings. Once one has learned to breathe in this sense of the word, one finds new self-control. For example, if you take a low breath and push it out strongly against the abdominal muscles, you can suppress the outward expression of any emotion. Signs of fear can be prevented from showing in face or manner; I have done it

often. And, of course, when you avoid the display of fear, the very feeling of it passes, too. This is the benefit to you, but also you can sometimes convey your courage, or seeming courage, to others through your own calm.

Her interest in singing led her to trace the influence of these chants upon the West, where, she found, they were incorporated into much of the music of the Catholic Church.

"Since the purpose of the singing, breath control, was not included in the adaptations," she explains, "they have a very different effect from that of the originals, although to the ear they may be quite reminiscent."

In order to continue the teachings which gave her so much help, she arranged for two of the New York instructors to open a studio in Cleveland for two courses a year over quite a period. Exercise became to Frances a daily necessity — breathing, stretching, ballet and the rest — and her body responded so miraculously that when her Cleveland doctor asked her about her head, she was able to grin up at him and demand: "Why didn't you ever tell me to stand on the damn thing?"

Only recently when someone asked her if she still did it, she laughed and said, "But, of course."

While she was rebuilding her body on the mechanics of the ancient science of what is spoken of in the Vedas as Hatha, or Gatustha Yoga, Chester was finding his own help toward better health in a new interest, politics. It was quite a surprise to his wife, who had taken no part in winning the vote for women, and for some years after she had one did no more than cast a fairly perfunctory

ballot. So it seemed out of a clear sky to her when one day in 1922 Chester asked her: "What would you think if I went into the legislature?"

She had no thoughts at all until he explained. Farming had given him leisure to contemplate the workings of government, which, of course, he had observed closely at first hand during the hectic days of war, and he did not very much like what he saw. The incompetence on local, state and national levels struck him as uniformly appalling, although his own party now was in power. The spectacle of the Harding administration half way through the four-year term of "normalcy" was not edifying. It hurt a patriotic son of the president's own state to hear derisive references to "the Ohio Gang," which was setting some highly unsavory records in connection with prohibition, surplus war goods, veterans' hospitals, juggling of alien property, and would soon break into open scandals in government oil lands and bought favors. The state government did not appear to be any more efficiently administered even if it was more honest.

Professional politicians as well as amateur reformers deplored this situation. Maurice Maschke, the Republican boss of Cleveland, argued that the remedy for these evils was the election of honest, personally disinterested, capable younger men, preferably with solid business backgrounds and, of course, sound Republican principles. But, as he had explained to Chester Bolton, such younger men held aloof from politics as "dirty" and declined to soil their fingers. He had approached fourteen of them with offers of nomination to the legislature from safe Republican districts. Each had pleaded the press of

business and refused. Now he had come to ask Chester to run for the state senate; he also wanted to enlist Dudley Blossom, Betty's husband, as candidate for a seat in the lower house.

"If you won't take it, I'll have to give up," Maschke added.

The Boltons and Blossoms were still talking it over when the boss of Cleveland mentioned an influential supporter, Charles Bingham, who was held in high regard by both his sons-in-law. Mr. Bingham thought that the Maschke offer was an opportunity as well as a duty. He convinced the younger men that they had even less excuse for refusing than the fourteen who were consulted before them, because they could not offer the plea of activity in business. Dudley Blossom had failed to take up his old job in the Bingham company after the war, but he was easier to persuade than Chester because he already had plumped for public life and had served a two-year term as Cleveland's director of public welfare with distinction.

So, in the autumn of 1922, the brothers-in-law became open candidates. Both already were well known to powerful voting groups — Chester because he had been very active in the organization of the American Legion, and Dudley for his work in the welfare department. Both won handily in November, 1922, without becoming involved in any mudslinging. Soon State Senator Bolton was deep in the fascinating game of politics.

The Cleveland constituencies which he and Dudley Blossom represented did not make heavy demands upon their wives. Only a few formal public appearances were

required, no speeches or calls upon voters. However, her father's enthusiasm and her husband's new interest did waken Frances to an awareness of the importance of a political world. But she had no desire to venture into it herself; she was using her spare time in areas seemingly far removed from politics.

CHAPTER IX

OPIUM AND OPINION

A SENSE of spiritual and physical well-being was not an end in itself for Frances Bolton. Given her background of tradition and temperament, it was inevitable that she should seek tasks worth doing, that they would be outside the circle of her family and friends and that they would be concerned with people. Furthermore, it would be general programs for broad human betterment rather than specific help for selected, if worthy, individuals which would attract her. A friend once said of her:

Frances has a very real, basic interest in human beings and human relations, and an alertness for novel, constructive methods of improving them. There is no arrogance, no superiority in her attitude. Rather she has a deep loyalty to the tradition of duty which she feels has been handed down to her by her immediate ancestors, and almost a humility in grasping opportunities to serve which her material advantages have given her.

The direction her thinking took and, therefore, the opportunity which came her way was determined at this time in a series of conversations with Ella Crandall.

"For the moment we both were surfeited with nurses

and nursing," she says, "and were looking around for something to do. One day Ella suggested that we might try to find out what printed matter children and teenagers actually were reading, not just what was recommended for them. We had been talking about the basis for a sound public understanding of all the new issues which had been left in the wake of the war, and of how pitifully unprepared to cope with them most of us were. We agreed that nothing was so important as the new generation, and one obvious influence in molding their thinking was what they read. At the time, a good many educators—and others too—were deploring the fact that children weren't being reared on the classics any more. But no one actually had set out to learn what they were reading or to analyze the impressions which they might get from it, and from the classics too, for that matter."

This was a gap which she now, full of her new-found health and energy, still as direct and eager to know the truth as little Frances Bingham had been, decided to fill or at least explore.

"Let's start an office in New York, take a little money and see what we can do," she proposed to her friend.

So Miss Crandall found a single room sparsely furnished, with just a kitchen table, a couple of chairs, a typewriter and a telephone. There wasn't even a filing cabinet! They proposed to look around, to experiment, to probe.

Their earliest tentative surveys indicated to them that it was not only the "trash" which was distorting youthful outlooks on the world. The books and stories which

intelligent teachers and parents were putting in the way of children represented at best a narrowly national point of view, and often an even more rigid, intolerant provincial attitude, which hardly fitted the readers to understand a world which was beginning to shrink alarmingly. Nor was this fault peculiar to the United States. It was even more widespread, they discovered, when they came to look at the evidence in Europe.

Just thinking about the problem broadened the scope of the aims which the two women came to believe they should further. The leader was not attracted by a study which would expose merely theoretical and abstract dangers. What, she asked herself, were the constructive purposes which should guide one's judgment of what was and what was not good reading for boys and girls? Toward what end should education, of which, after all, reading was only a part, be directed?

"What I think we need," she told Ann Stevens, "are unremitting, resourceful efforts to find the means to end war. The causes of war must be sought out and dealt with in the minds of men."

The magnitude of this task was forbidding. Five years after "the war to end war," even the most hopeful of those optimists and idealists who had seen the League of Nations as the means for averting war were discouraged, often cynical. Men who called themselves realists were saying that wars always had been and always would be, that immutable human nature carried within itself the seeds of inevitable conflicts. The age regarded itself as hopeless; youngsters in colleges were taking pride in the description of themselves as "a lost generation." They

argued with all the fervor of youth that wisdom consists of getting as much good out of life as one could as quickly as possible, before disaster strikes — and most of them held that “good” means “fun.”

To prevent such a view from being perpetuated was a work well worth trying. The most direct approach — she always liked the direct approach — would be an attempt to change the nourishment which children’s minds took in so as to eliminate some of the causes of war. Out of this decision grew a small National Committee for the Study of Juvenile Reading, with Harvie M. Clymer, who had had valuable experience as a national officer of the Boy Scouts, as its director. Not only the literature of American youth was considered. The committee realized that abroad there was a positive, blatant militarist indoctrination of youth which was being openly glorified in Mussolini’s Italy and in a Russia where Lenin’s death had left Trotzky and Stalin contending for supreme power.

By the time the study actually was begun, financed entirely by Bolton money, the kitchen table in the one-room office had been piled high with papers relating to a variety of other projects which appealed to an inquiring mind. The income from Colonel Payne’s trust fund was being put to work systematically.

Boredom with the problems of nurses and nursing did not last long. The girl who had discovered the seamy side of life in the company of a visiting nurse, the woman who had won the fight for the Army School, could never lose interest in the subject. The perennial question of improving professional education was not dismissed

from her mind merely by a momentary expression of pique. She had come to the conclusion that student nurses might profit from association with a university just as much as student medicos. But all the schools of nursing were attached to hospitals. The means for testing her theories came to her as a by-product of Colonel Payne's generosity.

"I had a windfall financially," she explains, "a block of stock which I gave to Western Reserve University to establish a University school of nursing."

Western Reserve sold the stock for a million and a half dollars and at the request of the Nursing Alumnae gratefully named the resulting institution the Frances P. Bolton School of Nursing. It opened in the fall of 1923 preceding by three days the Yale School — just in time to be the first in an American university.

At about the same time a grim reminder of the college graduate she had seen in rags and ruin from drug addiction nineteen years before was forced upon her. "A narcotics horror put in my lap," was the way she described it, "seventeen high school girls and boys who had become addicts."

She was asked if the Bolton farm might help in their rehabilitation, and, while that proved impossible, the experience called to mind that in her earlier reading about the problem she had been impressed favorably by the argument that the solution of the narcotics menace was not the treatment of addicts but the elimination of the drug traffic, which could survive only by recruiting constantly new armies of the damned.

It so happened that this incident coincided with an announcement in the newspapers that the United States would join in the work of a League of Nations committee which had been set up to study the traffic and advise on steps which might be taken to put an end to it by or through the league. The people of most American cities were going through one of their phases of righteous indignation in which alarming accounts of the spreading narcotics peril alternated with demands that something be done about it. Therefore, there was solid backing in public opinion when President Coolidge appointed a delegation headed by Representative Stephen G. Porter, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, to take part in the league's opium conference.

Studying the background for this, Frances learned that there had been impressive but ineffectual international efforts to control narcotics manufacture and shipments dating back before the war. The Opium Convention, drafted at The Hague in 1912, had been ratified by sixteen nations before the war broke out. The peace treaties of 1919 implied acceptance of this convention by all the signatories. The very first session of the League Assembly in 1920, on motion of the Chinese delegates, had established a study committee which amassed a great deal of information on poppy growing, legal and illegal manufacture, smuggling, the legitimate needs of various countries and the role of opium in power politics.

The student in Cleveland soon discovered that there were powerful forces which blocked any sound program to restrict the use of habit-forming drugs to medical and

scientific purposes. Not all of these forces could be identified as belonging to the underworld, either. Some highly respected figures in economics and politics had argued against interfering with a traffic which, it was pointed out, gave employment to thousands of poor Orientals, solace to miserable masses and revenue to otherwise poverty-stricken states.

More than a century before, Warren Hastings, one of England's greatest colonial administrators, had found the opium trade a valuable one for export; he had issued warnings, but only against allowing the growing countries to use the stuff at home. Ever since his time, efforts to control narcotics had been hampered by statesmen who wanted to have the benefits of the trade without its penalties.

Who was to blame, Frances asked herself, in such cases as that of Siam? The great powers which had limited this country by treaty to a maximum 3 per cent import duty on any commodity, or the Siamese government, which permitted the raising of poppies for export in order to create revenue? Should one denounce the Chinese as the chief source of opium or the nations, including our own, which insisted upon extraterritorial privileges effectively nullifying Chinese efforts to control the traffic? Were the various Chinese governments which had been asking the Russians since 1909 to stop employing Chinese labor in the Siberian poppy fields more or less culpable for the shipments of opium from here to Manchuria than the various Russian governments, which in all these years had ignored the requests? As she read and inquired,

Frances began to understand why the narcotics story could be called appropriately "the story of everybody's crime."

To this conclusion there was an obvious corollary. If the drug traffic was everybody's crime, the fight against it ought to be everybody's fight. The first line of defense to prevent teenagers in Cleveland from becoming addicts was a conference table in Geneva.

The Swiss city, too, was a strategic location for an observation post which could report on the progress of the battle all over the world. Frances determined to set up such a post. One contribution which a private citizen could make to the control of narcotics, she thought, was to accumulate and disseminate accurate information. This might promote public understanding and support for practical measures, rejection of merely well-intentioned gestures.

To man her observation post — "our window to the world," she once called it — she selected Gertrude Seymour, a spinster of great enthusiasms, fiery ideals and mousy appearance, with a retiring disposition but crusading instincts. Miss Seymour also was a talented writer who could organize factual data and convey their meaning clearly. She had specialized in medical and scientific articles for nontechnical readers, had served on the staff of the American Medical Association and as an editor of *The Survey*.

The offer of an indefinite residence at what was in a sense the capital of the world, with all expenses paid and a modest salary to boot, threw her into ecstasies which made her almost incoherent in her expressions of grati-

tude to Mrs. Bolton, her benefactor. But for all other purposes, she retained her professional clarity of observation, her nose for news which enabled her to be at the right place for the important discussions and her ability to analyze complicated situations. She also came to be consulted by responsible officials and delegates in Geneva as the league intensified its efforts to control the narcotics traffic.

Miss Seymour arrived in Switzerland in time for the last of the American delegation's appearances, but her position as an observer was more important after her fellow countrymen packed up and left. Representative Porter was an ardent foe of the narcotics traffic and one of the leading figures in formulating United States foreign policy at this time. He had taken a prominent part in negotiation of the Washington Treaty on naval limitation, of the Four Power and Nine Power Pacific pacts by which it was hoped the peace of the Far East had been secured. Having studied both pharmacy and medicine before turning to law and politics, he was better grounded on the problems of drug smuggling than most men. At the 1923 session of the League's Opium Advisory Committee, he had obtained agreement "in principle" for the United States program — that every use of a narcotic except in science and on medical prescription was an abuse, and that opium smoking, as well as the traffic in derivatives, should be abolished forthwith regardless of any pleas about custom, revenue or profit. It was agreed further that two conferences to put the program into effect should be held in 1924.

The American delegation arrived in Geneva for these

with rigid instructions which were admirable in every way except for their rigidity. Porter was forbidden to sign any agreement on the drug traffic which failed to contain the ban on smoking. But the first conference, dominated by "the opium bloc," Porter and various others complained, stymied this plan by restricting discussion entirely to export problems. The Americans fought hard for their program in the second conference, which met in November and of which Miss Seymour was an observer.

But by early February, 1925, they had been defeated on both their main objectives and withdrew, as did the Chinese delegation. Porter's report was diplomatically moderate, but Miss Seymour, at the height of the struggle, wrote of the opposition: "Here is nationalism straight, unadulterated; the economic influence hard at work, and I dare not think how much else besides."

At the same time she clung to optimism. The very publicity of clashing aims was valuable, she thought. Many delegates who could not accept the forthright United States program were just as determined as any American to end the drug traffic. They could argue with some plausibility that outlawry without enforcement was hardly a gain. They usually were too polite to point out that Americans must know this by now since it was the most notable fact about the experiment of Prohibition.

Being the kind of woman she was, Miss Seymour did not confine her reports to the drug traffic. She was an observer of all the international panorama which unfolded itself in the league's halls and committees. She

remained on balance a very friendly critic of its acts and even of its omissions. Her perception of selfish or stupid displays did not blind her to other forces of peace and hope which she discerned behind the facade of delegations contending for their own country's advantage. At least they were presenting their arguments in an international forum.

One day Miss Seymour saw the Geneva scene as a pictorial symbol of the optimism and pessimism which mingled in her reports. She described with feeling the magnificent display made on a fine day by the flags of so many nations snapping in the breeze from the flagstuffs of the hotels where their league delegations were housed — "and the Stars and Stripes floats too — over the American Express Company."

Again, on a holiday in Montreux, she thought she obtained a better perspective on the league from a little distance. Here, she wrote to Mrs. Bolton, it was easier to overlook "staff jealousies, national 'pull,' national 'sovereignty,' oh, such a lot of those things which one knows exist at home but which one had not dreamed of associating with the League — scandals, I believe, also. . . . The miraculous thing is that when you withdraw just enough to be away from the ugly reach of these things, there is the same unmistakable progress, the same Something Divine, a result the more amazing just because it comes from surroundings human, essentially, and not cleaned-up and polished details of one's distant dreamings. No one realizes what a tremendous adventure in faith is the League after all."

When Frances had established Miss Seymour at the

League's headquarters, she had hoped that the venture might inspire at least one book on the drug traffic which would arouse the conscience of the world. But her views on the real advantages of her outpost in Europe expanded even more rapidly than those of her envoy.

"Our original purpose," she explained several years later in talking with her colleagues on this and other explorations of the contemporary scene, "was to get some material on opium. Maybe we will some time. Personally I don't care at all. . . . What has been worthwhile has been the expressions of contacts and friendships that should be of immeasurable value as the youth of the world learns to speak — shall we say Basic English?"

The last two words referred to an idea and a movement which had attracted her enthusiasm and support as the natural outcome of her growing concern with the media through which children acquire their conceptions — and their misconceptions — of the world. Her Committee for the Study of Juvenile Reading had been aware from the start that print is not the only influence of importance, and soon broadened its objectives to include all forms of communication, even language itself. It decided that "the immediate and potential influence of the motion picture and radio upon boys and girls" merited close attention. But there was an even more fundamental consideration.

In all communications between peoples on the shrinking globe, the language barrier was formidable. Translations were difficult at best, and as likely to distort as to interpret meaning. International disputes seemed to be based upon failures in mutual understanding caused by

inability to comprehend a foreigner as often as upon clashes of genuine interests or policies.

The search for a universal language, which might do for all men what Latin once had accomplished for Western scholars and French for Western diplomats, was not new. The avenue which Frances Bolton thought most promising was C. K. Ogden's Basic English. Here was a vocabulary in which essential thoughts and ideas could be communicated, and which could be learned easily.

The work in this field, which she supported most enthusiastically, was that of Ivor A. Richards, perhaps even ahead of Ogden himself. Of Richards, when he was lecturing at Cambridge, the *Times Literary Supplement* remarked that "the very completeness of his own integrity" made him less widely recognized than he deserved. Richards was one of the most persistent and able investigators of words and the meanings they actually conveyed to people — one of his and Ogden's books is *The Meaning of Meaning* — and their search for "a very restricted language" began then. In his research he was, to quote the *Times* again, "the true critical agnostic, essentially not denying but only refusing to affirm beyond the scope of his actual knowledge."

Mrs. Bolton, like most of the rest of us, was more familiar with men who were only too ready to affirm as fact their beliefs, suspicions or even mere prejudices. Such a man as Richards, therefore, was a welcome addition to the group with whom she was exploring some of the questions which had been raised when she and Ella Crandall set up their little office.

The kitchen table no longer was large enough to hold

the projects which had grown from a few words between two women to the National Committee for the Study of Juvenile Reading and in 1927 became the Payne Study and Experiment Fund. Frances chose the "Payne" in memory of the uncle whose generosity had made it possible for her to endow work which was as intellectually stimulating as a new work in philosophy and as emotionally satisfactory as her old work with the visiting nurse. She added the "experiment" because that was the key word to express what she was trying to accomplish. The "unremitting resourceful efforts to find the means to end war" called for new techniques specially designed to reach "the minds of men." These would be found, she knew, only through trial and error, and she was not afraid to attempt the trial just because of the possibility of error.

One obstacle to understanding the human mind, human emotions and human relationships was the reluctance of most people to venture anything more valuable than words in exploring these areas of the great unknown. Men and women who had or controlled great wealth were no exceptions to the rule of timidity. The very ones who would give generously to spread the blessings of a worth-while discovery shrank from supporting the processes of discovery even parsimoniously. Frances Bolton, on the other hand, never forgot that she was the daughter of pioneers whose achievements had been of note chiefly as they were unprecedented, whether in a new settlement, a new business or a new policy.

"It has been a characteristic attitude of all our family," she says, "to want to try out something, to go on from

one problem to another, to go at the problem in another way when one does not work — and then when that finally is completed either as success or failure, to be attracted by something else. So experiment always has meant much more in my family than helping out in established works of any kind."

In her own case, the excitement of an exploration along lines never before attempted was gratifying to her restless curiosity. She wanted answers, but even when she got them — and not all experiments turned out successfully enough for that — she remained dissatisfied because always there would be more questions. The time never comes to people with this temperament that they no longer "want to try out something"; the search for truth never ends.

As Frances Bolton passed her thirties, which one physician had prophesied would see the last of her life, she was in the midst of so much pleasurable intellectual and spiritual adventure that it hardly occurred to her to pause and congratulate herself on her successful reversal of his prognosis. Her work was interesting and rewarding in itself, as well as providing her with contacts with stimulating minds. Her sons were all in school, the two youngest with Jim Hawken, the eldest at Milton where he was preparing for Harvard. Her husband was rising in Republican ranks, already virtual leader of his party in the state senate, and displaying a real flair for the legislative process. Her father, entering his eightieth year, still was active in business and still read his page of Latin, Greek and German every day. He had changed

hardly at all, but his daughter had. She found it easier to talk to him and lean upon his advice because she knew now which subjects were safe with him, and she no longer had any fears about the others. She and his other children were planning to celebrate Charles Bingham's eightieth birthday by presenting Yale with a dormitory named for him—a gift with which he was almost ridiculously pleased when they made it in 1926.

Physical health was increasingly hers and it needed expression. She persuaded a group of her friends in Cleveland to attempt some of the more conventional exercises in her repertory. None of them could have been called strictly conventional in that circle, but ballet dancing proved sufficiently noncontroversial to attract a fair-sized class. Her biggest triumph was in getting her own husband to become a member; he joined, although for some time he was unable to master even the simplest movements of the ballet. One evening he watched a friend, one of Cleveland's leading businessmen, soaring gracefully through the air.

"What is this, anyway?" he demanded. "How come you can do this and I can't?"

"Oh," replied the man in the midst of an arabesque leap, "it's really nothing but the high hurdles."

Unfortunately, Frances sprained her ankle about that time, and, without her enthusiasm, the class quickly fell apart.

Chester's increasing absorption in the workings of government did not communicate itself to her except as she helped him on speeches sometimes. Other women were crowding into the political arena, although not yet

competing for the top jobs, with as much enthusiasm though less obvious effect than the proponents of suffrage had predicted. Most of them were party workers or active in such groups as the League of Women Voters; for all that women composed half the electorate they still were oddities as office holders.

The changed place of women in the modern world was more accurately indicated by the calm manner in which family and friends accepted the subjects with which Mrs. Bolton of Franchester was busying herself. Only a few years earlier, those who could have brought themselves to suppose that what she was doing was credible at all would have been deeply shocked. If Cousin Fanny Payne had been alive — she died in 1908 — with what wry amusement she might have contemplated the works of her namesake.

Here was a woman who, without defying anyone, even to the extent to which Cousin Fanny had defied her father nearly a century ago, maintained a busy office which concerned itself with opium and opinion, with publications of a far more inflammatory nature than those Emersonian writings which had led to Fanny Payne's exile. Here was a woman who spent her own money without asking the permission of a man, and the man in the case — a husband, too — only once in a while thought her behavior was outrageous.

Of course, there always had been a rare woman here and there who did these things. But the remarkable fact about the work of Mrs. Bolton, of Cleveland, was that it did not set her apart from the rest of her sex. She was not pointed at in the streets as a freak; no Sunday supple-

ment writer found her pioneering so strange that he wrote of it either in ridicule or admiration.

Of course, the world of men was not so wide open that it would accept placidly the intrusion even of a Mrs. Bolton into its every inner sanctum. She could not have attempted, without arousing criticism, to replace her husband in public office or her father in business. If she had thought that, because she conducted her New York office as efficiently as any man, she should wear trousers, that would have excited derogatory comment. If she had hinted that the grasp she was gaining on certain aspects of foreign affairs through her Geneva office entitled her to enter her country's foreign service, most of her contemporaries would have called her mad.

However, in the middle 1920's it did not occur to her to venture into these fields. In fact, the whole sweep of the women's revolution of our time was outside the areas of her chief interest. She was much more concerned just now with children, with the ramifications which had opened up as she "hit the opium trail" in quest of material facts about the drug traffic, with the basic problems of people and not just women. For herself, if she had known about the book for which Walter Pitkin was then gathering data, she would have agreed with him enthusiastically that "life begins at forty."

CHAPTER X

PUMP-PRIMING

THE decade of her forties brought Frances Bolton some of the highest rewards and deepest tragedies which life can hold. Jonniaux painted her when she was experiencing both in full measure; the artist's eye discerned and the artist's hand recorded a shadow of sorrow which subdues an otherwise glowing picture of energy and health.

His portrait depicts a handsome woman with a fair complexion and the direct clear gaze which had been hers from childhood. The full-length figure is erect and poised. The features are firm and strong, and, although they are of the type which grow more attractive in maturity than they were in youth, the first impression is: "What a beautiful girl she must have been."

The most striking thing about the picture, however, is the expression. There is a decisiveness which speaks of an individuality that will not be suppressed, a willfulness which serves notice that the individual knows what she wants and proposes to get it, an aloofness which invites confidence but not intimacy, an alert inquisitiveness. But there also is an appealing quality once supposed to

be purely feminine, a sadness touched by the wariness of one who has been hurt and remains always just a little on guard, a hint of the generosity and humor which can make sorrow bearable.

The over-all impression, curiously enough, is one of serenity rather than activity. Yet it obviously is the portrait of one who leads a full, busy life. There is nothing of the languor and negligence to be found in likenesses of great ladies of leisure even when their features are sharp or animated and their poses either athletic or provocative.

The portrait is a good starting point for a discussion of those years because it sums up so much that in the actual doing was varied to an almost bewildering degree. In Cleveland the socially prominent Mrs. Bolton, like her sister and brothers, was active in support of educational and medical philanthropies and a devotee of music. In Florida, where the crazy land boom of the 1920's was attracting the national spotlight, she was one of what the local press called "Palm Beach pioneers" because they had enjoyed sea and sand and balmy airs before the place was fashionable. In New York she was beginning to give the behemoths of publishing, broadcasting and screen some uneasy moments along with information about themselves which most of them resented and a few found invaluable.

The studies which were emerging from her experimental grants were gadflies to these industries. But they were unusual, if not unique, in that they sought to provide the basis for constructive educational use of the media rather than merely cataloguing sins. No demands for suppression of current publications, radio programs

or films echoed from the little office at No. 1 Madison Avenue. The studies simply stated facts; recommendations, if made at all, concerned books or shows which ought to be produced rather than those which should not.

Of course, to the masters of the broad avenues for reaching into the minds of great masses of people, the facts were more unpalatable than emotional denunciations which could be brushed off as the effusions of impractical idealists. Movies, whose whole history has been told in Frances Bolton's lifetime, were a major industry. Broadcasting had risen from the status of toy to the preferred medium of entertainment and information for millions in the few years since the war. Print, driven by the competition of these new giants, was reaching out for popular favor in all sorts of new ways, not entirely compatible even with modest standards of good taste or good will. All three were remarkably — and healthily — sensitive to criticism of the forms their wares took. The forms, however, were not the worst. What of the substance? Was that better or worse than it had been?

The Bolton projects brought together data upon which judgments in these matters could be grounded solidly. First of all came the study of children's reading. Two lines of approach were adopted. One concentrated on material which girls in the United States perused — that for boys already had received a good deal of attention. The other examined the content of children's books and periodicals at home and abroad, with emphasis upon their role in forming attitudes for war or peace.

The first project brought together such a mass of information that its scope was accurately stated in the title

of a book which Henriette Walter wrote from it, *Girl Life in America*. She had directed the study, which included not only reading but all use of leisure time, the influences of home and school and church, jobs which girls took and why, even a little on the question of whether the "flapper" was as bad as she was painted. The committee which planned the project realized that unless the actual reading of girls was set in the proper context of all these other forces, it would be meaningless.

Published in August, 1927, *Girl Life in America* was a good example of the sort of factual, comprehensive research for which Bolton-supported projects were to gain a considerable reputation. The method was to bring together relevant information collected by others on the subject under consideration, and after that fill in the gaps with new data independently assembled.

Girl Life in America might have been written with minor statistical corrections about any generation of girls since 1927. But, at a time when the forces molding their attitudes were even less perfectly understood than they are now, the study burst upon the guardians of youth with an impact which is still being felt. Dispassionate looks at the American home never have been common, but there were more of them after *Girl Life in America*, partly because that study had been published. The book was unusual, too, in that its findings of how little the home remained the center of family life did not prompt hysterical vituperation.

Miss Walter showed with a calm more impressive than purple prose that a growing instability of marriage was being reflected in increasing delinquency and other

deplorable behavior problems, that parents were more and more trying to abdicate their functions to the school but not helping the teachers very much. Crowding in apartments and the lure of commercialized recreation drew girls and boys out of the home, as it did their parents. Books were disappearing as an item in family budgets, although reading remained a major leisure occupation.

The study of girl life threw a spotlight on the schools, which became one of the bases for improvements that kept youngsters much longer in the classroom. Miss Walter noted that of every ten who started school, only four completed the eighth grade and one was graduated from high school. This was not news, but Miss Walter found that the reason was not economic pressure, as was generally believed, but simply that girls did not like school. Their tastes were indicated by the fact that the most popular recreation by far was the cinema, with dance halls in second place. In 1927 radio took little of a girl's time, although boys were great fans. It surprised most of Miss Walter's readers to learn that the bulk of the average girl's leisure, outside of school or job, was spent in household chores. She still was mother's little helper except in the upper income brackets.

Nevertheless she read a lot, more than she would when she grew older, and, contrary to popular belief, her reading habits were pretty well fixed for life by the time she was fifteen.

All in all, the report reflected a more wholesome life than the parents of "the lost generation" feared. It served, too, as a spur and a guide for much of the work with

young people that became commonplace in the next twenty-five years. *Girl Life in America* attracted almost as much attention abroad, for it interested a far wider audience than those concerned with children's reading. Its sponsor, gratified by the reception, was confirmed in her belief that the objective of her new Payne Study and Experiment Fund should be a contribution to good citizenship. This was even more evident in the second of the major works of the Juvenile Reading Committee in that year.

The principal activity of the committee's director, as suggested by Mrs. Bolton, was a series of trips abroad to study the reading of foreign youth. The first six months of his travels during 1926 showed the extent to which character tends to be molded by reading. There was method in the madness with which the Italian and Russian regimes, so often regarded as being at opposite ideological poles, supervised and twisted the printed matter which they allowed to fall under youthful eyes.

Reading the reports and letters from her representatives abroad, for Clymer was followed by Edgar Dale and others until there was a sizable Payne foreign staff exchanging information with leaders of youth all over the world. Frances was getting a steadily broadening grasp of the complexities of international affairs. The work eventually covered thirty-five countries, and revealed that those with the most antipathetic regimes were doing the most efficient jobs with their children.

Clymer's letters, expressing liking for individual

Russians, amazement at the monolithic nature of the state, frustration at his inability to gain understanding for anything except the official party line, might have been written of a visit in the 1950's. He admired the organizations of Russian youth, the absence of lurid sex and crime publications, the excellent writing and illustrations. But Frances noted that he also feared the rise of a new religion, Leninism, all the more dangerous, he wrote, because: "It has the greatest machine world has ever seen for training its youth toward the citizenship goal it has selected."

That goal, he found, was molding a useful Soviet citizen, not fully developing an individual. Magazines for the young were edited by young people, but editors were picked "for their ability and loyalty to Communist ideas." The volume of political matter they printed amazed him, and he noted that policy "is guided by the Adult Political Bureau." He quoted to Frances one of the adults who told him complacently: "The Communist youth movement can supply all that Russian nature needs."

Clymer returned through the new countries of Central Europe, and Frances read of his concern for the relentless hatreds animating Poles and Czechs, Germans and Hungarians, which "are being built into children in every daily contact." In almost every country the kindness, courtesy and capacity of men and women he met inspired him at first with enthusiasm and hope. Then he encountered the oppression of minorities, the narrowness of nationalism, the fears which led to extravagant military budgets. The only possible avenue of escape, he reported,

was youth. Sometimes he met adults who told him as much — “give us up — we are steeped in deceit toward our old oppressors — work with our children.”

In Italy, Clymer, like many of his contemporaries, was impressed with the punctuality of the trains. He found the organization of youth carried to the same levels as in Russia. He wrote glowingly of laws which protected children from obscene literature, of the variety of magazines available. But he was a good reporter, and included some data on regulation of youth which gave Frances no high opinion of the Italian model. For example, he reported that promotion in school depended at the age of nine upon having taken a course in gymnastics. But he was told only Fascist children were admitted to gymnastic classes. The absorption of various youth groups by Fascist organizations was far advanced and Clymer mentioned it as one of the phenomena of the Mussolini regime.

He looked beyond reading matter always. He reported on the British Broadcasting Company's excellent children's programs, and lessons broadcast into thousands of schoolrooms by eminent teachers. He noted that the American movie could be the “biggest international force for masses I've seen — if it were done with right motives, etc., instead of wild West, comedy and high life stuff.”

The step by step progress of these studies absorbed much of their sponsor's time, and provided the springboard from which her fund plunged into the wider and deeper pools of influence. But the sense of accomplish-

ment and the joy which it brought was submerged suddenly in the summer of 1927.

The Boltons' eldest son, Charles, following a tradition of Milton Academy for youths just finished with their junior year, was one of the counselors at a summer camp for underprivileged boys a few miles out of Boston. Camp rules at the lake called for two counselors in the water, two in a boat and two on a float, while the children were swimming. One day, when it was Charles's turn to get into the water from the float, he stepped on the low rail to dive in and slipped. He hit the water with his head up, his legs flung out, somehow making a fulcrum of his neck — and the bone snapped.

Charles went under, came up only to his eyes, went under again. In no time, his two comrades in the boat had him on the beach, quickly called help to take him to Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. The chief here was one of the most eminent neurosurgeons of that or any other time, Dr. Harvey Cushing. He was abroad, but his assistant, Dr. Gilbert Horrax, was a tower of strength through the next weeks and months.

At eighteen, Charles Bolton was an unusually fine physical specimen with a joyous pride in his body and enormous energy, but with an excellent perceptive intelligence to animate it. Suddenly, in a moment, he was paralyzed, helpless, virtually immovable.

From the first they all knew, Charles as well as any, that if he were to survive at all, it would be only after a long, hard struggle. What it meant to him, the price in mental as well as physical suffering, no one would ever

know. Hardly less was the impact on his family as a unit and as individuals, and for Frances as a mother perhaps most of all.

Dr. Cushing came back after some months and in a delicate operation removed several of the laminae, or thin sheets of bone, in the hope that a miracle might happen. Charles experienced much relief, and his life was saved, but then the battle began in earnest, and with much more than surgical skill or medical care. There were endless ramifications. For Frances, they involved such problems as how to keep a normal atmosphere in the home for her other two sons and their friends, how to keep hope alive in her husband and Charles and herself, how to be ready for the dramatic emergencies which succeeded each other through many years.

The boy's progress was painfully slow. Months dragged into years during which there seemed to be none. But his mother's faith was proof against all setbacks, and his courage matched hers. His cheerfulness was almost more heart-rending than his anguish, yet the spirit shining through the body's injury upheld her as well as him. At the worst of his ordeal, she wrote: "I have watched his fine courage, his rare capacity to pull out of the 'down' spells with a joy that is past all my capacity to describe."

When at last he began to take up life again, when little by little motion became possible for him, she found his acceptance of his disabilities magnificent, his acquiescence in the need for daily nursing care and later for canes to help him get about. Then, to anticipate, Frances was to derive what she was sure was some of the greatest happiness in her own life as he became active in dairy farming,

Boy Scouting, the Western Reserve University Board of Trustees and the Western Reserve Historical Society. When he asked for a plot of ground on which to build himself a house, she rejoiced in his attaining the desire to be an entity with independence, although his father could not understand why a bachelor son wanted to leave the parental roof. And now that he is nearly forty-eight, it is with real pride that she calls him "in very truth the man of the family."

It was in the earlier period of his illness, when she was trying not to let her own terror communicate itself to him, that some who knew her well began to be impressed with the power and naturalness of her faith. It was not simple; there were elements of more than one religion in it. Besides, Frances Bolton brought an intensely personal attitude to her dealings with the Infinite.

"She believes so firmly that she feels no need to parade her belief," says a friend who does not share all of her views about the supernatural. "She prays every day, but she neither beats her breast nor begs nor offers up a few formal sentiments. Perhaps I can best express her form of communing with God by saying that it is a genuine communication, as matter of fact as if she were consulting a terrestrial adviser. It is possible for her because she believes completely that she and everyone else in the world are a part of God. She asks guidance for every decision of consequence she has to make. She gets it, too, and in a more specific way than just the sense of peace and well-being which many of us derive from prayer. Frances gets real answers."

It is not exactly the God of her pioneer ancestors with

whom she communes. She has an almost Egyptian worship of the sun, and obviously this stems from her study of the earliest Egyptian writings. When she is in Florida, it is her custom to rise each morning at five or six o'clock, walk down to the beach alone and there pay her tribute of prayer and thanks to the rising sun. But this is not in the least a superstition. Says her friend: "It is just that she gains a real benefit spiritually from the sense of being in on the creation of a new day."

Out of this highly personal philosophy, Frances Bolton forged a pattern of life which kept her close to her son's struggle for health and found room for the widening ramifications of her Madison Avenue office. In the very year of Charles's accident, the reading studies expanded into action on the cinema and radio fronts. A Bolton grant to a specially organized National Committee for the Study of Social Values in Motion Pictures, aided by donations from her sister, enabled a research group under Dr. W. W. Charters, of Ohio State University, to embark upon an analysis of current opinion on the subject. Another grant, this one from Will Bingham, underwrote a Committee on Educational Broadcasting. Both were under Payne Fund auspices, however, and were to have wide repercussions, stir up argument and lead to new steps in both media.

Both were admirable examples of their backer's idea of experiment, typical "pump-priming" ventures in which she hoped that the flow would be maintained by others. To board members of some foundations which were less adventurous, the procedure seemed as strange and unnatural as having children solely in order to give them

out for adoption. But Frances expected her projects to mature just as surely and a good deal more rapidly than did human children. If they were fit to live in the world, they would be strong enough to stand in the world without perpetual support from her.

Dr. Charters' committee soon branched out from a study of opinion to a study of the movies themselves. Over a period of four years a group of teachers and other specialists analyzed a vast amount of material for its impact on youth. One of the studies, for example, was conducted by Dr. Charters' Ohio State colleague, Edgar Dale. He covered one thousand five hundred feature pictures made in 1920, 1925 and 1930 to determine what themes were most prevalent, their real and apparent ingredients, and what changes, if any, took place over the ten years.

The results confirmed some of the most scathing criticism of the industry. In the order of their number among the one thousand five hundred pictures, love was first, but as a "boy meets girl" theme rather than as enduring romance, and crime second. Pictures of genuine constructive value, dealing with themes which an educator could approve, were so few as hardly to warrant mention in the statistics.

With an estimated thirty million young people attending the movie theaters every week, educators and parents were worrying about the effects of the cinema even more than Frances had in the prewar days when the Hawken School was young. The Payne Fund reports — the "Study and Experiment" dropped from her organization's title but not from its aims in 1929 — had a warm reception in every sense of the word. The factual study, of which

the Dale data was part, was published under the title of *The Content of Motion Pictures*. A popular version, with special emphasis on the effects upon youth, was written by Henry James Forman and called *Our Movie-Made Children*. It remains after more than twenty years the best-known and most comprehensive book on the subject.

The influence of these studies was great. The Beards in their *America in Mid-Passage* commented on the contrast revealed by the Payne Fund studies and the somewhat earlier pronouncement of Will Hays, who left Harding's Cabinet to supervise the morals of the screen.

"Above all is our duty to youth," Hays said when he took the job, and so far his sentiment could have been echoed by Mrs. Bolton, but the rest of it was a little ornate for her taste. "We must have toward that sacred thing, the mind of a child, toward that clean and virgin thing, that unmarked slate — we must have toward that the same sense of responsibility, the same care about the impression made upon it, that the best teacher or the best clergyman, the most inspired teacher of youth would have."

The Beards thought that this accorded rather oddly with Dr. Dale's factual findings. As historians they recorded a "growing revolt" against the motion picture industry, saying: "The findings and conclusions reported by the surveys under the auspices of the Payne Fund, coupled with criticism from other sources, produced more than a flurry in the motion-picture industry, with its eyes ever on the box office and public relations."

The Hollywood moguls were alarmed sufficiently to inspire a reply with some academic pretensions of its

own. A former Columbia University professor and presidential adviser, Raymond Moley, did his best in *Are We Movie Made?*

But the Beards noted: "Moley treated as unimportant the informed judgment of teachers and other investigators actually in daily contact with children subjected to motion-picture influences," preferring the work of Professor Mortimer Adler, then "passionately engaged in teaching the doctrines of Thomas Aquinas to mid-western Protestants."

The controversy's effect on Hollywood was not quite clear. Some credit for pictures of historical and social value, which soon appeared, was deserved by these pioneer studies. More important was an impetus to do "documentaries," frankly educational or informative films which might not command the same mass audiences of the more popular Hollywood products but still numbered their viewers by the millions.

Meanwhile radio was rising to challenge the position of the movies in the entertainment field as it did the newspapers in information. The role in education lagged. Therefore, the Payne Fund's Committee on Educational Broadcasting launched a survey into a neglected field in December, 1927, covering county school superintendents, principals and teachers. An overwhelming majority indicated a desire for programs broadcast for classroom use, and nearly half were prepared to buy receiving sets. In this collection of data, surprising to no one now but very revealing at the time, the committee also went into the problems of obtaining necessary air time, support of

community leaders, protection against propaganda, or "slanting," in programs, and concluded by recommending that a state demonstration in this field would be more helpful than any amount of paper planning.

A new Ohio School of the Air accordingly was established at Ohio State University, salaries and expenses paid by the Payne Fund. This venture proved so valuable that in 1929 the legislature appropriated funds to make it part of the state educational system. (The original sponsor's husband, incidentally, was not one of those who voted the money. Chester Bolton had been elected to Congress from the Twenty-second District of Ohio in 1928.)

The success of the Ohio School of the Air was independent of its political fortunes. The University, proud of its primacy in the field, continued its pioneering, as did the Payne Fund. Out of their collaboration grew the most influential organization in educational broadcasting, the Institute for Education by Radio, which gained new stature years later when it was able to add "and Television" to its title.

More immediately and as another direct result, the secretary of the interior, in whose department the Bureau of Education was then located, called the first Radio Education Conference to which the federal government was host. Here the leading educational organizations discussed with heads of the new networks their problems and opportunities. They also launched a committee to study the possible reconciliation of educational and network needs—a study which probably will last as long as the air waves.

The Payne babies given out for adoption not only had found homes with greater resources than the fund could supply, but in some cases were able to prosper on their own.

The founder of the fund did not abandon the media of communications on that account. In another series of projects, she sponsored the production of pamphlets and books which guided schools and clubs in the teaching of motion picture appreciation. Dr. Dale started with fund money and continued to operate with the same backing a newsletter sent to teachers all over the land. This helped them make use of the steadily increasing volume of films, radio programs and newspaper features which had classroom value. The Payne Fund's *Radio in Education* was the first book in its field catalogued by the Library of Congress.

Continuing her interest in children's reading, Frances made a series of grants through the Payne Fund to the International Bureau of Education to finance further research and remedial action. As a corollary, positive efforts to promote a more thorough understanding and broader citizenship in this country were begun by establishment of a Civics Research Institute under Dr. J. L. O'Rourke, of Teachers College. The objects were to stimulate an intelligent participation in government by the youth of the country, and to make the teaching of civics more functional by bringing the subject matter within the experience of the children to be taught. As an extra benefit, it was hoped that these studies in school would improve children's adjustments to others in their everyday contacts. Once the institute had designed and tested

its techniques and methods, the experiment attracted the support of other donors, although the Payne Fund continued its own grants, too.

As this work progressed, it was discovered that too little was known about the ways in which children's attitudes are formed — a gap in our knowledge which is not likely to be filled completely for generations. As a starter the Payne Fund financed a study of this subject by Dr. Mandel Sherman, of the University of Chicago. He selected four isolated communities tucked into the valleys of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The tide of civilization and exploration had flowed around these hills for nearly two hundred years, leaving the descendants of the earliest settlers much nearer to the culture of the early eighteenth century than to the twentieth. In *The Development of Attitudes*, and a more popularly written *Hollow Folk*, the Payne Fund gave the world some new facts and some grounds for new speculations on the reasons why human beings are the way they are. The work was of especial value in dealing with people who were more simply motivated and less complexly influenced than most Americans.

As a complementary study, the Payne Fund supported an investigation by Dr. Herbert J. Williams, of Northwestern University. His project sought to analyze the personal attitudes and the environmental factors which caused them in one of Chicago's most thickly congested areas. In all this work, of course, the emphasis was upon the development of youth.

The mechanics by which Frances Bolton financed these operations were unusual. There are tens of thousands of

funds and foundations today, but when she established the Payne Fund there were only 270 in the whole country. Most of them had a capital sum, spending the income or, in rare cases, the principal, too. But the Payne Fund operated entirely on specific Bolton grants for specific projects, usually guarantees of required expenses over a three- to five-year period. This was an enterprising method for experimental work, but it required constant study and supervision by the donor.

It was work, however, in which Frances delighted, and as the Payne Fund attained its new, shorter name, she was adding one more home to the various residences from which she watched over it. In addition to Franchester, a place in Maine and the house in Florida, she had acquired a domicile in Washington, a vantage ground especially stimulating for such activities as she was ready to believe might constitute her life work.

CHAPTER XI

WASHINGTON AGAIN

THE Boltons' second move to the capital, like their first, was dictated by Chester's ambitions. It developed into one of the major influences upon his wife's career.

In 1928, with Herbert Hoover nominated for the presidency against Alfred E. Smith, Republican leaders wanted Theodore Burton, one of the best-liked members of his party in the state, to run for a seat vacated by the death of the popular Senator Willis. Burton had represented the Twenty-second Ohio District in the House off and on for some twenty years, had served a term in the upper chamber and held high appointive offices. The leaders thought he was the only man who could be fairly certain of winning, but he refused to make the race unless Chester Bolton would keep the Twenty-second safe for Republicanism. After some soul-searching, the younger man consented.

Frances took small part in the campaign. She was spending more time with Charles and his doctors and seeing her faith in that more important victory justified by the physical as well as the spiritual indications of improve-

ment. The lessons she had learned in her own conquest of pain and discouragement she was able to pass on to him — some of them, at least. Because she had discovered the uses of her body, she was able to help Charles to make one muscle after another respond to sheer will power. In these years, his ability to move at all was more important to her than any political maneuver.

But she was conscious of the rest of the world, and early in 1929 she went to Washington, rather pleasantly aware that she was following almost a family pattern, since Chester had been elected to the seat which Henry B. Payne had won in 1874. Now she, like her beloved little grandmother, was a congressman's wife, although the well-remembered stories of the capital during Grant's administration were not an especially good preparation for Hoover's.

The differences did not much interest Frances. Her chief concern was to find a house where her family could be more comfortable than they had been in Senator Lippitt's old mansion. She had no thought of renting, for she knew that this was no temporary makeshift. Chester obviously was dedicated to politics, and, once a man steps onto Washington's stage, he seldom can be persuaded or tempted to leave it. Frances, therefore, looked for a permanent residence that would be suitable for a man whose friends were beginning to talk about him in terms of national leadership.

The corner house she found on Wyoming Avenue in the embassy section was comfortable and well-built, with an empty lot next door which could be bought for an extended garden. The house was a little too small, and the

extra land provided space on which to build another room or two. The only hitch was that by the time she found it, she had just two months to get the alterations finished and the garden laid out before Chester assumed his duties in the Seventy-first Congress, which had been called into a special session for April 15, 1929.

"I didn't know until much later how unpopular this necessity for haste made me with some of my neighbors," she recalls with a smile. "I persuaded Small, the gardener, to transform the empty lot into a garden in a great rush, and he went to work and used all the topsoil which he had ordered for them. I didn't know this and couldn't understand why some of these nice people were so frigid when they met me. Finally Mrs. Harlan Stone enlightened me. Imagine my embarrassment! Eventually they forgave me."

If her bright chatter seemed a little forced sometimes, it would not have been surprising. Six weeks before the opening of the new Congress Charles Bingham died in his Cleveland home. It was not altogether unexpected; after all, he was nearly eighty-three years old, but his had been a singularly vigorous old age. He had been closest perhaps to Betty, but all four of his children missed the wisdom he brought to family councils, his shrewd but not intrusive advice. If he had not acquired much understanding of his younger daughter over the years, she had gained enough insight into his character to appreciate his qualities and accept his defects of coldness and reserve.

The House of Representatives usually did not remain in session for much more than half the year if that, but the Boltons' first Congress sat almost as long as if there

had been a war. During the many months she spent in Washington, the house and garden on Wyoming Avenue were very much the center of Frances's life. Here Charles began his long, slow convalescence. From here she followed the Payne Fund's activities. And from here she had to sally forth on the inescapable social duties of a congressman's wife.

These were the last days of the rigidity of official etiquette in the capital. The round of visits, both to call and just to leave cards, was as precisely regulated as if Washington had been an Army post. Dinners and receptions, luncheons and teas and breakfasts, followed a course as fixed and predictable as the planets. Frances was to see great changes, and, although she recognized the tedium inherent in the old system and sometimes longed for a bit more gaiety in carrying out protocol, she deplored its passing. The government itself lost something of strength and respect, she thought.

Some of the earliest cracks in stiff formality were made at the top of the new administration. Lou Henry Hoover, it is true, was a vivid and charming woman with a far more cosmopolitan background than most first ladies bring to the White House.

"But she insisted on being casual, even offhand with her intimates," Frances says, "and with her the tradition that no one ever refuses a White House invitation came to an end. Mrs. Hoover would telephone a few women friends to drop in for tea the next afternoon or ask a group for cards the same evening. People soon felt free not to break previous engagements on such short notice. It is a little thing, but a symptom of tendencies which affected

the presidency in curious ways in the long run. The President of the United States and his family simply cannot live a normal social life, and should not try. The casualness has continued, growing much worse under the Roosevelts and the Trumans, though rather less in the Eisenhower Administration.'

Frances herself fulfilled her official obligations conscientiously, calling to leave cards for no fewer than five hundred women whose husbands outranked her own. From such ceremonial chores she found her greatest solace and relaxation in music. She was recommended to a German voice teacher, apparently as the rich wife of a congressman rather than as an aspirant who might possess talent. The prospect of a wealthy pupil who could lead to more wealthy pupils delighted him, but he did not want his ears offended or be forced to say something unkind. It did not occur to him to ask Mrs. Bolton if she had had any voice training previously, and she did not volunteer the information. So for weeks he kept her humming. He was a stern disciplinarian on the Prussian model, but at last she summoned up the courage to say she would like to use her voice, too.

"Well," he sighed resignedly, "bring some music with you when you come again."

She arrived for her next lesson with several selections, and the teacher, noting with some surprise a rather difficult one in German, asked her with obvious disbelief if she thought she could manage that. She nodded, and soon was lost, as always, in the joy which came with the mere act of singing. She hardly noticed her audience of one

until she finished, and then observed tears on the man's cheeks.

"I must apologize, Mrs. Bolton," he said. "I had no idea that I would have the privilege of working with a real artist."

From then on, the singing lessons were an unalloyed delight, a respite from cares and sorrows, and almost her only one. Twice, as she felt it safe to leave Charles more often, then three times a week, she was put through her paces as if her teacher were preparing her for a Carnegie Hall debut. Crusty, proud and very much an artist himself, he forgot that she was the rich wife of a congressman and became a friend.

When an opportunity came to test her progress, his pupil was reluctant to try. She had been arranging professional music programs for the Congressional Club when one day a soprano telephoned to her from New York at noon to say she would be unable to keep her engagement for four o'clock. Frances was sure she could not find a substitute, but a neighbor with whom she often practiced happened to be with her and suggested: "Why not you?"

The shyness of little Frances Bingham dictated her first reaction, which was that the idea was preposterous. Then memory of childish triumphs at Dieudonne may have intervened, for she decided to ask Charles what he thought of the proposal.

"Well, Muth," he replied, with cheerful filial irreverence, "you always did have the nerve of a brass monkey. Go ahead."

While the remark reflected little credit upon her son's perspicacity — "nerve" was far from an ingredient in her departures from conventionality — she took it for encouragement. That afternoon she startled members of the club, and herself a little, by singing with a good deal of self-confidence and a quality of tone which delighted her teacher. The applause, as much for the friend as for the artist no doubt, was a bittersweet reminder of a career that might have been.

Sometimes an expression of regret for what she might have missed escaped her. But when her sons pointedly inquired whether she would prefer to have them or a great career as a singer, she lost her doubts.

"When you put it like that," she would say, "there really isn't any choice."

Frances was fortunate that her first months in Washington required only the conventional minimum of attendance at the social and political gatherings which were musts for the active practitioners of politics. Talk at these during 1929 was centered very largely on the Great Boom in the stock market — and, after October, on the Great Crash. In those days it seemed to the nonspeculative that every American except himself was a plunger. Actually, of course, the speculators were a small minority; not more than one family in forty or fifty could boast of one. Frances belonged to the large but not vocal majority. Personally she was more interested in fashions, which that year sought to impose an oddly flat look upon the feminine figure.

However, like all Americans, she had to be concerned with the Great Depression which followed the Great Crash. The practical effect was that Payne Fund experiments were curtailed somewhat to permit contributions to the more immediate needs of groups and individuals. These remained a considerable part of the interest of their donor, and in the correspondence about them she found that she could not delegate much to her aides. The needs of an individual, she felt, were too important to be passed off for review and decision by others, although she welcomed advice.

In a sample of her files at about this time, one finds that she was reading appeals or applications on a wide variety of special problems. The reading led her to send the granddaughter of a minister to college, finance a plan for the care of children under fourteen, provide clothes for an elderly man who wrote that he was ill "and on the pention," buy storm windows for a family who were going to be a little pinched for fuel in the winter otherwise, draw a series of charts on posture for a youth who wanted them for a term paper, supply the money to keep a small Methodist Church open, provide scholarships for talented but impecunious foreign students, write advice and encouragement to a mother whose son had broken his back and, of course, contribute to a wide variety of recognized health, welfare and educational agencies.

Other and less worthy appeals, however, did nothing to diminish the suspicion with which she was bound to regard many an outwardly warm or friendly approach. As childhood had not encouraged her to put great trust

in anyone, so maturity, especially after she had become rich, confirmed a fear that strangers sought her for what they could get. It was not a comfortable attitude, but fortunately it could be overcome in many individual instances. Then she could be almost reckless, as when she wrote to one old friend telling him that she was canceling his and his wife's indebtedness to her, contracted over a period of time during and after the depression and amounting to a good many thousand dollars. Along with his notes, she also sent her personal check for a thousand dollars "by way of friendly hope that odd bills you may have outstanding can be wiped out with the Past."

Such gracious gestures, of course, were known only to the beneficiaries; more likely to talk were those whom Mrs. Bolton was equally capable of rebuffing coldly and decisively when she thought they were attempting to impose upon her.

She took small part in the 1930 campaign when her husband ran for re-election and won in spite of the handicap of announcing to his dry constituency that he favored Prohibition's repeal. (Actually he did better than most of his party, for the Democrats captured the House.) At the peak of the electioneering, the candidate's wife spent several weeks convalescing at Franchester from an operation, and her thoughts were more on the Payne Fund than politics. She used the enforced leisure — lying on her new sleeping porch watching the trees stage their annual display of red and gold — to analyze the work she had been supporting. On the whole, she was pleased with it. Then, only a few days before the election, when she was on her feet again, she went to New York for a

meeting of her staff and directors. Standing by the fireplace in the home of one of them, she spoke for an hour on the direction she thought the Fund should take.

"I went back," she explained, "over the life of this idea, for after all it is this invisible something which makes us different from foundations."

She was not content merely to talk about the idea, though. In her childhood she had dreamed of ideals; in maturity she wanted to do something about them, she said, and added: "The age is an iron age. You can't just talk ideals — you have to make them visible and practical."

That was when she reminded her staff that patience is a part of successful action.

"We acknowledged this vividly when we assumed the study and experiment end of world problems," she went on, "and I think we demonstrate it daily. To be happy in the waiting period is also an essential, and perhaps it is because I have known the indescribable joy of waiting for four children, of feeling one with the invisible forces of Creation as only mothers can, that I am the one who perhaps more than all of you has said, 'Wait.' . . . The emphasis is on Youth, not in the form we have drawn up, for perhaps we shall find the form too small or too unwieldy, or what not. Forms can and do change, but Youth is the future of the world always."

This introduction to a discussion of some of the Payne Fund work in amassing facts and making grants to selected educational projects and institutions was not part of a prepared speech. It was an "off the cuff" exposition of the founder's philosophy, delivered with very

few gestures while leaning against the mantel, and taken down without her knowledge at the time by one of the staff.

In the session which followed, some specific projects, both "visible and practical," were approved. Of a grant to Bennett College, a small female seminary in North Carolina of Methodist persuasion but progressive principles, Frances said, quoting with approval: "When you educate a man, you educate an individual; but when you educate a woman, you educate a family."

Two years later she had lost no whit of her interest in the fund and its projects, but she would not have dreamed of calling a New York meeting of the staff during the climax of a campaign in the Twenty-second District of Ohio. The Republican party was starting on its national eclipse, so far as control of the government went, but it scored its successes here and there, and Chester Bolton's victory in the Twenty-second was one of them. Both he and his wife had discovered that she had a gift for extemporaneous speaking, which is so attractive on the hustings, and he had none of it. If he resented this additional evidence of his dependence upon a mere woman — and he sometimes showed it — he was not so stubborn as to deny himself the support of her talents. By October she was up to her eyes in the campaign and loving it because her audiences so obviously liked her; she never had enough of being liked.

"I am speaking," she wrote in hasty pencil scrawl to her brother, Harry, "at all sorts of places for Chester directly, or just on all sorts of 'non-partisan' subjects. Oh, it's a grand life!"

She was discovering, too, other, if somewhat less lasting, joys of life. One was cooking, an art with which she had been on terms of appreciation only, never of creation. Her more intimate acquaintance with it began in Ravenna, sixty miles from Cleveland, where Chester had his Guernseys. One summer the family spent week ends on the farm, and found good cooks hard to get. So Frances undertook to fill the gap, although she never had confronted a stove with serious intent in her life. Her first dinner was such a good one that for the rest of the summer her week ends were "kitchen days," from which she derived the satisfaction of developing a hitherto unsuspected ability.

"Chester and I had the place pretty full," she says. "He and the rest of the family may have thought it odd of me to choose to do the cooking, but if that was what I wanted, they decided they would give me plenty of it. There were apt to be fifteen or sixteen for Sunday dinner, and I never got out of the kitchen the whole day long. It was exciting to discover that all you really need is a well-equipped kitchen, a cook book and a little brains."

This adventure in a way was a return to the regime of some of her pioneer ancestors. But Frances was emulating them in a much less obvious way, too. They had been notable for constantly reaching out beyond the place where their lot was cast. It was this which brought them to America in the first place, sent them into new settlements to build homes, schools, churches and townhalls. They had had their full share of that questing spirit which never tired of asking, "What's on the other side of the mountain?" Then, because they were practical folk, they

went over the mountain to find out.

This urge to explore the unknown was a sturdy part of Frances Bolton's heritage. But as she grew up to take her position in the solid, growing city of Cleveland, there seemed to be little physical pioneering left. No doubt that was one reason she reached out with eager mind and often troubled spirit into untraveled and incorporeal spaces.

As a girl she had found on her father's bookshelves not only Max Müller's German version of the Rig-Veda but Nietzsche, Kant and Schopenhauer. She had pored over Sir Edwin Arnold's beautiful translations from the Sanskrit, the Egyptian Book of the Dead, the teachings of Confucius and of Lao-Tse, the writings of Christians, Buddhists, Swedenborgians, of Annie Besant and other theosophists. She perused records of haunts and ghosts, of telepathic messages, of the search for proof that personality continues after death, that communication between the carnate and the discarnate is possible.

All this, she recalls, she literally devoured in early youth, and as opportunities offered she later experimented with automatic writing, sat with clairvoyants, worked with mediums. Throughout these studies and experiences she tried to cultivate the objective attitude toward scientifically inexplicable phenomena of the spirit which she admired in Tagore.

"Do you believe in telepathy?" a woman admirer once asked the Indian poet.

"No, Madame, I use it," he replied.

In the early 1930's, Frances met, through Ella Phillips Grandall in London, the most highly considered of all the mediums used by the British Society of Psychic Re-

search, Eileen Garrett. In that meeting, the basis for one of the significant partnerships in scientific psychic research was laid.

At this time Mrs. Garrett was near the beginning of a career in which she was to expose herself more freely than any other medium to laboratory experiments which might test objectively her accomplishments and perhaps help explain them not only to others but herself. Frances learned that this brilliant woman, whose psychic powers could not casually be set aside, was approaching the study of the unknown with a deep earnestness of purpose to remove it from the grasp of charlatans.

Her desire to bring these investigations into the realm of scientific inquiry coincided with Frances's own. Otherwise, they had not too much in common. Mrs. Garrett had come to her work from very different beginnings from those of her new friend—an Irish childhood, a London boarding school, a very early marriage, and throughout her life extraordinary experiences which later she was to call "supernormal perception." She had been in the United States once at the invitation of the American Society for Psychic Research, and was to return frequently on visits until World War II led her to make this her permanent home.

Through Eileen Garrett, Frances entered a world which was as stimulating and helpful to her as any she had discovered so far. Her personal experiences of communication through Mrs. Garrett were so satisfying that she once said: "They gave me a sense of security and peace which I had never had before."

In her own mind there are no questions as to the con-

tinuity of personality nor of the fact of communion between the invisible and the visible. She says a little lightly that she knows she must have abused material things greatly in some previous existence because she is so tyrannized over by them in this one, but she adds in a more serious vein: "I have a feeling of having lived so many times! It is easy for me to believe that that is the way we live through eternity."

Certainly the field of psychic research was as open to new discoveries as the physical, yet seldom was it approached in the same strictly scientific spirit. Furthermore, even those who wished to conduct purely objective investigations faced a popular skepticism which often took the form of ridicule.

Frances understood this very well, but her studies had given her a sustaining faith which, while definitely unorthodox, had added serenity and tolerance to a naturally rather impatient personality. She was not disturbed by sneers or laughter, although she hoped that genuinely practical work eventually might overcome them. At any rate, she provided funds for experiments which by now have won the respect and cooperation of some of the most eminent men in science and learning, although her contributions were made so quietly that few knew of her connection with these studies.

She and Mrs. Garrett agreed that tremendous discoveries in what was coming to be called parapsychology lay just around the corner if universities would accept responsibility for free and unhampered study and experiment. An opportunity was given to California to study survival, but the money, put in trust by the donors,

was used for what Frances regarded as lesser things. Dr. William McDougall, of Duke University, however, envisioned a more practical series of experiments, and Frances established a McDougall fund within the university to finance his work. She continued her support of this parapsychology laboratory after Dr. McDougall was succeeded by Dr. J. B. Rhine. She seldom speaks of this, nor of the grants to an increasing number of colleges and universities to establish chairs of parapsychology or enable individuals to devote themselves to scientific research in these areas of the unknown.

In the 1930's, however, much of this remained for the future. Before she could get far along into it, there were some immediate problems, very much of this world, which claimed her attention.

CHAPTER XII

THE LAST BUSY YEARS OF PEACE

NO one, at least no one with as inquiring a mind as Frances Bolton, could live a large part of the year in Washington in the 1930's and not be caught up in the maelstrom of politics, economics, social experiment and just plain talk which people called the New Deal. Her view of it inevitably looked beyond the United States, though domestic politics absorbed most of her neighbors, as the depression and its repercussions spread over all the earth and hopes of peace went glimmering.

There were Americans who still believed it was possible to escape the perils of war or economic disaster by denying that their country was part of the comity of nations. Frances, with her "window to the world" in Geneva and her reports from Payne Fund emissaries and researchers, was not one of them. On the other hand, she was not impressed very favorably by the direction which the new administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt gave to foreign policy. From the torpedoing of a World Economic Conference, which most people deplored, to the pronouncement of a Good Neighbor policy which most people applauded, she saw little or nothing that could advance the

cause which was paramount in her thinking, means to root out the causes of war.

On the domestic scene, the New Deal had an even more distasteful appearance. As the wife of an opposition congressman, Frances viewed the rush of regulatory, labor, social and economic legislation, of investigations, new agencies and remodeled commissions from a more critical vantage point than most. It is, after all, a large part of the business of an opposition to oppose. The two-party system cannot work if the minority completely abdicates this function. And in the hurry of improvisation, there was plenty in the New Deal to oppose, as even its admirers learned.

But Frances was a Republican by more than marriage. She was swayed less by her husband's opinions, in fact, than by the traditions of her family and her own reading of contemporary events. Like many Congressional wives, she learned little from her husband about politics, which both excluded from their conversation so that he might relax a bit at home.

Frances studied the political issues of the day for herself. Naturally she judged them in the light of her memories of the role her ancestors had played in American development. The Paynes of Cleveland had been Democrats, it is true, but it seemed to Frances, as to many more, that the Republicans of the 1930's were the inheritors of all that had been sound in the philosophy of the pre-Bryan Democrats. To her, the spreading network of federal agencies and federal regulation, although justifiable only in terms of the Hamiltonian principles which Republicans once upon a time had embraced,

seemed a reversal of the system which had made America both free and great.

"She was conceived a Republic, she was born a Republic," Frances once declared. "'It is for us,' as Ben Franklin said, 'with God's help to keep her so!'"

The electoral tide was running against this point of view, and there were some grounds for argument that the assumption by Republicans of the attitude toward federal-state relationships, once the property of such Democrats as Senator Payne, also had deprived them of their majority status. Actually this had not been quite as overwhelming as superficial observers sometimes said. In the eighteen presidential elections from 1860 through 1928, Republican candidates had won fourteen times, but only eleven times with more popular votes than their Democratic opponents. Furthermore, in the first five post-Reconstruction elections, before the Bryan heresies drove men like the Paynes into Republican ranks, the Democrats polled a popular majority four times and lost the fifth by seven thousand votes out of nearly nine million, although the two Cleveland administrations were their only tangible fruits of this record. The superficial reversal of party roles extended in the 1930's to this seeming invincibility of the one in power. That there remained millions of Republicans, as there had been millions of Democrats in the 1870's and 1880's, frequently was ignored.

Not, however, by Republicans. Naturally the ones who remained most prominently in the public eye were those who were stubbornly and vitriolically opposed to the new measures or the crusaders who saw some of their best

thunder stolen by the New Dealers. The Boltons belonged to neither group. They were not bitter by nature or frustration, and both were inclined temperamentally to be *for* something rather than "agin."

It was not an easy political position to occupy. The goals which the administration announced were by no means repugnant to Republicans like the Boltons. They were not of the diehards who held that labor ought always to be in an inferior bargaining position, that the entrepreneur should have complete freedom, not to say license, in his quest for business and the citizen forced to provide any security he got all by himself. They objected rather to the roads which Roosevelt and his aides proposed to take to reach their goals. These paths, they feared, would lead to domination rather than equality for labor, no enterprise at all for the businessman and only the most illusory security for the citizen, with words and a pittance in place of opportunity and work.

To Frances, busy in the meantime with genuinely constructive projects concerning the media of communications, public health and psychic exploration, the new place of women in the world was not advanced by the role they played in politics at this time. Although there was a woman in the Cabinet, the share of her sex in actual government policy and administration remained like that of her Grandmother Payne's day. It was influence — and influence is not power. For herself, she was not interested in either. She observed the Washington scene with relative detachment, and took part in Chester's campaigns with small partisan enthusiasm. This did not diminish the help she gave him, because as a wife it was

becoming for her to concentrate upon nonpartisan aspects of the constituency's needs. Not that she left any doubt in people's minds as to the reason she was there, which was on behalf of her husband's election.

"I think he's a darn good Congressman," she would say, and the forthrightness of the appeal always roused a storm of applause.

If she had viewed the informality of the Hoovers disapprovingly, she regarded the tone set for official society by the Roosevelts with what might have been called horror in a critic less even-tempered. The sort of bogus democracy which was featured in the craze for first-name-calling, so prevalent that soon one had to know an officeholder pretty well before one found out what his surname was, was as offensive to her as the more old-fashioned form of namecalling. The brash dogmatism of some of the young intellectuals often was more distasteful than the pompous dogmatism of an earlier generation.

Not that the Boltons were confined to their own party's dwindling representation for companionship. They had good friends among the Democrats, too, but Frances never did warm up, as some Republicans did, to the social graces of the new occupants of the White House. One of her very rare stories with a barb in it concerns an official dinner given by President and Mrs. Roosevelt to which Representative and Mrs. Bolton were invited. Also among the guests were Senator and Mrs. McNary. He had been a leader in the upper house and was to be on the national ticket with Wendell Willkie; it was perhaps a mark of Chester Bolton's rising importance in politics that he and his wife were there, too. It was a large

dinner, but the McNarys and Boltons were the only Republicans present, although the capital was not quite that denuded of their party. As they left, Mrs. McNary gave Frances her explanation.

"How do you like being here only to put the dinner on the public budget?" she whispered angrily. "If there had been no one but Democrats, *those people* would have had to pay for it themselves."

Other entertaining was more to Frances's taste. As Charles's slow convalescence freed her more and more for social life, she gained a considerable reputation as a capital hostess, although not in the manner of such highly publicized ladies as Evelyn Walsh McLean, whose parties were notable for lavish display and large numbers. Mrs. Bolton's dinners were discussed in a somewhat smaller circle for the excellent reason that in her home there was argument without acrimony. In the heat of an election, the feuding between political opponents often rouses invective of a high (or low) order.

But in the day to day operation of politics, intraparty quarrels may be at least as bitter and far more sustained, reminiscent of the comment by one of Joseph Conrad's wise characters, who thought that the brotherhood of man is proved by the ferocity of civil wars. "And what in the world do you know that is more bitterly fierce than brothers' quarrels?" he asked.

That is the quality of rancor often displayed in the disputes of men who fight under the same political banner. But at the Bolton table, it was said, the most divergent views could be expounded without loss of temper. Decorum and good humor always were among the guests.

This was possible because one of the pleasant features of Washington life is the ease with which members of camps with opposing views mingle socially. Legislators who have been exchanging powerful blows in debate during the day may meet in the evening when the heavy guns of reason or passion are replaced by the rapier of raillery. On such occasions the wife of a congressman may be of considerable influence if she has wit, tact and information. A growing circle in the 1930's discovered that Mrs. Bolton's opinions and facts were worth hearing, especially if the subject impinged upon health, education or foreign affairs.

She herself had traveled frequently in Europe, and supplemented by firsthand observation reports on various Payne Fund activities. The Geneva "window to the world" had been closed after Gertrude Seymour's retirement, but there were other windows. From these she watched the growing militarism of Europe as Hitler re-occupied the Rhineland and Mussolini attacked Ethiopia, blanketing all efforts to eliminate war from the thoughts and practice of men. Almost all reports were discouraging.

For example, Edgar Dale, sent as delegate to a Geneva conference on the motion picture and child welfare, also looked into films for youth in England, France and Germany. He himself contributed a paper on the result of Payne Fund studies to the main conference, and Frances read of international acclaim for the work. But she also read Dr. Dale's description of the methodical way in which German schools were equipped to use films. It was

extremely impressive. Each child was taxed a few pfennigs a year, mainly to buy projectors. The trivial sum, when collected from more than eight million students, amounted to some \$2,800,000 a year at then rates of exchange. This provided amply for equipment in all schools, and the better German producers were making pictures especially for youth.

But Frances read with misgiving this further note from Dr. Dale: "The schools are required to show four times a year the propaganda films made by the Propaganda Minister under Dr. Goebbels."

A trip to London with her son Kenyon gave her fresh contacts. In intervals between gay London parties, she was studying the work of the Opium Commission of the League of Nations, the International Bureau of Education, the Basic English progress being made by Ogden, the impact of European screen and radio on youth. But she retained a keen eye and ear for trivial but meaningful touches in the everyday life of men and women. She was in London one November 11, which there is called Remembrance Day, and she went to Hyde Park Corner to view the ceremonies. A tremendous, well-behaved crowd watched the troops parade, and there was an impressive hush in which only the clear, sad, slow notes of taps could be heard. Then, while the reverent thousands still stood in silence, the more sprightly reveille rang out, and the throngs dispersed. Frances remained behind until she could edge her way up to the bugler.

"Do you always play these right after each other on Remembrance Day?" she asked.

"Yes, lady," the spruce, red-coated young man replied, "we plays them taps and then we plays them reveille to remind us of the Resurrection."

Much as she enjoyed travel, interested as she was becoming in the Washington scene, Frances welcomed the intervals when she was living either in Cleveland or Palm Beach. In Franchester or the Florida house, which she had named "Casa Apava" (from the Sanskrit, meaning "he who sports in the water"), there was more time for reading, exercise and music. Here, too, her family seemed closer.

In Cleveland she could follow the latest developments in nursing, medicine and social service through the many organizations with which the Bingham and Boltons had long been identified. Here she could relax with her children, for Franchester was such a pleasant place for youth that it was favored over the rather wild parties which characterized that era and about which other parents worried.

Across the public road from their homes, Betty had built a pavilion with game rooms, indoor tennis court, swimming pool — and a well-stocked refrigerator where only beer was allowed. Typical of many nights was the one when Frances wandered out quite late to find a girl in a white evening gown chatting at the edge of the pool with a boy in dripping trunks, while her escort, who had to go to work in the morning, napped peacefully on a couch. Kenyon and another lad, both in white tie and tails, were playing tennis with two girls in dinner dresses, one of them Mollie Blossom, Betty's daughter, and all

in their stocking feet. It was shockingly bad tennis but rich in laughter.

Often the young people, and some of their elders, too, dropped in to see what Charles was doing. This was nothing less than upsetting some previously accepted anthropological beliefs about the growth of the human teeth and facial bones. The accomplishment by a youth who, it had been feared, might never move again was not only wonderful therapy for him but a genuinely valuable scientific achievement.

The young man had been working with Dr. Holly Broadbent, who had been the Bolton's dentist for many years, and had worked out a technique for using X-ray films to record and measure the growth of children's jaws and teeth in order to correct abnormalities as they developed. Charles's interest was aroused while he was still very much an invalid. He enlisted his feeble body under Dr. Broadbent, and his mother endowed a modest Bolton Foundation in Western Reserve University to finance the research.

"Charles was enticed to the basement of the Western Reserve Medical School week after week, not just to watch, but to work, to take up life again, awkwardly, slowly but definitely," she said years later while acknowledging public recognition of her son's success. "Thanks to Dr. Broadbent's ingenuity, movie cameras were usable even by awkward hands — and a film, the first of its kind, gave the world an exciting story, the adventure of human teeth. This crude little film spelled life for a lad who had to find a way out of a great darkness."

The painstaking movie technique did something else. The correlation of X-ray films taken at intervals gave dentists and physicians earlier warnings than ever they had had before about corrective measures to be taken to insure the orderly emergence of a child's teeth. They also provided a more accurate measurement for anthropologists. One of the three standard points for measuring facial bone structure had been the earholes, on the theory that they were part of the brain case and therefore fixed. Charles's movies proved that they are more part of the face than of the skull, that as the face grows downward and forward, the earholes move downward and backward.

The films, however, also gave the clue to a fixed point which could replace the earholes and improve on them for accuracy. This is at the base of the cranium on a line drawn from the junction of the bone of the nose and the forehead. Today this is known as the "Bolton Point." It has been used to clarify scientific understanding of the laws governing the growth of the face and head. Frances is a good deal prouder of it than if she had done it herself.

Her second son's exploits in these years were the subject of more domestic discussion because his parents were not entirely agreed upon their worth. Kenyon Bolton was one of those obviously intelligent boys whose response to regular academic methods is the despair of their teachers. In his case, they gave him poor marks and considerable praise, so much so that, when he was at Milton Academy, the headmaster had replied to an outburst by Chester against the boy's neglect of study: "I don't think you understand your son, Mr. Bolton."

However, that neglect disqualified him for admission

to Harvard, to his father's great disappointment, and for a couple of years he attended St. Stephen's College in upstate New York. Here his grades failed to improve, but he found time to operate soft-drink and luncheon concessions so profitably that he was able to finance the college education of two more serious young scholars than himself. Having done this, he left St. Stephen's to complete his own education in travel, which, considering the kind of a world he was going to live in, probably was an excellent idea, although it did not commend itself to his father. Frances was more favorably disposed, and argued that there is more than one way to become educated. When Kenyon came home, he found a sixty-five dollar a month job in a bank, although he disliked it very much. Just to prove to his father that he could, he stuck it out for nearly five years, rising to the dizzy heights of \$250 a month and considerable responsibility. Frances again was proud of the single-minded concentration he gave to his work.

Late in 1935 the tempo of the Bolton's political life was stepped up. Chester was complimented that year by appointment as chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, a post whose occupant must be involved in the fortunes of all candidates for the House. Then in November he invited some fifty business and industrial leaders of Cleveland to a Union Club meeting to discuss luring the Republican National Convention of 1936 to their city. The group made him chairman of a committee to win the prize for Cleveland, and he was so successful that in June he helped nominate

Alf Landon, "the Kansas Coolidge," for president in the same hall where the New England original had been selected in 1924. Frances attended, and for the first time witnessed the unique American phenomenon by which our political parties combine carnival, smoke-filled rooms, football cheering sections, oratory, intrigue and genuine political maneuvering in the choice of a national leader.

The triumph was Cleveland's alone. Landon went down under the greatest landslide in modern American history. The Boltons worked so hard for him and for the congressional committee that they neglected the Twenty-second District, and this was one of the factors which caused Chester's defeat in his own constituency. Actually neither that nor the amazing proportions of the Roosevelt victory accounted entirely for the result in the Twenty-second. Congressman Bolton had taken a firm stand against the two most popular demagogues of the moment — Father Coughlin, the radio priest whose broadcasts out of Michigan were for a time the outstanding political pap on the air, and Francis Townsend, the aging physician who was attracting millions — his petitions were said to have twenty five million signatures — for a simple program of national prosperity which would give every American over sixty a pension of two hundred dollars a month on condition that the money be spent within the month. Chester Bolton was one of the very few congressmen of either party who publicly and unequivocally opposed both these momentary rulers of the popular mind. His Democratic opponent gave at least lip service to them.

Retirement from Congress provided the Boltons with little more leisure than they had had before. The first signs of a heart ailment forced Chester to cut down on his activities somewhat, and were at least a factor in his refusal the next year to be considered for the post of Republican National Chairman. Another reason, according to some newspapers, was that "Mrs. Bolton imposed a firm veto," but in fact this was not quite the way family decisions were reached, at least not those which concerned the head of the house. She did, however, advise against it on the grounds that Chester ought to regain his strength before he embarked on anything so strenuous as the official leadership of the affairs of a party which was badly demoralized in defeat, to say the least.

In fact, many political pundits were publishing lengthy obituaries, sometimes with delicate play on the initials G.O.P. and R.I.P., either gleefully or sadly according to their partisan orientation. Optimistic Democrats and pessimistic Republicans were saying that no party could survive such a smash as the 1936 debacle. Carrying only two states with a total electoral vote of eight and represented in Congress by a mere handful of diehards and holdovers, how could Republicanism have a future?

The Boltons were not ready to bury the corpse. It still breathed, and even in the 1936 figures there were signs of more than a bare, puny existence. After all, 16,679,583 Americans had voted for Landon, a million more than had marked a ballot for Hoover four years earlier. Furthermore, the Republicans' percentage of the total popular vote (more than 36) was substantially higher

than the Democrats had polled in 1924 (less than 29) when there had been plenty of supposedly well-informed observers who were ready to count the Democrats out.

Justification for the assumption that there was life in the party yet came in 1938 when the Twenty-second sent Chester Bolton back to the House. By this time the Coughlin and Townsend rages had run their course and normal preferences reasserted themselves.

In the interval, Frances had taken more active interest in organizational politics, spurred rather than discouraged by the events of 1936. That had been a good year to learn how to lose, and she profited from the lessons. By 1938 she had mastered them so thoroughly that she was chosen as a member of the Ohio State Republican Committee for the campaign. That same year the party set up a committee under Glenn Frank, the keen and supple-minded president of the University of Wisconsin, to make a comprehensive survey of party policies. Mrs. Bolton was invited to serve on it as a vice-chairman. The work, though unofficial and not binding on Republicans generally, was well received and even hailed as foreshadowing a renaissance of the party.

These activities, while putting Frances definitely into politics, did not ease the burden for her husband; yet it was vital that he should be relieved of strain. He still was not in the best of health. In fact, he had run for office against the urgent advice of his doctor. And the session which he would have to attend in 1939 promised to be exceptionally strenuous even for the fittest of men.

In domestic politics the Republicans were taking heart — and therefore, increasing activity — from the

defeat of Roosevelt's Supreme Court "reform," or "packing," plan (depending on the point of view) and his failure to purge selected conservatives of his own party. The recession which had begun late in 1937 remained to plague the national economy, and seemed to critics of the New Deal to prove that the vaunted achievements of that mass of legislation and executive experiment were chimerical.

On the international side, the ominous clouds of war were so close that even American isolationists could see them and be alarmed. The march of aggressors — of Japan in China, of Italy in Ethiopia, of Germany in Austria and Czechoslovakia — had had small impact upon American elections, it is true, because no party lines had been drawn on the issue. Both parties had supported the neutrality legislation which, by embargoing arms and credits to belligerents and forbidding Americans to travel on belligerent ships, was expected to keep us out of war. Members of both parties suspected that such laws, far from preserving neutrality, would encourage hostilities by giving aggressors a green light, since they could count upon American refusal to aid their victims. In both parties there had been some shifting of friendships and alliances as the attitude of the administration was seen to veer from an isolationist toward an interventionist policy.

The lovely spring and summer of 1939 were a bitter frustration to those who watched the storm burst. Probably there was nothing now which the American government or people could do to prevent the conflict. But the arguments about domestic issues seemed dull

and petty in the months during which a maniacal voice raved and blustered on the German radio and men who had applauded the appeasement of Munich began to wonder if perhaps that stubborn fellow Winston Churchill might not have been right when he warned: "Britain and France had to choose between war and dishonor. They chose dishonor. They will have war."

In March Hitler seized Czechoslovakia in violation of the Munich pledge. Within a month the unappeasable appetite was demanding Danzig and the Polish Corridor. American public opinion was against him, but not to the point of war by any means, although revulsion reached new heights when on August 23 the Nazi-Soviet Pact, that new partition of Poland, was announced. Within a week the guns of World War II sounded as the Wehrmacht moved and Britain and France honored their pledges.

The world tragedy found the Boltons in the midst of their own. All through the summer, Chester's health had been failing and by the time war broke out he was desperately ill. They brought him home to Cleveland; he seemed happier, although no stronger.

His family was there, wife, brothers and children, and he could take pride in all of them. Charles was demonstrating a keen interest in the dairy herd which Chester had begun in his discontented days after World War I, and was developing the finest breed of Guernseys in the country. Kenyon had proved himself at the bank. Oliver, who had been graduated from Harvard in June — his father rejoiced that at least one of his sons had attended

his own alma mater — was studying law at Western Reserve.

But even the quiet of home could not rally Chester's strength. He was only fifty-seven and came of longlived stock. However, he never had given himself a chance to recover from the heart ailment three years earlier, and the vital machinery had no reserves of power. On October 29, 1939, Chester Bolton slipped quietly out of life.

CHAPTER XIII

FRESHMAN IN CONGRESS

NOTHING solaces bereavement so much as a firm belief that man's term on earth is only one stage in the progression of a life toward its union with the infinite. One may grieve for oneself, for one's own loss in the world, but not for the dead. Frances Bolton had proceeded far in the direction of this philosophy.

"My search," she recorded some years later, telling of the development of her faith from the day when she had called upon God to let her know the truth about her mother's death, "has led me to the place from which I can say with entire simplicity that I believe that you and I are part and parcel of the stream of Universal Life — as water drops are part of the Great Sea."

Widowhood brought with it new responsibilities, of course, and new decisions. One of them opened the doors to a career which would have been impossible for a woman when Frances Bingham was married, singular when she was a young mother and still was unusual at the end of 1939. For she decided to seek her husband's seat in Congress.

It had been only twenty-two years since the first woman member had been sworn in the House, an event which had been of complete indifference to Frances Bolton, as had all the rest of the suffrage movement. In the intervening years, her interest in women in politics had grown even less than the feminine contingent in Congress, and that was very small indeed. Half a dozen was considered large then, most of them widows complimented by being allowed to serve out their husband's terms. After a few months at the Capitol, they returned to their homes and obscurity. The sole exception in this group so far was Edith Nourse Rogers, of Lowell, Massachusetts, who had stepped into her husband's place in 1925 and had been re-elected ever since, one of the few Republicans to hold a seat throughout the New Deal. The only other member of her sex with any real seniority was Mary Norton, of New Jersey, the first woman Democrat ever sent to the House.

The Republican leadership in Ohio supposed that Frances Bolton would follow the example of other widows who had filled the unexpired terms of their husbands with quiet lack of distinction. She herself was well aware of their attitude, even knew that one of them had said forcefully and impolitely that "we don't want that woman in Congress."

"A few of them opposed my nomination," she had said, "but most of them thought it would be a graceful gesture which would do them no harm since they were sure I would get tired of politics in a few months and flit on to something else."

The fact that she was financially able to contribute

handsomely to party war chests could not have been completely irrelevant to them either.

At the time, Frances herself was not sure that she wanted to serve any longer than the state leaders wanted her. In a pencilled, undated note written some time later, she set down some of her motives, saying: "I had worked so closely with my husband that when I was asked to run for election to fill his unexpired term, I did not hesitate to do so, certain that I could fulfill that year more nearly as he would have done than could anyone else."

One reason she confined her thoughts to the one year was that she had not shared Chester's work as fully as her statement indicated. His habitual reserve, her own independent interests and Charles' acute need of her had combined to leave her more familiar with his general policies than with the means and the men he used in carrying them out. He had not confided in his wife his views on the abilities and defects of the people with whom he worked, their alliances and enmities, their favorite projects, the motives which governed them, their susceptibilities and resistances. He had not enabled her to meet them often enough to judge them for herself. He had not discussed the routine work he did in committee, on the floor, in the lobby or in the office. In this he was very much the man of his time; he did not suppose a woman would be interested in these masculine affairs, and he would not have approved of such an interest by his wife if he had suspected it. In addition he wanted to leave his work at the office and relax at home.

This reticence was responsible for some surprises, not all of them pleasant by any means. But on the whole it was

an advantage to learn for herself, even if she sometimes regretted the necessity. In dealing with the problems and personalities of politics, she was not influenced by her husband's prejudices because she did not know them. She formed her own ideas, a process that made her a far more effective legislator.

While she was making up her mind, she kept Chester's office open and functioning for the service of his constituents. She knew enough of the duties of a congressman to be aware that the information and advice which such an office can give to people back home in their dealings with government are an important if generally unappreciated part of the job. With Chester's experienced secretary in charge, the district would have its legitimate interests well cared for.

The enthusiasm which her husband's campaign manager expressed for serving her in the same capacity was a highly encouraging factor in her decision to make the race. William Holsinger, a shrewd observer of the Ohio political scene for more than twenty years and a participant for almost as long, was a sound "pro" in the best partisan sense, familiar with men and their interests, with group demands and feelings. In announcing and conducting her campaign, Frances relied heavily upon his advice, and when the special election was held on February 27, 1940, she won handily.

She took her seat in a congress which was facing some of the most difficult decisions ever required of a legislature in time of peace. The so-called "phony" war was in its last stages. A few days after her election, the Russians finally cracked the Mannerheim Line in the winter's war

on Finland, and in another ten days forced peace terms upon the little country whose magnificent defense had taken the world's attention from the Western Front. The great debate, as some historians have called the congressional deliberations over the most appropriate defense measures for America, was beginning.

Frances Bolton, as a freshman in Congress, was hardly in a position to influence that debate very much. But then neither were the veterans; events far beyond the reach of American influence, rather than logic or rhetoric, were to govern the final decisions.

Among her new colleagues, there was some curiosity as to how the first woman ever sent to the House by Ohio voters would behave. They saw a trim, very erect figure which seemed to belie the known fact that she was fifty-five years old. A Florida tan set off the bright blue of her eyes and the carefully selected costumes which were appreciated to the full for their taste and quality chiefly by the ladies of the press gallery. There was determination in the set of the firm chin, and a persuasive reasonableness in the soft but strong voice which was one of her chief assets on public occasions.

She herself felt very solemn as she took in the gravity of her responsibilities, but the one thought which was strong enough in her mind to linger there after the day was over was an almost awed wonderment: "What am I doing here?"

While a Mrs. Bolton was not regarded in legislative halls as one of the freaks of politics — as a Miss Rankin had been little more than twenty years earlier — the representative from Ohio faced a triple handicap of

prejudice. There was the easy assumption by most politicians that a congressman's widow need not be taken seriously. There was the deeper conviction shared, perhaps unwittingly, by some who paid lip service to the advantages of feminine participation in politics that women officeholders were emotionally unstable and politically unreliable, better off retired to private life as soon as possible. There was the suspicion that a very rich politician cannot share or further the aspirations of less well-to-do citizens.

She had the usual freshman assignment to committees of relatively small consequence in the eyes of political leaders; hers were Indian Affairs, and Expenditures in the Executive Departments. The first was congenial, since it dealt with the problems — educational, health, social and economic — of a minority which has seldom enjoyed either impartial justice or conscientious consideration in the Congress of the United States.

There was small chance that the Indians would get either in this third session of the Seventy-sixth Congress, which had been sitting since January 3 and would establish a new endurance record, 366 days. For the first time in history, the legislators remained officially on the job through a full calendar year, through the heat of summer, the excitement of national conventions, a presidential election and the rising tide of Nazi conquest. There was too much other business for the work of the Committee on Indian Affairs to attract much attention.

All the same, as she wrote later, Frances was "ashamed when I discovered the lack of understanding of the whole situation which existed in Congress." She thought that the

Indian Bureau officials "seem to be more interested in salaries than they are in education or some of the other important matters." She protested that the only bills which were enacted into law were "claim bills which took from the Indians and gave to the white man."

Fortunately a congressman's interest is by no means confined to committee assignments. Frances Bolton was soon counted as one of the assiduous, conscientious members on the floor in the long, tiring night sessions which were essential that year. She had the pleasure of observing the last months of that urbane and polished speaker, William Bankhead—he died in September—who presided over the House with much of the histrionic ability which had lifted his daughter, Tallulah, to stardom. Frances herself drew more comments than most newcomers during these lengthy debates because she was notably fresh while her supposedly more robust male colleagues wilted, allowing their collars to loosen and lines of fatigue to deepen.

In the great debate, which the pace of war accentuated, she was among those who wanted America to avoid entanglement on the side of the Allies. This was the overwhelming sentiment of the country, but there was sharp division on how it could be accomplished. Frances espoused the traditional concept of neutrality against those who argued that we must help our friends win sooner if we were not to fight later on. Therefore, she was labeled an isolationist by some, although one of the congressional supporters of "all aid short of war" thought her "far less isolationist than most people from her part of the

country." At least, in his opinion, "she knew who she was neutral against."

The first step in amending neutral policies already had been taken in the previous autumn when Congress had consented to modify its Neutrality Act to permit Americans to sell munitions of war, but not on credit, to any belligerent who would be responsible for getting them overseas. This "cash and carry" provision was being used by England and France to equip their armies, but as the new member took her oath of office, it became apparent that this would not be enough; they would soon run out of cash.

On April 9 the Nazi Wehrmacht struck Denmark and Norway, a month later Holland and Belgium; forty-nine days after the "phony war" exploded into action, the British were being evacuated from Dunkirk. In another three weeks, with the Germans settled in Paris and the Italians moving up from the south in their famous "stab in the back," France accepted a humiliating armistice and millions of Americans began to feel uncomfortably exposed to a menace which they had been sure never could touch us here.

Like most of her countrymen in and out of Congress, Frances Bolton had been horrified by the ruthless conquest of Germany's small neighbors, thrilled to Winston Churchill's blood, sweat and tears speech, hailed the heroism of Dunkirk, been dismayed by the fall of France. But she was not one who believed that these events called for intervention against the dangers to which America was exposed. Her opinion of Roosevelt had not changed;

she was not among the supporters of two prophetic requests he made of Congress in this period — a billion dollars for defense, to include fifty thousand airplanes, and a two-ocean navy.

In June, Representative Bolton took time out for two events which were almost as much a break with the traditional role of women in which she had been reared as her service in Congress. The first was at Colgate University, where she received her first honorary degree — an increasingly popular utilities executive named Wendell Willkie got one at the same time — and was further gratified by helping to unveil a bronze tablet commemorating Greatgrandfather Elisha Payne's contributions to the city of Hamilton. (It was too bad there were so few opportunities for wearing her academic costume; more than a year passed before she could note on a program inaugurating a new president of Lake Erie College: "First time I wore my Drs. Robes." Loyal Clevelander that she is, she valued a Western Reserve Doctor of Humanities degree much more highly.)

Later in the month, she was in Philadelphia for her second national convention, a Taft supporter but acquiescing willingly enough in the nomination of that political outsider, Willkie. These quadrennial circuses as yet did not provide feature roles for women, much less star billing, but Frances Bolton was one of the Republicans who endorsed the nominee's stand for a nonpartisan, nonvituperative approach to the war, although she was not in full agreement with him on all points. Nor was she one of the members of her party who berated two eminent Republicans, Henry L. Stimson and Frank Knox,

for accepting the War and Navy posts in Roosevelt's Cabinet a week before the convention met. She was glad to see what she regarded as qualified leadership enter the administration, whether or not the president's aim had been to divert partisan criticism from the defense program.

Most controversial of the problems she had to consider in her new post was conscription, which no responsible official up to now had dared press seriously in any emergency short of war. The Boltons' good friend, Representative James W. Wadsworth, of New York, was coauthor of the draft bill, and also one of the most attractive Republicans in Congress. With two terms in the Senate to his credit, he had taken the unusual step, after his defeat for a third, of seeking election to the House. At this time he was serving his eighth year in that body.

His friendship and enthusiasm were not enough to convince the new member immediately, and she spent every minute she could spare listening to the arguments for and against compulsory training as these unfolded at long hearings before the Military Affairs Committee. There was so much to be said for both sides that even at the end of July she had not made up her mind. Her mail was filled with such agitated questions as whether draftees would be properly fed and clothed and housed, what measures would be taken to safeguard their morals and their health, why greater efforts were not made to meet the demand for men by recruiting volunteers. Representative Bolton herself had a good deal of sympathy with those who expressed what she described as a feeling that Roosevelt's plea for the draft "is a red herring drawn

across the trail for the purpose of covering up the fact that New Deal methods are crippling industry and preventing business from moving ahead and actually co-operating in the defense program."

In the end, though, the argument that a show of strength might discourage an aggressor, might really be one of the means of averting war, tipped the balance. She was one of the few Ohio members of either party who gave the Wadsworth Bill real support although most of them voted for it when the showdown came on September 7.

Meanwhile she had been joined in Congress by another good friend, Margaret Chase Smith, of Maine. Mrs. Smith had been one of the congressional wives whose company Frances sought, and when Representative Smith died only a few months after Chester Bolton, Frances rejoiced that his widow, who had served as his congressional secretary, contested and won a special election on June 3 to fill the unexpired term.

During this summer both women decided that they were in politics to stay, not just for the empty compliment to their husbands. In the Twenty-second Ohio there was powerful male opposition to overcome. Some of the local politicians who had been most gracious in asking the wealthy Mrs. Bolton to run in February were annoyed that she should propose to keep the seat in Congress as her own in November. Their attitude was one of the factors in her decision, a typical bit of perverse feminine logic, they would have said.

"The men so much wanted to get me out that I determined they would have to put up with me," she says.

Actually she had better reasons. After more than fifteen years of seeking the means by which war might be eliminated from the minds of men, she saw the most terrible of all wars spreading through the world. The Congress of the United States was a strategic cog in the machinery which might yet keep America safe and in any event serve to renew the struggle for real and permanent peace. In the Congress, too, there was, she thought, an important place for a woman's point of view. And, finally, circumstances had led her into this congressional seat to promote principles in which she believed, and she recognized that in accepting candidacy in the first place she had assumed an obligation to fight for these principles. It was not in the Payne or Bingham tradition, as she understood it, to shirk such an obligation.

She won a primary fight against a man — her first and last — but the active campaigning was delayed more than usual as the Nazi blitz against England reached its full force. When electioneering did start, she took the stand that the country's defense came first, that European quarrels were not worth our sacrifices of men and liberties no matter how deeply our sympathies were involved. She argued, too, that the Roosevelt record was not one to inspire confidence in the Democrats' ability to build adequate forces or thread the best course through the maze of international dangers.

It was a time for rapid changes of opinion, and even seemingly contradictory opinions. At the height of the

campaign and of the Battle of Britain, only a week before the election, Representative Bolton was heard to express the considered view that the administration was using the European conflict for political purposes. For that reason, she said, the "poison of war propaganda is being poured over us from Washington every hour."

But she did not allow her partisan prejudices to becloud the main issue, and only a few weeks later an admiring Washington reporter thought that she had carried off debate honors among the women in the House for her tribute to England — a tribute which concluded: "Surely the world owes her too much for us to let her perish for lack of present and speedy help."

On domestic issues Frances Bolton was as irreconcilable a critic of the New Deal as her husband ever had been. This year she gave a substantial expression of her views by financing the publication of a new edition of a school text called *Ohio Builds a Nation*. It was intended, said the author and publisher, Samuel Harden Stille, to counteract what he considered the socialistic propaganda of textbooks written by proponents of the New Deal. Mrs. Bolton gave him moral as well as financial encouragement, assuring him that his was "a fine book" and thoughtfully sending an advance payment ahead of schedule "that you may have no immediate financial anxiety."

When the votes were counted on the night of November 6, however, it was obvious that the voters had disagreed with her, but still wanted her as their representative. Roosevelt ran well ahead of Willkie in the Twenty-second District, but Frances Bolton was elected by an

even larger majority than her husband had received; in her own right and in spite of the forebodings and objections of some male politicians, she had won the confidence of her constituency. Her decision to "try my own wings," as she put it, had been amply justified.

In her family, this year was notable to her for the marriages of her younger sons, Kenyon in June to Mary Peters, and Oliver in October to Adelaide Brownlee. But it was notable in another sense, too. She had refused the ten thousand dollar annual pension awarded to the widows of congressmen — as an advocate of government economy she thought it ill became her to accept money she did not need — but when she was asked if she intended to keep her own salary as a member she replied with an emphatic affirmative.

"I'm proud of it because it's the first money I've ever earned by myself," she explained, forgetting for a moment nine dollars she once got for jury service and the ten cents a bushel Father had paid for dandelions fifty years before when Cousin Fanny was a symbol of rebellious womanhood and the idea of a female in Congress was as remote as thoughts of a world war.

The House of Representatives which met on January 3, 1941, was plunged into momentous work from the start. This session, like the one before it, was to endure for the whole year, and the Great Debate waxed warmer as the months wore on. The chief results were the Lend-Lease Act in March, by which the United States dramatically reversed its position on neutrality to become in overwhelming fact the "arsenal of democracy," as well as the

arsenal of assorted nondemocratic Allies, such as Russia, and the extension of the draft in August. This latter passed the House by a single vote, so strong was the feeling that we could and should keep out of war by failing to prepare for it.

Representative Bolton voted with the opponents both times, but her views were undergoing gradual change. As Nazi divisions swarmed through the Balkans to overrun Yugoslavia and Greece, then turned to attack Russia in June, she had been intensifying her international studies and she was sufficiently nonpartisan to comment temperately on Roosevelt's message proclaiming an unlimited national emergency.

"The President," she said, "gave his view of the present confusion with a carefulness not always true of him."

She was not abdicating her critical faculties, however, and when labor disputes led Roosevelt to propose a draft of property as well as men, she demanded: "What further crimes against our free American government will we allow in the name of defense?"

Both the studies and the temperance were in part the result of her appointment to the Foreign Affairs Committee at the beginning of the session, her only assignment. Although her travels and general reading had equipped her better than most for the committee, she felt her inadequacy of information keenly when, embarking upon background research, she found that she didn't even know where to start. But she was able to devote a great deal of time, if she didn't sleep very much, to remedying this lack. Enlisting the help of Library of Congress experts, she plunged into a course of reading

which soon put her abreast of the veteran committee members — Charles Eaton, once a Cleveland minister, now a Republican leader from New Jersey; Sol Bloom, the dapper and unscrupulous chairman; Mrs. Rogers, the only other woman on the committee. She discovered that compatibility of views extended across party lines and cut through them in foreign affairs. She was as likely to agree with James Richards, an ex-farm boy Democrat from South Carolina, as with John Vorys, a widely traveled Republican from her own State.

A personal factor also influenced her thinking. By the time conscription renewal came before the House, her younger sons were in the Army; both had served for some time in the National Guard, and now would be mustered into the federal service. During her campaign, she had taken the position that armed forces should be built up only to repel attack upon the Western Hemisphere. But was it possible that the best defense might be measures to prevent such an attack?

Service on the Foreign Affairs Committee was developing a whole new train of ideas, and Representative Bolton was not ashamed to admit that she could change her mind. She did not put it on the ground of feminine prerogative either. In fact, she did not allow herself to be put on the defensive at all, but simply recorded in her votes and speeches the results of her studies and observations.

By the time the House voted on the draft extension, she had taken some measure of the danger from the Far East. The German thrust into Russia, initially so successful that in a few months Hitler was proclaiming that the Soviet Union "will never rise again," emboldened Japan

to place her fleet off defeated France's Indo-China and then occupy Saigon, a move that brought prompt reactions in Washington. Denouncing Japan as an aggressor — the aggressions had been going on for ten years — the United States imposed an oil embargo and forbade the importation of silk.

The inexorable march of conquest was hardly checked, although much valuable propaganda was unleashed, when Roosevelt and Churchill proclaimed anew the substance of Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points (boiled down to eight) in the Atlantic Charter. The meeting of the two leaders of the English-speaking world at sea was a dramatic interlude, underlining American support of Britain but without relieving tensions.

In March, shortly after the passage of Lend-Lease, Frances had managed a short vacation in Florida, writing to a friend: "I need it rather desperately and think, while the President fishes, I will lie in the sun."

This so strengthened her that during the long summer of congressional work, she was able to reach some decisions on the Payne Fund's experimental work in the media of communications. The techniques which she had hoped would plant a firm will to peace in the human mind were being used with brilliant effect and increasing frequency for war. But she stubbornly continued to promote the diffusion of peaceful information.

Typical of the Payne Fund efforts along these lines was a Rocky Mountain Radio Council, organized to keep dissemination of scientific and philosophical knowledge within sight of the advances and discoveries of the age.

Schools, colleges, museums, libraries, citizen's groups of various kinds and, of course, broadcasting stations all were enlisted in a series of programs which brought the best of current thinking to the classroom, clubroom and home. Educators and — what interested Mrs. Bolton more — those especially concerned with training in citizenship found the programs of immense aid to teachers, whether in the formality of a set course for children or the broader range of adult education.

On another front, she became Eileen Garrett's silent partner in the Creative Age Press which published a new magazine *Tomorrow* to deal with far more than the explorations of the unknown which was the original bond between the two women. First published in the fall of 1941, the monthly soon established a reputation among a limited audience for thoughtful "off-beat" articles and stories by new and well-established writers.

The other great consumer of time, for which every congressman must budget, was the day by day service to the constituency — replies to requests for favors, advice or information. With the biggest district in the United States, and one which included both industrial and agricultural areas, Representative Bolton found her mail was more voluminous than that of many senators and ran the full gamut of inquiry. Farmers wanted to know about crops and markets and just how to get benefits; businessmen had a thousand problems in dealing with the government, suddenly become the biggest customer in the world; mothers worried about their conscripted sons; immigrants or the children of immigrants wanted help in bringing

relatives from Europe, students wanted to get into West Point or Annapolis, and all sorts of individuals, qualified and otherwise, wanted federal jobs, pensions, contracts.

Congress never had provided staffs adequate to handle a member's official business efficiently. The people who demand service, it is always feared, would resent members voting for appropriations to give themselves the essential clerical help. The amount of money provided for secretaries and clerks, furthermore, is the same for all — for a representative of the Twenty-second Ohio with nearly 700,000 people, soon to soar over 900,000, and for a representative of the Fifth Illinois in Chicago, which at that time had 112,000. In Ohio itself there were three districts with fewer than 200,000 population each. Under the circumstances, it was a boon to her constituents even more than herself that Congressman Bolton had funds to employ additional staff as it became necessary. Soon she had the reputation of maintaining one of the most efficient offices of any legislator in Washington. Actually her quarters there were supplemented by a staff in Cleveland.

There is more to this sort of service than merely keeping the home folks pleased enough to vote for the incumbent. In a republic, the citizen's only reliable avenue of general approach to his government is through his representative in Congress. The member is there to vote his judgment, of course, but it is no less important that he really represent his constituents, in some cases with the zeal a lawyer should demonstrate in representing a client.

The year was drawing to a close before the busy con-

gressman had a chance for another brief respite. She went home to Cleveland for the first week end in December, and thought she never had seen Franchester looking so attractive. The domed ceiling of the living room with its dark oak paneling brought over from a house in which Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton once lived, the portraits of Paynes and Perrys and Bingham, the many pieces of furniture which, lovely in themselves, had intimate or historical associations, were wonderfully pleasing after the strenuous months in Washington, and the rooms were fragrant with flowers.

Of course, it was not possible just to relax in these beloved surroundings and forget the world. The Institute of Pacific Relations was having a regional meeting in Cleveland, and the topics were such that several members of the Foreign Affairs Committee with a desire for greater knowledge about the Far East wanted to attend. Frances had invited three of them with their wives to stay with her through the meeting. So she was with Karl Mundt, "Bob" Chipperfield, of Illinois, and John Vorys on Sunday morning, December 7, sitting with some forty other distinguished people around an open-center, square table listening to authoritative statements that Japan never would attack the United States.

The comfort of these words was short-lived. As the meeting dispersed for luncheon, Mrs. Bolton was informed that her office wished to speak to her on the telephone. Anticipating some routine request, she listened in stunned silence to the news of Pearl Harbor. When she had replaced the receiver, she saw in the faces of many around her that the conferees were being informed.

Ned Carter, white and anxious, wondered out loud to her how he should announce the disaster in the afternoon; did Mrs. Bolton wish to do it? She did not; she already was planning her departure.

Within a few hours she and her guests were on a plane for Washington. It was typical of her that one of her first acts was to snatch a few moments in an interval of the nation's plunge into war to write "my dear 'Household' " thanking them for the wonderful last week end of peace, since "the days ahead hold much darkness."

CHAPTER XIV

PICKING UP THE PIECES

IN the summer of 1943 Mackinac Island, close to the straits which connect Lake Huron to Lake Michigan, was a singularly tranquil spot in a world at war. After the heat and turmoil of Washington it was as refreshing to the spirit as the most invigorating breathing and stretching exercises. But six people around a table there were seeking an even more delicate harmony than that of nature. They were trying to hammer out of divergent views the basis of a new Republican Party policy on foreign affairs.

Frances Bolton and that former Cleveland pastor, Charles Eaton, represented the Republican members of the Foreign Affairs Committee; Senators Vandenberg and Austin, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; Governors Green, of Illinois, and Martin, of Pennsylvania, the state executives. They were part of a larger conference on the island at which the official opposition was building a platform on which, in the midst of war, it could present itself to the people of the country. The role of opposition takes on new complexities and new responsibilities when the nation is engaged in such a

struggle, and not the least of these in 1943 revolved around future relations with allies, enemies and neutrals.

In all her life, the one woman among the six never had faced so plainly awesome a task. In some respects, under our system of government, the minority can be more important than the majority. The minority can set the tone of political debate, decide where to attack, which issues shall be plunged into the arena of partisanship, which policies it will accept or reject. It must walk the fragile tightrope between failure to maintain legitimate, essential, alert criticism and the temptation to extend that criticism to possibly unpopular but nationally vital programs. The combination of vigorous dissent and admirable restraint is uncommon in politics, and few minority party leaders in American history have been notable for it. Certainly it was not a quality for which Vandenberg, Austin and Eaton, the best known of the six, were as yet generally admired.

As keen partisans — the soft-spoken Mrs. Bolton was by no means the least keen — they were there to draft a plank which would appeal to the people. They came to the conclusion that what was good for the country would be good for the Republican party. It was a sensible point of view. Every one of the six were so conscious of a curious force in their midst that they spoke of it together.

"We felt a powerful and compelling spirit among us," she said once, seeking to explain the mood of the meeting. "The men lost their acidity and ended their bickering. Finally, in complete accord we wrote the plank that put the United States into the world."

Some sort of divine guidance there certainly seems to have been, for when the finished work was presented to the full Mackinac gathering, even those who were called the most rigid isolationists accepted it. Clare Hoffman himself, a man of singular stubbornness, which many of his opponents thought was simple perverse blindness to any arguments except his own, actually agreed to the plank amiably, although it contradicted virtually everything he had been preaching for years.

More Republicans than Frances Bolton were awed by their experience at these sessions. Charles Eaton, never regarded as highly imaginative, remarked to his committee colleague as he walked out of the room beside her: "Something of this sort, magnified many times, must have happened during the writing of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution."

Something of this sort, too, happened to Frances Bolton, as to many others, throughout the war. The gravity of the danger in which the nation stood, the tragedies in a million families as casualty lists lengthened and multiplied, the sacrifices and the sense of dedication were reminiscent of 1917 on a larger scale. But a member of Congress was in a vastly different position from that which the wife of an Army captain had occupied.

Opportunity and obligation were enormously increased, but the basic problems were surprisingly similar, some of them at least. Once more the health-minded Mrs. Bolton was leading a fight for nurses, this time not so much to win for soldiers the right to professional care — that had been settled forever in Secretary of War Baker's

office a quarter of a century earlier — as to provide the training which would insure an ample supply of professionals.

Of course, the Mrs. Bolton of 1942 did not have to rely upon her unofficial persuasiveness, wait in outer offices or dodge behind pillars to avoid being caught in the act of participating in public affairs. The women's revolution had proceeded far enough in twenty-five years that the strategy and stratagems of 1917 were as remote as Florence Nightingale from the nursing problems of 1942.

Actually the shortage had been anticipated some time before Pearl Harbor, and a Bolton amendment to a 1941 appropriations bill had set aside \$1,200,000 to subsidize larger enrollments in schools of nursing. For 1942, she succeeded in having the figure raised, and in 1943 she introduced and won the enactment of what generally was called the Bolton Bill. This established a Cadet Nurse Corps with a program under which nearly 125,000 nurses were trained at 1,225 schools through grants covering the individual's tuition, fees, uniforms, maintenance and pocket money in return for a pledge to serve in the Armed Forces or essential civilian posts until at least six months after the end of hostilities.

The public and many other nurses as well were more interested in another Bolton bill under which nurses were actually commissioned. The novel sight of women with full military rank, not just the "relative rank" World War I nurses enjoyed, was one of the innovations of the war.

Legislation did not exhaust the congresswoman's role in wartime nursing activities. Most delicate of the problems she was called upon to help resolve was the use to be made of Negro nurses in the newly commissioned groups. She was among those who insisted that they be given full opportunity to prove themselves, and she was in England in 1944 to help one group do it.

This particular contingent of Negro nurses had finished their orientation course at a base near London, and hoped to be sent to a hospital at the recently opened front in France. Instead their orders read: "Prisoner of War Hospital, Prestwick, Scotland." Their response was in such a mutinous mood that their commander appealed to Representative Bolton to speak to them as a known friend of both Negroes and nurses.

She was listened to at first because her disappointed audience respected the work she had done in health, education and race relations. (She once summed up her attitude when, speaking to the graduating class of a Chicago nursing school, she urged: "You are the Negro race. Be proud of it — and then forget it.") But soon they were paying attention because of what she had to say as well as because of who she was.

No one in the world is so imbued with racial prejudices as the Hitlerite German, she told them. Here was an opportunity for a group of American girls to demonstrate what the war was all about by showing the prisoners — and all men — that the doctrine of Aryan superiority was nonsense. As Negroes, she went on, they could be proud that they were singled out for the assignment.

"They saw the point," the speaker commented. "Chins up and smiling, they went up to Prestwick and did a perfectly grand job."

The trip during which this incident occurred was part of what she herself considered one of the most valuable elements of her war service. The woman who, after World War I, had seen the need "to find the means to end war" was convinced that this need would be even greater after World War II. As a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, she was in a far more strategic position than any private person to help achieve that goal.

It was not enough for her to read reports and listen to the accounts of men and women returning from various fronts and bases around the world. Although two informants were her own sons, undergoing varied experiences in this country and abroad, she wanted to see for herself. More immediately, she also wanted a firsthand view of the hospitals being prepared to receive the expected casualties of the Western Front. Everywhere she went women asked her, and many more wrote, about the care the wounded and sick would get. Words would not relieve anxiety; Representative Bolton decided that if she could see this, too, for herself, she could make an adequate report to the families of men overseas.

This was not so easy. President Roosevelt had forbidden Army planes to carry civilians, and that included congressmen. After some correspondence with Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador, and authorities in London, Frances finally was able to take off on a BOAC plane for Shannon and England.

Military authorities, alerted by a cable from Chief of

Staff George Marshall that Mrs. Bolton was to visit hospitals as she pleased, assigned two medical "trouble shooters" to guide her. For six weeks she traveled to the hospitals, spending from two to four days in each so that she could come back with more than a superficial impression. She found time, too, to see Parliament in session during the nights of blackout and buzz bombs — she counted sixty of the latter one night — and noted the spirit of relief and hope.

She also noted the imperturbability of one M.P. who escorted her to the House through what seemed to her a hail of bombs. She laughed about it later, saying: "I made him run as he had never run before."

Then she flew across the Channel, wearing a nurse's uniform, for a tour of hospitals there — the larger bases and the smaller tent jobs where she saw war at close quarters. Long talks with nurses and doctors, with patients and orderlies, with lads on litters (some of them from Cleveland, too, which she was able to report to their families), were interspersed with difficult trips, mostly by jeep. It was all deeply moving, and perhaps the climax of it all was her arrival in Paris, just two days after the liberation. She was the first woman civilian to see the French capital freed of occupation troops. "What an experience!" she exclaimed in the midst of the indescribable outburst of joy.

On her return, she found that the trip was useful in an unexpected fashion. She got back in time to plunge into the campaign of 1944, and if she had been a critic of the Third Term, words almost (but not quite) failed to express her opinion of the Fourth. She developed, however,

thanks to her adventure abroad, a more congenial and constructive line than her views on the Roosevelt administration.

"I am working very hard talking many times a day about my experiences," she wrote to Kenyon. "So much easier than if I had to do flat Republican claptrap."

She was applying the lesson of those experiences to a world very different from that in which Frances Bolton had voted for the draft or indeed from any world anyone ever had known. The changes were symbolized for her by the passing of the fence around the old Payne home on Euclid Avenue. The railings to which a small Frances Bingham had clung to watch the McKinley parade in '96 were the first iron contributed in Cleveland to the scrap drive for a war which to millions made the McKinley era seem as ancient history as the wars of Caesar.

In this new world, Frances voted stanchly for the most sweeping war measures, but in anything else she was unwilling to abdicate her obligations as a congressman to the Executive branch of the government. It was she who, two years before the United Nations Organization was formed in San Francisco, called rather sharply to the attention of the House an Executive plan for the creation of a United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, drafted without a single member of the House or Senate committees dealing with foreign affairs being consulted.

She thought that this was "the shadow of things to come." Equally ominous from her point of view was the plan that the proposals, prepared by representatives of the United States, Britain, Russia and China, would be

submitted to a full conference of all the United Nations before any official congressional action was sought.

Representative Bolton assured the House that she had no quarrel with the objectives. The people of the United States, she thought, would want to take their full share in assisting the civilian populations of war-torn areas as they were liberated by Allied arms. But she did not like to see the people's representatives by-passed. She indicated an opinion that this procedure was a scheme by the Executive "for committing the United States to an agreement of vast implications imposing a moral obligation on the Congress for the fulfillment of these commitments."

No doubt her distrust of this manner of conducting foreign affairs stemmed in part from the fact that it was the Roosevelt administration which proposed this high-handed procedure. But she objected on more fundamental principle, too. In her studies she had reached the conclusion that assurance of peace would be found only in the minds of men. The Congress and not the Executive, in her opinion, represented the people and therefore was more likely to reflect and influence the minds of Americans. She was well aware of the ways in which Congress by action and talk in Washington, by the impact of members upon their constituencies, can guide and sometimes even mold public opinion. For her this argument outweighed the plea that the president is the only officer elected by all the people and, therefore, a more fitting spokesman.

Nursing and foreign affairs did not, and, in the nature of a congressman's work, could not occupy her exclusively.

She was carrying her full share of the normal legislative routine, and more than her share when bills concerned improving the conditions of family life under emergency conditions. She was especially active in behalf of federal support of day nurseries where women workers in war plants could send their small children.

"It was my vote in Congress that proved to be the deciding vote in favor of the bill to continue temporarily the government day nurseries," she wrote after the fight was won.

As a woman and a householder, there were other ways to serve, some of them enjoyable. As she had taken in her husband's friends and colleagues in World War I, so now the Wyoming Avenue house became headquarters for assorted comrades of her sons, achieving by the war's end some reputation among them as "The Club Bolton." One youth spent a happy four years there. Others came and went, sometimes five or six at a time, and it was a matter of pride with their hostess to give them all the comforts of an extremely well-managed, well-equipped home.

On the floor of the House, she was something of an inspiration and mentor for at least one new member. The Democrats of Los Angeles had increased the feminine contingent in Congress by electing Helen Gahagan Douglas, a former Broadway star of the first magnitude. She and Frances grew to like each other in spite of their often violent political disagreements. Like her Republican colleague, Mrs. Douglas often overworked, even to the point of being warned that her heart might not continue to stand the strain. Sometimes, drooping in a meeting of the Foreign Affairs Committee, to which she had

been assigned, she would receive a pencilled note from the other side of the table: "How about sitting up straight and giving your heart a bit more room?"

The actress-legislator noted that Mrs. Bolton herself was so erect that people who knew her only slightly occasionally thought she had her nose in the air from arrogance. She always looked as if she had just finished a most refreshing exercise. After one particularly fatiguing committee session, the new member felt "a frightful hag." She gazed with amazement at her friend, who, although fifteen years older, had not a hair out of place, not a wrinkle in jacket or skirt, and was moving with sprightly step toward the lounge.

"Frances," the younger woman demanded, "how do you do it? What keeps you so fresh through this awful grind?"

"My dear, it's very simple," was the reply. "When you feel that you can't stand it any longer, go to your office and do just whatever you feel like — sing, dance, scream, oh, anything."

"Hmmm," Mrs. Douglas murmured doubtfully, "what do you do?"

"Oh, me, I stand on my head."

The fine quality of surprise in her companion's expression was not acting.

"You don't believe me? Come and try it."

Whereupon the dignified Mrs. Bolton matter of factly stood on her head and explained to her colleague how easy it was and how it cleared her brain of weariness and strain.

She was easily aroused by unfair implications in act

or speech. One day an "honorable member" flung into debate a nasty slur on the patriotism of the Californian's husband, who had interrupted one of the most successful of modern stage and screen careers to serve as Major Melvyn Douglas of the United States Army. His wife had to listen helplessly.

Says Representative Mary Norton, who described the scene: "Quietly and with great dignity, Mrs. Bolton got up from her seat on the Republican side, came across the aisle and sat down beside Helen. Never was I so proud of being a woman in politics."

On another occasion in committee it was the quiet, dignified Mrs. Bolton who was the object of a member's invective — "a distraught old gentleman," she remembers charitably, but using "strong and bitter language." Suddenly a rich, strong, resonant request that the gentleman yield — congressmen seldom heard the once famous Gahagan stage voice — startled him into acquiescence. Then Mrs. Douglas spoke with deep feeling but strongly and with such good arguments that the choleric member later made amends.

The war in Europe was ended before Frances could carry out the most ambitious of her projects for preparing herself for the problems of peace. This was another study trip abroad, an official one carrying the prestige of the United States Congress. Popularly denominated "junket," with all that term's connotations of conviviality and irresponsibility, such an excursion by the serious-minded often does more to enlighten its participants on

the facts of international life than any amount of reading or hearings in Washington.

Before the trip began, Representative Bolton had achieved quietly but effectively a reorganization of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. On her recommendation five permanent subcommittees were established, each specializing in a large section of the globe, corresponding to the area divisions in the State Department. The idea was that members inform themselves and then the full committee and the Congress on situations and events within their territories. It was a reform carried through in what was beginning to be recognized as the Bolton manner.

"Frances often is most active on behalf of an issue when she seems to be doing nothing," Margaret Chase Smith has said. "She approaches a problem with skill and versatility, learning just who should be talked to or won over before she moves. She can subordinate herself to the goal, too, when that seems the best strategy, and she has a great talent for reconciling people and conflicting points of view. One reason for her success is that she has mastered the technique of disagreeing agreeably."

Her tact was equal to the task of overcoming congressional inertia, a formidable obstacle in an institution which resists change in procedures almost instinctively. When the subcommittees were established, she selected for herself the one on Eastern Europe, the Balkans and the Near East. There was immense satisfaction in assuming an official, responsible role in connection with countries where some of the philosophies which had had the

most profound influence on her intellectual and spiritual development had originated. At once stimulating and sobering was the fact that the subcommittee was also the first line of congressional information about Russia; it was obvious that the key to postwar foreign policy would be the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union.

She was the only member of the subcommittee with firsthand knowledge of any of the areas they were to visit. The other members were Thomas S. Gordon, the chairman, a Chicagoan whose chief public service had been in municipal office; Joseph F. Ryter, a thirty-one-year-old freshman from Connecticut; and Karl E. Mundt, a sportsman and something of a student of oratory, who had been successively a teacher, a farmer and a real estate man. On August 12, 1945, the four, accompanied by a few State and War Department specialists, set out to see as much of their territory as they could manage in two months.

Frances had made a good many trips to Europe since she and her sister had been packed off in the care of "Aunt Annie" Ward, but none which would have been so bewildering, not to say shocking, to the Bingham and Paynes of 1900. This time she was traveling alone with three men, and yet not an eyebrow was lifted anywhere along Euclid Avenue! She herself had shed so much of her upbringing that it never occurred to her to be surprised.

The quartet's most important mission, as she saw it, was to gain some insight into Russian aims and tactics. That strange ally's military exploits had won for her a

great fund of good will in the United States, and it was being cleverly exploited. But the harsh realities of Communist policy in "liberated" countries were dissipating that fund rapidly. Of firsthand information from inside Soviet borders, however, there was remarkably little.

The group's first two weeks were spent in waiting for clearance to penetrate what was just beginning to be called the Iron Curtain in their own plane. The Russians' reluctance to allow foreign aircraft to fly in their atmosphere was not an auspicious beginning but the time was not wasted. They saw enough in a short time in France, England and Germany to set down in a report drafted largely by Mrs. Bolton some prophetic forebodings.

The splintering of French politics was proceeding as merrily as if there never had been a war or an occupation, a clear indication of "difficulties in establishing a government with strength enough to sustain itself during the difficult years of recovery." In one sentence, the report summed up the weakness which was to render France virtually helpless for a decade or more to come.

In Germany, the visitors were less harsh in their judgment of the American occupation authorities and policies than many other critics. The congressmen recognized obstacles posed by the obvious devastation, the sullen spirit of many Germans, the necessity for relying upon men over seventy for any sincere cooperation, "too old to assume the difficult task but still the only ones available." Even worse was the division of the country into four zones of occupation, "a policy of confusion." In urging the adoption of a system of unified control, the four were going counter to an influential segment of

American opinion which, so far from wanting German unity, proposed a permanent partition.

For Frances, her visit to Berlin had some personal compensations despite the pervading smell of death and foul water. She was able to see a good deal of two young majors, her son Kenyon and her nephew Dudley Blossom, both attached to the forces of occupation. It was fun to be with them, to be a guest at Ken's quarters for a few days, to revisit Sans Souci and the Cecilia Hof, where the Bingham girls had been awed by imperial magnificence forty-five years before. It was with quite different emotions that she saw evidence of a stubborn spirit among the Germans and listened to their complaints of how much the Russians had stolen.

"They are as arrogant as ever," she declared. "A couple of men walking down the street and expecting me to get off the sidewalk to let them go by recalled my first visit when a Prussian officer pushed me into the gutter so he could pass. This time I remained on the sidewalk."

Even more significant was the fact that, when the party moved east to Czechoslovakia, their clearance came from Moscow. The country was not yet under complete Communist domination, but signs of that fate were everywhere — red flags, pictures of Stalin, tight Russian control of airports, the discouraging comment that here UNRRA was "almost entirely a Russian show."

"A much more active American interest program is essential in Czechoslovakia immediately," the four reported, noting that the freedom-loving Czechs were hungry for United States news, periodicals, radio and films.

Poland was even more discouraging. Warsaw, the most desolate city of any they saw, was a tragically appropriate background for the Communist regime which, put in power by Russia, was clamping a remorseless grip upon a miserable population. Flying low over the countryside, Representative Bolton was struck by the deserted fields. In the countryside, the only activity was on the roads, herds of cattle and trains of wagons moving steadily in one direction, east toward Russia. In the cities, where the heavily armed Russian soldiers patrolled endlessly, there seemed small hope of a reversal of the tide unless a genuinely free election could be obtained under supervision which the United States would have to share. She and her colleagues agreed that "the indulgence of our own government" in Poland made such a prospect highly unlikely.

The high point of interest was reached, of course, when at last the permission to fly into Russia arrived, granted reluctantly — after three urgent cables and a visit of our Ambassador to Stalin himself. But it allowed the party unhampered movement to Leningrad in the north and flight to Stalingrad and Baku in the south. Like most visitors before and since, the group experienced the pleasant cordiality of individual Russians and the adamant rigidity of Soviet officialdom. Like other visitors, too, they were bewildered by the glaring contradictions in Soviet theory and practice.

But they had the advantage of enlightenment from men near the top, and one day Frances heard Andrei Vishinsky, whose voice and features were to become familiar to Americans who listened to UN debates, explain: "Oh, but my dear friends! You must understand

Communism constantly changes. Marx gave the ideology, Lenin interpreted it, and Stalin is applying it and making of it a Russian phenomenon."

"And what a phenomenon it is!" she exclaimed.

It explained the drabness of the overcrowded homes, the deficiencies of an economy entirely regimented from the top, the size of the swollen military establishment, the all-pervading censorship. At the same time she was almost overwhelmed by The Red Square, "the most impressive thing you've ever seen," even when it was empty. But one night, the night of V-J day, she saw it full, and wrote in her journal:

The great red wall topped by the Kremlin already shimmered in fresh gold leaf, against which the Norway pines stood out in rare beauty and Lenin's tomb in front — The church at the far end with its onion-shaped towers — And every inch of the pavement packed with people who stood silent as the 48 guns roared their salvos and the fireworks crackled and sparkled overhead. Only little children moved, and they clambered about, shoving and pushing themselves through the forest of human legs. No joy anywhere, no enthusiasm — just great throngs watching in silence. Did they even know Russia had joined the Allies for just four days?

Even in the midst of this odd celebration, she wondered what would be the result of those four days, how long it would take Russia to develop her industries sufficiently to equip her own armies. On the basis of what she and her companions observed, they wrote hopefully of "a real opportunity for the USSR and the USA to develop friendly and mutually profitable and helpful relations during the peace period which lies ahead." But Soviet ambitions were clear enough to them that they added: "The first

essential prerequisite is the immediate abandonment of any semblance of appeasement in our own negotiations and relations with Russia."

Few Americans since have seen as much of Russia as this group. They were in Leningrad where, despite memories of the great siege, Frances found a lighter spirit. They saw Stalingrad and farm collectives, factories and schools. They were shown versatile little vehicles which proud Russians displayed as a triumph of Russian skill but which Frances recognized as American jeeps.

Riding in Moscow's much vaunted subway with an Intourist "guide" one day, she found herself beside a young woman with blond curls and blue eyes whose hand reached out to feel the visitor's topcoat. The girl herself was dressed in a worn wool suit, and Frances knew casual conversations were not on the list of what her guide should countenance. But she started one anyway: "What are you?"

"An engineer," was the reply. "Oh, yes, I have the same education and pay as the men."

"Somehow," says Frances, "we spoke of clothes, as women can. She exclaimed over my coat, and then said with stars in her blue eyes, 'In a few years we shall begin a new five year plan and then I, too, will have a coat as beautiful as yours.' For Holy Mother Russia, those stars — I wish I saw them in the eyes of our American youth!"

In more formal contacts, the travelers collected a mass of information on prices, labor, agriculture, family life, the distribution system and even the government. Impressed by the seeming friendliness of Russians as individuals, they were reflecting no more than the normal

optimism of the day when they spoke of the chances for "an enduring era of peace between the USA and the USSR."

In Moscow the congressional party divided. The two Democrats, Gordon and Ryter, returned to the United States; Mundt and Mrs. Bolton flew on to complete their mission through the Near East and the Balkans. To Frances, whose mystical attachment to the bridge between Asia and Europe was reinforced by more material relations, it was a sort of coming home. Here was the land of philosophies she had studied and tried to live by. Here too, in Istanbul above the beautiful Bosphorus, she visited the Mary Payne Bingham Hall at the Women's College which her brother Will had built in memory of their mother.

But she remained an alert congressman. She noted the desire of Eastern countries, no matter how weak or disorganized, to be free from foreign tutelage or domination. This was true in Iran, still an unwilling host to British, American and Russian troops. It was true in Iraq where Western-educated young men chafed at being governed by "advisers" drawn from the lower reaches of the British Civil Service. It was true in Syria and Lebanon, which had become independent during the war and were demanding an end to the last vestiges of French control. It was true in Egypt, where nationalist spirit was strong in urging the departure of British troops at once and complete independence in rapid stages.

There was a flavor of the Thousand and One Nights about her visit to Saudi Arabia. Here, after a night as guests of the Arabian American Oil Company, the con-

gressional party was transported in King Ibn Saud's private plane to the royal palace in Riyadh. The stern monarch, tall and forceful and distinctly handsome, looked like something out of the Arabian Nights. Frances was the first woman ever admitted to a conference with him, and tried through the interpreter to express her appreciation.

"Tell Madame," the royal diplomat replied gallantly, "that I could allow no tradition, however strong or old, to prevent better understanding between her great country and my own."

More dreamlike was a dinner in the royal harem. Here were His Majesty's current four wives — he kept changing them every few years, Frances learned, so that those who had experienced his favor could go back to their homes in various parts of the country to inspire loyalty to their lord — and about forty of his estimated 140 children. In a few minutes, thanks to the excellent English of the harem physician, a woman, the Arabian ladies and their guest were gossiping animatedly about the illnesses and exploits of their offspring. Then one of the hostesses expressed a shy admiration of the visitor's severe cotton suit. Frances, in turn, wondered how she would look in Arab costume. In a moment about fifty of them — wives, sisters, daughters, slaves — were busily helping her to find out. They milled around an enormous wardrobe out of which she chose pink trousers over which went a straight ankle-length garment of green and gold brocade surmounted by a voluminous robe of black net and sequins. They all took a hand in getting her into it, and then, properly veiled, Representative Bolton at the

king's order, went to the roof where her colleagues had dined on mutton, camel and sweetmeats.

She had a wonderful time, marred only a little by a vagrant thought that she probably had seen the last of her cotton suit, the only one she had with her. She indulged a passing worry about the impression she would make in Baghdad, their next port of call, when she stepped off the plane in her colorful but not exactly congressional garb. Later they returned to the White Palace, where a long row of cots awaited the men. For Frances, a huge four-poster and a frilled dressing table had been prepared in one corner of the roof, separated from the men by magnificent rugs draped from wires.

Next morning an attendant brought a neat little bundle which was the cotton suit, with Frances's shoes dangling from it by their laces. Overcome to learn that the splendid green and gold outfit was a gift, she also was relieved to get the cotton bundle back.

In the Balkans, as they moved westward, it was more apparent than elsewhere that, as she wrote, the capitulation of two armies does not of itself bring peace. Greece, less devastated only than Poland, she thought, was murmuring against the fate of small allies and people were saying more and more openly that only Russia had a strong, consistent policy. Italians, unchastened by the terms of a "soft peace," were threatening war to recover Trieste. Yugoslavia, under Marshal Tito's Communist dictatorship, was as firm in claiming the port. Despite the able, personable marshal's persuasiveness, Frances developed a strong sympathy for the disgraced Draja Mikhailovich. This wartime hero and his Chetniks, now

accused of treason and collaboration, were the victims of some rather crudely contrived photographic propaganda which Yugoslav officials displayed brazenly.

"German troops? Yes. Mikhailovich and Chetniks? Yes, but not both on the same photographs," she commented.

When she pointed out this rather obvious point, her informers grew angry, "gathered up the photographs and changed the subject." She and Mundt made a strong plea that an impartial international tribunal conduct Mikhailovich's trial, a forlorn hope.

In Hungary, despite the fact that "the Russians are running the show in the name of the Allied Control Commission," she thought that with United States encouragement a government might yet emerge which would impart "a comparatively large degree of freedom of action, freedom of decision, freedom of the press and freedom of expression." In Austria, she noted the difficulties of four-power rule while expressing a faint hope that it might still be worked out as the basis for administration in other former enemy areas.

All in all, the trip of twenty thousand miles through twenty countries had been a highly valuable education for at least one member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. She returned to the United States on October 13 as weary as she could remember having been in all her life, but fortified in spirit and understanding for her share in seeking solutions to the manifold problems she had seen at firsthand.

CHAPTER XV

THE COLD WAR

THE report of the travelers was not published until more than seven months after their return. By then some of their worst fears had been realized and their best hopes disappointed. Looking back, it is easy to see that the cold war began as soon as the hot war ended, but few Americans were willing to give up their dreams, and often their clashing viewpoints on how to win the fruits of peace provoked bitterness and strife.

In this new version of the Great Debate, Frances Bolton played a larger part than she had in her first term, but one that did not fully satisfy either side. She was a loyal Republican, acquiring some reputation as what leaders call admiringly "a sound organization congressman." But she rejected her party's line often enough to distress more regular colleagues, and her insistence on moderation in criticizing opponents seemed to extremists a betrayal of their cause.

She was the only Ohio Republican in Congress to vote for the first postwar British loan, one of two to support a four hundred million dollar bill to aid Greece and Turkey and the first general economic aid bill. She

backed compulsory military training as an adjunct to foreign policy because "I saw people who know only the language of force." She argued there was both German and Russian intrigue behind an early 1946 campaign to "bring the boys home." She spoke out for common sense in trade with Russia, upholding the thesis that we should continue to buy strategic materials at least until we developed alternative sources of supply. She was tireless in keeping before the House and the public the case of Mikhailovich, victim of a typical Communist trial during which the Yugoslav government informed Washington officially that it would be impossible even to discuss whether he was guilty or not. But when the administration later was harried for its plans to aid Yugoslavia, she informed her colleagues: "This is no time to squabble about the kind of friends we have."

She could condemn the president for "failing to keep our agreements, turning to vacillation and appeasement in Europe," and urge him "to get the Secretary of State [Byrnes] to straighten up and get firm." But when Senator McCarthy launched his first accusations that the State Department harbored Communists, she told the capital's League of Republican Women: "In my personal opinion, no man in a responsible position in the government, whether elected or appointed, has any justification in making charges against individuals unless he knows beyond a doubt that his accusations will hold, even in the Supreme Court."

Her own distaste for name calling, and what she once deplored as "a tragic amount of unworthy bitterness poured out on the floors of Congress," was giving her

some influence as a peacemaker. Even in private conversation, her harshest comment on opponents is that "they are behaving very badly." If she is caught in a crossfire of angry dispute, she is apt to find a way out by indirection. This technique she displayed early in the cold war when a meeting of the Committee on Foreign Affairs was delayed by absence of a quorum. The members, edgy and unhappy over reverses which American policy had suffered, improved the occasion by squabbling over who was to blame. Soon the air was as blue with strong language as with smoke. Few men in public life these days moderated their speech in deference to ladies (although General Eisenhower about this time rather charmed Frances by apologizing to her for using the phrase "hell of a fix" in her presence), but a girl who had learned manners from Clara Spence and the Marquesa de San Carlos de Pedroso never got used to it.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea if we all got up and sang?" she interposed mildly.

Eaton, who was committee chairman at the time, grinned and expressed agreement. The meeting did not turn into a song fest, but at least the harsh words ceased and, when a quorum finally was rounded up, business proceeded in an orderly fashion.

On domestic issues, Representative Bolton was counted as more "regular" than she appeared to be in foreign affairs. But here, too, she went her own way often enough to exasperate some party leaders in her own state. She went down the line for the Taft-Hartley Bill, except for opposing an amendment to outlaw the union shop as well as the closed shop.

Her conciliatory instincts were evident here, too. Feeling that members were allowing resentment of recent strikes to color their thinking, she said in the course of one debate: "And I insist, Mr. Chairman, that we should discipline ourselves as well."

Her attitude on this and other labor measures, however, won her the official and continuing opposition of the CIO-AFL. But, the only Ohio Republican to vote for public housing, she sponsored a bill more liberal than the one urged by Truman. She argued that "to ignore the needs of our people because of the money involved is exceedingly poor economy."

"I guess you will have to purge Miss Bolton," the legislative counsel of the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association wrote to the head of an Akron company in a letter which he sincerely regretted after it was spread on the record, partly because it exposed him as a lobbyist who didn't even know that an influential congressman had been married.

This purging was easier said than done. The voters of the Twenty-second liked Frances Bolton. She got a good deal of labor's vote despite her Taft-Hartley record; she thinks perhaps because of it. She held the majority of the old isolationists, although a newsletter she sent weekly to her constituents after the war preached a pretty advanced internationalist creed. She had ardent Jewish defenders against the attacks of some Zionists who tried to brand her as anti-Semitic because she insisted the Arabs also had rights.

Her campaigns were always well organized. Rich as she was, she did not spend more than the law allowed on

them, and most of this was from contributors rather than her own purse. She was more than averagely pleased by this evidence of support, but then she never quite got used to her position. Writing to her brother Will once to thank him for his campaign donation, she added: "As I dictate this, it strikes me as so funny that little sister Francie is going to be bill-boarded, etc.!!!"

Those who accompanied her in her electioneering understood why neither sneers at her wealth nor attacks on her record could shake the loyalty of an unusually diverse constituency. Driving herself around her huge district in a moderate-priced sedan, she was an eager, tireless campaigner. She was at her best at union outings, the dedications of suburban churches, farmers' Granges, P.T.A. meetings. All through her sixties she kept the physical energy of thirty — and rather more than she herself had had at that age.

At Alta House, a settlement she had known well since the Brownies were a supply service for the Visiting Nurses, she demonstrated some of the dances which had been popular when she was eighteen. She could hold her own in the latest steps, too. At a truck drivers' picnic, she circled the floor in a succession of rapid, vigorous whirls in the arms of a brawny fellow who paused only once.

"Mrs. Bolton, you're the best dancer here," he assured her, and then swept her along at a giddy pace.

She was sixty-five then, and had tired out quite a succession of younger opponents. She also snowed them under in November, and usually was well ahead of her ticket whether it was a Republican or a Democratic year

—“the strongest political vote getter in the Twenty-second District,” says her colleague, George Bender, who has campaigned there himself both as representative-at-large and senator.

Her first experience of a Republican year, 1946, was exhilarating. She herself got the largest majority of any congressman in the country, rolling up 170,193 votes against a total of 76,032 for two opponents. When she went back to Washington in November, it was in the unaccustomed role of majority member, and one of her first statements was: “Punitive measures would bring only further bitterness.”

She was gratified that the capture of the Congress by Republicans for the first time in nearly twenty years gave her a new opportunity in her chosen field of foreign affairs. In the new session her committee set up a new Subcommittee No. 5 and appointed her chairman. It was charged with the responsibility of studying and reporting on national and international movements which sway the minds of men, and in the then state of the cold war it was obvious that the first such movement needing attention was communism. It was an assignment for which her 1945 trip and the Payne Fund studies had prepared her in part. For the rest, she enlisted the aid of the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress and the committee staff, a sounder if less spectacular approach than the interrogation of witnesses.

Her colleagues were a congenial group. Two of the three other Republicans, Donald Jackson and Franklin Maloney, were newcomers. The third, Chester Merrow, of New Hampshire, was an educator and lecturer on

international affairs who was serving his third term. The Democrats were Wirt Courtney, a lawyer and committee veteran, and Thomas Morgan, one of the few physicians in Congress.

Under their chairman's leadership, they produced a series of documents which are notable in the literature of the cold war for their temperate language and thorough factual content. The combination resulted in an utterly damning analysis of communism which has been one of the most valuable weapons in the ideological arsenal ever since. Subcommittee No. 5 proved that Communists, from Marx and Engels to Lenin and Stalin, have meant just what they said.

The evidence was accumulated in eight months of hard work, and the first of it published as a sort of countercelebration of the Communist Manifesto's one hundredth anniversary early in 1948. The initial three reports, and several later ones, were issued under the general title of *The Strategy and Tactics of World Communism*.

The first was a sixty-two-page analysis of the basic issue of the cold war, the Communist drive toward their goal of world revolution. Simple and clear, it showed how the apparent shifts in Soviet policy really had been consistent under the over-all theory which guides that policy. It summed up the strengths and weaknesses of communism economically and politically. Then it expounded our own strengths and weaknesses in meeting the challenge. The conclusion, by no means universally accepted in America, was that victory in the cold war could be won by keeping our own economy strong, since it was a car-

dinal point in Communist theory that capitalism must collapse; by stating our policies of peace and cooperation clearly, since it is Communist doctrine that we must seek to escape from our woes through war.

The second and bulkiest report, running to 238 pages, was a judicious selection of documents from *One Hundred Years of Communism*. They started with the Communist Manifesto itself and ended with excerpts from Foreign Minister Molotov's speech in 1947 on the thirtieth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. Reading these selections, even men who believed the wartime alliance might still be translated into peacetime collaboration were convinced that good will, essential to any partnership, was lacking on the Russian side. It was difficult not to agree with Eleanor Roosevelt, whom the committee quoted approvingly as pointing out that "basically we have been the ones to make the constructive offers and they have been the ones to refuse."

Ample supporting evidence was crammed into the third report, *Official Protests of the United States Government Against Communist Policies or Actions, and Related Correspondence*. A mass of documents covering forty-nine incidents from July, 1945, to December, 1947, they told a depressingly similar story in negotiations concerning Albania, Bulgaria, China, Hungary, Iran, Korea, Poland, Rumania, Russia, Turkey and Yugoslavia.

Special studies on Communism in the Near East, in China and in the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia followed. The whole series became approved manuals for foreign service officers and students of the problems which the strategy and tactics of world communism had

raised all around the world, "must" reading at West Point, Annapolis and the Army War College. One reason for their usefulness was that nowhere was there an attempt to use the many reverses that had to be chronicled as a peg for partisan advantage. At a time when there was a strong desire on the part of many in and out of Congress to attribute Communist victories in China to the mistakes or even treachery of the administration in Washington, Frances Bolton was stating her own clear conviction that this failure of United States policy went back to Hoover and had been compounded ever since.

"From that tragic moment in 1932 when we failed to protest the taking over of Manchuria by the Japanese," she said, "every move that we as a nation made has been unfortunate, whether we acted from ignorance, from a partial knowledge, or from a refusal to face facts."

Her own committee's reports faced facts stanchly. It was too bad that they were dimmed in the public mind by congressional and other inquiries which seemed to argue that the greatest danger was from Communists in our own midst rather than the world-wide Communist imperialism which the Bolton Committee exposed.

It hardly seemed possible that the busy life of Congressman Bolton could make room for the activities which Frances Bolton had considered important. But she managed her schedule with an efficiency which did credit to her training. She found hours for consideration of Payne Fund ventures, for the Parapsychology Foundation which Eileen Garrett headed and Frances financed, for other

work in the supernormal, even for a little music, a lot of household responsibilities and some of the joys of grandmotherhood.

Some of her earlier experiments had found new sponsors or were otherwise self-supporting. In the margin of a Payne Fund report of nice things said about the Institute for Education by Radio, long since independent of Bolton money but still commanding Bolton interest, Frances scribbled: "One of our best children!" Richards' work in Basic English was able to stand on its own by 1950, although the Payne Fund stood ready to meet an emergency. Meanwhile, the founder studied applications for new programs and expanded the Payne Fund scholarships which financed the education of promising young people from many lands.

Through the Payne Fund, also, she began to channel some of her contributions to established institutions, but by no means all, and it was part of her homework to keep them straight. This was not always much fun as she had some distaste for financial jottings.

"It has always seemed to me that men keep books in order to confuse simple issues," she complained.

However, she could read a set of books to some purpose when she wanted, and one of her friends thought her the true niece of Colonel Payne in her ability to handle money. She managed a nice blend of minute attention to where the money went and lofty aspirations for the purposes. On visits to New York she scanned, and still scans, the books of the Parapsychology Foundation with the eye of an auditor or goes over a budget for the coming year

in exact detail, then plunges into esoteric discussion of what experimenters like J. B. Rhine at Duke University or Gardner Murphy at the Menninger Clinic are doing. In fact, it was her money, contributed over a period of several years, which financed some of Rhine's notable studies at Duke.

Singing lessons no longer could be fitted into her week, but she replaced them with frequent Tuesdays of music at her home where select congressional talent often could be heard, "mostly the older members such as Roy Woodruff and Karl Stefan," she says. Woodruff, a Michigan stalwart of imposing seniority, really was getting on, but Stefan, a Bohemian-born former messenger boy, was just a year older than she. Sometimes younger voices were raised, including that of her Ohio colleague, George Bender, who offers this analysis of their merits as singers: "Congressman Bolton sings better. I sing louder."

For a couple of years, she indulged herself with a little music in the mornings. The friend and neighbor who had been her accompanist before the war would come over for an hour's intensive practice before she left for the office. The fun was turned to good use, ending the session always with the same song, a signal to the domestic staff that Congressman Bolton was about to begin her day. All this prepared her for a performance which many a professional artist might have bungled. She was trapped into singing Brahms's "Lullaby" on Ted Mack's *Amateur Hour* — a recording which she didn't know had been made convinced him this was the ideal voice among the V.I.P.'s he had recruited to open a national Heart Drive

— but it all came off very well. In fact, a nationwide poll of listeners voted her as tops on the program.

All these activities drew from her the same intense application she gave to her congressional work, so that when an interviewer asked what were her hobbies, she replied, "Hobbies? My hobby is living."

The tyranny of things pursued her, and hours which must have been diverted from sleep or work went into the details of managing her material possessions. To the caretaker of her Florida house she wrote careful instructions on caring for plants and trees after a hurricane. When she was expecting guests at one of her homes where she would not be in person, she sent longhand instructions on how furniture was to be rearranged. She did not delegate to anyone the responsibility for deciding when rugs were sent to the cleaners.

"You see, I am a Connecticut Yankee and a realist," she wrote with only partial accuracy.

The results of her care, although overly burdensome to her, she realized, paid off in the pleasure people took in visiting her various establishments. A typical reaction was that of Emily Taft Douglas, the attractive representative-at-large from Illinois who was blazing a political trail for her husband, the future Senator Paul Douglas. A visitor at Franchester for a meeting during a steaming summer, Mrs. Douglas remarked: "I wonder how she could bear to return with me to the heat and drudgery of the congressional life in Washington."

One of the attractions was that she had grandchildren there, as well as some in Cleveland. Between 1942 and

1949, a growing array of charming baby portraits ornamented her table, crowding out a collection of miniature elephants. Kenyon, with four boys and a girl, was in Washington with the State Department until the middle of 1949, a few months after the birth of his twins, when he went to Paris as a special assistant to the ambassador. Oliver's two sons and daughter were in Cleveland, where their father was practicing law with diminishing enthusiasm. He was growing more interested in politics, active in Young Republican clubs, and one summer took on Bill Holsinger's duties as his mother's campaign manager. That exacting lady reported that he did them "tremendously well" too.

Representative Bolton's steadily increasing stature in politics was evident when the Republican Convention met in Philadelphia in 1948 to nominate what seasoned observers were sure would be the next president. She attracted great attention as the second woman to address the full convention. Clare Booth Luce, who had upset precedent by speaking in 1944, had entertained the delegates with one of her witty, acid speeches the night before. Frances, "gracious, white-haired," impressed the *Christian Science Monitor* as "softer of tongue though no less forceful in impact."

In a black and white print dress with a big Kelly green straw hat, green shoes, and accessories and a corsage of yellow roses, she was the most beautiful woman on the rostrum in the opinion of at least one reporter, who regretted that television did not do her justice. Her carefully prepared address was a plea to women to elect a Republican administration for a good old house-

cleaning job. Rejoicing both as a woman and a friend over Margaret Chase Smith's victory in the Maine senatorial primary the day before, she departed from her prepared text to predict that the happy event was a good omen for her sex and her party.

Her own opinion of the convention was evident in a hope that future ones would dispense with the galleries, allowing the people to be informed on the actual business through the press, radio, and above all television. She took her part in the circus bravely, however, marching with the Taft forces through a hall which, she reported, was like a furnace. She thought they staged the best demonstration of a rather corny lot, with their banners waving and George Bender ringing a big dinner bell so hard he painfully blistered his hands. After the whoop-la was over, Thomas E. Dewey of New York won the prize for the second time, and Frances reported approvingly on Taft's philosophical acceptance of his defeat.

"After all," he told the Ohio delegates that night, "I have perhaps the finest job in America just where I am in the Senate."

Truman's victory in November was a stunning blow. The campaign was a bitter one, Representative Bolton's almost lone voice protesting, "What good is vituperation — namecalling?" She was drowned out by a chorus of invective. She was as angry as anyone, but she confined her remarks to matters of fact. She was furious when the president called Congress into a special midsummer session, "purely for political purposes," she said. But she contented herself with describing his rebuff at the hands of the indignant legislators. It is customary at a joint ses-

sion of the two houses for everyone to stand and clap, politely if no more, when the Speaker announces "the President of the United States."

"This time," Frances wrote, "not one person rose, not one person, Democrat or Republican, applauded."

Her disappointment with the November count was tempered only a little by her own election. For the first time, though, her majority dropped below thirty thousand; she was the only Republican to carry Cuyahoga County (Cleveland) at all.

Other honors came to her. The American Social Hygiene Association, of which she was a longtime vice-president, awarded her its Snow Memorial Medal "for distinguished service to humanity," the first woman recipient. Meharry Medical College, a leading institution for training Negro physicians, elected her to its board of trustees and asked her to give the commencement address. The Institute for Education by Radio recognized her as its honored parent with a life membership.

In Congress she took her return to minority status gracefully. She noted good-humoredly that Truman's State of the Union message "threw the book at us." His remarks made her wonder whether Congress could get along with him, though, because "cooperation is a two-way street." She herself was willing to go rather far along it. At a time when Secretary of State Acheson was under hot fire, she wrote warmly in her newsletter for constituents that she had heard him deliver "a brilliant statement on foreign policy."

Her own policy in essentials was not too far from his;

they differed rather more widely in methods. She could endorse the Point Four idea of help in expanding the economics of underdeveloped countries because she had urged something of the same sort herself nearly two years earlier. In April, 1947, she had outlined a program for long-term loans without interest to help these areas build dams and irrigation systems, power plants and transportation, with due precautions to insure the benefits for all the people. She thought a Republican administration would do it better, but she was willing for a Democratic regime to do it rather than not have it done at all.

She had high hopes that the Council of Europe, "the most exciting thing in the Western World," presaged a genuine constitutional federation for Europe. She was one of a bipartisan group which proposed the Near East for the first Point Four experiment so that the area, including Palestine, might become as much of a breadbasket as the Ukraine. She opposed the development of the hydrogen bomb, saying she doubted whether those who wanted it had any real conception of what it might do to the world, and besides, "it would play right into the hands of Russian propagandists who call us warmongers."

All in all, she was an optimist. After attending a memorial service for Gandhi on the first anniversary of his death, she noted: "The reality of spiritual force pervaded me, the universality of truth enveloped me and I came away renewed in body and soul . . . (with) new courage and certain hope that one day all will live together in understanding."

A few weeks later the House heard her quoting Kahlil

Gibran, a most unlikely source of congressional inspiration: "Trust the dreams for in them is hidden the gate to eternity."

She was becoming, too, something of a champion of women's interests. She took a leading part in the long struggle to legalize the sale of colored oleomargarine because she thought women ought to be allowed to have it on their tables. She interrupted a speaker who was arguing that his bill was for the benefit of buck privates, demanding: "You spoke of the buck privates. What about the does?"

She wrote and spoke increasingly on women's role in public life, on the family from a woman's point of view, on women in the professions. When it was argued that members of her sex should not be drafted, she objected: "I am afraid that gallantry is sadly out of date, and as a woman I find it rather stupid. . . . We can easily guard against any threat to marriage and the home. . . . Woman's place includes the saving of that home."

But as she approached the tenth anniversary of her congressional service and the sixty-fifth of her life, it was the Far Eastern situation that absorbed a major part of her energies. The Nationalist government and army had withdrawn to Formosa. But there was, in Representative Bolton's view, an even better bastion for the free world in Asia. This was the Republic of South Korea, and nearly a year earlier, in supporting a Korean aid appropriation, she had spoken of it as "a little oasis in the desert of communism" and "the rallying point from which Asia may be saved from the Communists."

On January 19, 1950, she rose in the House to empha-

size this point. The administration had asked for sixty million dollars for economic aid to South Korea, and she made one of her strongest efforts on its behalf, comparing Korea to Finland as an island of hope. Once again she was at odds with all her Ohio colleagues. Once again she was in substantial agreement with Helen Gahagan Douglas, who had just spoken.

But Frances pointed out: "My colleague from California suggested that if we had not been as fast as we were, we would not have had half of Korea. I would remind her that we have had testimony showing that if we had been able to get there a little faster, we would have had more of it. But our troops were too far south to get them there before the Russians could reach the thirty-eighth parallel. Here is this little republic fighting its way. We know well that the best soil for Communistic control is starvation and discouragement. Above the thirty-eighth parallel they have the power plants and they have all the ease. If we give help to the South Korean Republic to put up power plants near the coal mines, they can then mine their coal, they can also build and run railroads, there is every possibility that that little seed will grow into a very thriving economy."

Mrs. Bolton was willing to admit that our mistakes in the Far East went back a long way, were not the monopoly of any party.

"My very able colleague from California," she went on, "spoke a moment ago of the understanding that is necessary if we are to have a peaceful world. . . . The peoples of that world who are struggling up from difficulty and ignorance, who are freeing themselves from

foreign domination do need leadership. This is so throughout the world, and, unless we find a way to give them leadership, they will fall into hands that will make the world a very unsafe place for us. . . . I am not saying it is my opinion that we should give and give and give without any question, without any attempt to curtail extravagance. But I do feel very strongly that there is a force far greater than the military force, a force that comes from the hearts of a people."

CHAPTER XVI

REWARDS AND PENALTIES

AID for South Korea was defeated on January 20, 1950, by 193 to 191, and the damage was only partly repaired some weeks later when the House reconsidered. The change of heart was due in part to the activities of a few members such as Congressman Bolton. But they could not restore entirely the world's loss of confidence in the firmness of the American policy of economic help to underdeveloped countries, especially in the Far East. And in June Communist armies swept into South Korea.

To Frances Bolton, it was apparent that, whether called war or police action, the conflict was bound to be long and costly. Although no great friend of government regulation in general, she introduced and argued for an immediate "freeze" on both prices and wages. In August, in a House less than a quarter full, she was beaten, 58 to 42; five days later, with only a few more present and willing to be counted, she lost again by 98 to 66. The cost to the people in inflated prices, she was convinced, ran to many billions of dollars.

It was at the end of that month that she delivered the most violent attack of her career upon the Roosevelt-

Truman foreign policies. From many members of her party, her remarks would have been considered mild criticism indeed. But the lady from Cleveland was better known for feeding opponents than for chastising them verbally. She so often said of someone with whom she disagreed, "Let's get him to dinner and thrash the whole thing out," that people in Washington were beginning to repeat it as one of her "persuasive mottoes."

However, on this occasion her disgust with what she regarded as Democratic blunders in the Far East brimmed over, and her distaste for recrimination was submerged. Also she had been asked to deliver the keynote address at the National Federation of Republican Women's Clubs; perhaps the partisan atmosphere sharpened her tongue. At any rate, she did not hint this time at possible contributing mistakes by administrations before Roosevelt's.

"The shameful agreements of Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, the blundering methods that have resulted in placing over half a billion people of the world under the Soviets are strictly the outcome of the policies of the New Dealers," she said with more than her accustomed heat. "Republicans had no part in their inception and have no responsibility for their failure."

She went on to say that from 1944 to the outbreak of the Korean War, United States policy in Asia "was based on abject appeasement of Soviet Russia." She invited her audience to draw a conclusion which she herself did not, at least had not in public, when she spoke of Roosevelt's negotiations abroad "with Alger Hiss at his side." This,

of course, was a reference to the accusation, freely spread about, that Hiss as a Soviet agent had influenced the whole trend of American foreign policy.

At this time she was engaged in what political reporters in Ohio and she herself regarded as the most serious threat she ever had faced for re-election. Chat Paterson, who was several years younger than her youngest son, had won the Democratic primary, and with the official backing of nearly all Cleveland's top union leaders was conducting a vigorous campaign. He was good-looking, an attractive speaker, possessed of a creditable war record from G.I. to commission and had served as national commander of the American Veterans Committee. Frances wrote privately that he also was credited with between \$250,000 and \$500,000 as a war chest. Certainly he had been able to maintain a campaign office with several paid workers since the first of the year.

His drive coincided with the most vigorous efforts Bob Taft's enemies had yet made to defeat him for the Senate, and they were making the fight the most nationally exciting one of 1950. Realistic analysts of the Ohio vote thought it would be impossible to beat him unless the Twenty-second District also elected a Democratic representative. So the young man had much more than the usual backing of a congressional hopeful.

Distrustful of fate in these matters, Frances always worries a little about elections. But she likes campaigning, probably would do a lot of it even if she were able to assure herself that she could win anyway. In this contest with a man almost young enough to be her grandson, she

made six speeches a day for the last six weeks and finished, as one observer noted, "with spirits as bright as the red dress she wore."

Between the two, and with the fervor engendered on both sides by the battle to unseat Taft, they worked up as much excitement as could be expected in a presidential year. In fact, the proportion of voters in this one congressional struggle was as high as the highest national average in any presidential contest. Her young opponent was jubilant as workers reported the heavy outpouring to the polls. He had been saying that all he needed was a big turnout, that if 345,000 voted, his election was a certainty. Frances was saying nothing, just hoping that Bill Holsinger knew what he was talking about when he predicted on the basis of the first returns that she would win by 50,000. Actually the District cast more than 350,000 votes, and five out of eight voted for Bolton. She had a clear majority of nearly 90,000.

Since that victory, and only partly because of it, Representative Bolton has assumed a position in the House which relatively few men and almost no women have achieved in the past. The loyalty of the largest constituency in the country was impressive, although it would be her last triumph on such a scale because reapportionment on the basis of the 1950 census reduced the Twenty-second to average size. That loyalty of itself meant little to other congressmen. They were more impressed by her personal qualities.

An important one in the eyes of Democrats and Republicans alike was her party regularity. This is highly regarded by professional politicians at all times. In a woman

of rather more than independent means, notable for unorthodox thinking, it won an extra meed of appreciation. She kicked over the party traces often enough to indicate that she followed the organization from principle, just as she defied it from principle.

Another quality which members of both parties admire is her capacity for work. She makes up her mind, they say, on the basis of serious study, and she likes studying. The eagerness to know which Grandmother Payne had noted in little Frances Bingham was as fresh in Mrs. Bolton. The labor of amassing facts is not enjoyed by every member of Congress, and some were grateful that she often saved them the trouble. Others praised her because she could change her mind on the basis of facts.

She won respect, too, because most of her colleagues were sure she had no special ax to grind. Occasionally her opponents at home accused her of voting her "class" interests on economic measures or said that her sympathy for Arab nations was a reflection of her large oil holdings.

But those who worked with her in the House considered the charges nothing short of ridiculous. One faithful Democrat who knew her well commented: "She had a great and very real concern for the underdog, remarkable in anyone as rich as Mrs. Bolton."

Three well-qualified observers have appraised her work from their own widely separated viewpoints. Their characterizations go far to explain the position she has won.

"A congressman's congressman," says Eleanor Roosevelt in a book she wrote with Lorena Hickok, praising Mrs. Bolton's thoughtful approach to public questions.

"She has more influence with most congressmen than anyone outside of the official party leadership when she wants to exert it," says George Bender, a Republican colleague who thinks she "has enhanced the prestige of the Bolton name."

"When she makes up her mind to get something done, you might as well give up," says James Richards, who has been on the Foreign Affairs Committee longer than she but from the opposite side of the House. "Nobody, not even the Speaker, gives her the brush-off. She's just as nice and polite as can be, but if you don't give it to her today, she'll be here tomorrow."

Richards, a political realist retiring from Congress after twenty-four years of service, adds what one suspects is the highest praise in his vocabulary when he calls her "one of the best members I've ever known."

The sort of unofficial leadership which such remarks indicate carries with it certain rewards and penalties. It means hard work. It brings praise and honors very heartening to a woman who remembers and perhaps exaggerates the extent to which she was belittled in her youth. It presents a target for attack larger than less distinguished legislators offer. It widens the horizon of service, imposing obligations which it is impossible for one brought up in the Payne and Bingham tradition to ignore.

Her newsletter to constituents has reflected Congressman Bolton's own estimate of her job. It chronicles important events and her share in them. It gives tips on how to do business with the government, on opportunities for jobs or contracts or assistance to businessmen and farmers.

It speaks of the problem of dried eggs for the armed forces, post office reorganization, school needs and housing. It tells of new kinds of grass seed, where to get travel films, how to get into West Point. It wonders why the Navy pays six and a half cents a pound for tenpenny nails and the Air Force twelve cents.

But it also includes items designed to instruct her constituents on international issues, some of which would have been presented in a very different way by the novice elected in 1940. She has written about the Council of Europe in Strasbourg and her hopes that it might presage a great future of European cooperation. She has explained the background and need of economic aid to other countries. She has invited her readers to consider the high achievement of Costa Rica in spending five times as much on education and public works as on national defense. She recruited for the Voice of America at a time when that propaganda arm of the government was under bitter attack from some of her colleagues. She plugs books which she thinks people ought to read.

She takes the risk, too — and this can be very serious in politics — of preaching to her constituents. She has deplored emphasis on “material wealth and destructive atomic power” at the expense of “the spiritual and moral strength which has brought our nation so far along the way to abundant living.”

She even asks the people to think, demanding: “What *are* your purposes, your aims? What *is* your vision? How far can *you* see into the needs of men here and everywhere? How ready *are you* to bring sacrifices and lay them on the altar of peace?”

She spoke in this way to the largest congressional district in the country until 1952 — it had 908,403 people, according to the census of 1950, more than the population of twelve states. Her views gained added attention from the fact that her newsletter was reprinted in a number of newspapers.

Then, for the election of 1952, the Twenty-second was reduced to a little more than a third of its former size in a long overdue reapportionment. A big part of her old constituency was in a new district for which Bender, who had been a congressman-at-large, was the candidate. Another section, including most of the rural area to the east of the city, claimed her continued special interest because her son Oliver decided to run for the seat. While she tried hard not to influence him too strongly, she was frankly delighted. Meanwhile, she proved her skill in practical politics by retaining a nucleus of steady Republicans within her shrunken district. Party leaders, comfortably assuming that Mrs. Bolton was strongly enough entrenched to carry any part of her old constituency, proposed to leave her hardly anything except almost solidly Democratic wards. She won some modifications by fast footwork and her own prestige, but her opponent of 1950 was encouraged to try again.

As a prelude to the campaign, she was in Chicago in July for her fifth national convention, her tasteful costumes disfigured, one reporter commented, by "a Bob Taft insignia bigger than the loud-speaker." Her oratory was confined to a speech seconding the nomination of Ohio's favorite son. She had known him for years,

of course, ever since he had been her brother Harry's classmate at prep school and Yale. She spoke of his personality and home life, his courage and his faith. But when she was asked if he could win, there was a hint of doubt in the reply, "I'm praying. I don't know." A few minutes later she recovered herself, and said bravely, "I know he'll win. He's got to."

She was one of the first Taft delegates, and one of the most sincere, to call on Eisenhower to assure him of wholehearted support after he was nominated. If Taft couldn't get the prize, she was well enough pleased with the general. As early as 1946, she had said: "It is a waste of priceless material to have him as chief of staff in Washington."

At that time she had wanted him for ambassador to Russia, not president. But when he was being boomed seriously for the White House, she wrote warmly, after he had appeared before her committee, of "the inspiration of his own belief in freedom and faith." Under the circumstances, she was willing, therefore, to take on some new responsibilities as an assistant chairman of the Republican National Speaker's Bureau.

She was not one to neglect her own campaign, though. Her usual tireless electioneering routine, from six in the morning until ten at night, was not relaxed because she had a smaller territory to cover and national obligations to assume. She stumped the district, attended picnics, spent long hours in her several offices with aides and workers. She was ready to help her son, too, but Oliver was very determined not only to be running on his own but to make that fact very clear. Adapting some of her

campaign tactics, he toured the countryside, ringing doorbells and chatting with loungers on street corners. He was sensitive to suggestions about apron strings, and neither he nor his brothers ever had thought they had to mince words with Frances.

When she asked him if there was anything he would like her to do, he replied bluntly: "Sure there is — just keep the hell out of my district!"

His attitude frankly delighted her, and, except for one nonpolitical speech, she never did set foot inside his territory nor mention him in any of her talks until right at the end of the campaign when she issued a statement to explain that he was no carbon copy, that they often disagreed agreeably.

"He should make a good congressman," she concluded judiciously.

The mother and son team was as successful as the national ticket. Oliver won handsomely. Frances, who had received 62½ per cent of the vote in the big Twenty-second of 1950, carried the smaller, supposedly much more Democratic area with nearly 59 per cent in 1952.

"But," they will tell you in Cleveland, "she's the only Republican who can."

All in all, the rewards of her position far outweighed the penalties, and it is reasonable to suppose that Frances Bolton took her place in a Congress once more Republican in as happily carefree a mood as her conscience permits. For the first time she enjoyed an inaugural ball, and the admiring comments aroused by a Florida tan acquired during the Christmas holidays. She got a great

deal of fun out of the interviews and pictures and compliments that came with being a member of the first mother-son team in the national legislature. She laughed when she heard that the astute businessmen of the National Potato Chip Institute, who organized National Potato Chip Week, had picked Oliver for their Annual Chip Off the Old Block Award. She laughed even harder when Oliver, who inherits something of her talent for song, turned up at the Cleveland City Club in blackface and, parodying Al Jolson, warbled to the merriment of all beholders:

Ma-a-ammy! Ma-a-ammy!
I'll go east and you stay west,
And so I'll leave my Mammy's nest,
Ma—a—a—ammy!

It was pleasant, too, to have some of her grandchildren in Washington — not that she got to see much of them — and there still were others in Cleveland, for Kenyon had left the State Department and come home. She herself, however, was no longer a white-headed grandmother. She had restored her hair to its former brown shade, and when the writers of women's gossip columns asked about it, she said: "Some of the members have been telling me I look terrible, but the newspapermen seem to think it's O.K."

She enjoyed small triumphs. She was able to put through a congressional resolution for appropriate ceremonies to honor a very distant Payne cousin, John Howard, who had died one hundred years ago.

"I've always thought it so sad that the author of 'Home, Sweet Home' never had one of his own," she explained.

Not all of the triumphs came to her as a congressman. As a woman who had been eagerly concerned with nursing when politics bored her, she attended a session which she found more inspiring than any memorial. For years she had watched, and helped, the National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses win a place in their profession which did not depend upon race but upon ability. By 1951 they were so generally admitted to state and local nurses' groups — only Georgia barred them — that the NACGN voted at the age of forty-three to disband forever.

"It is so rare for an organization to accept the fact that it has achieved its purpose and not try to make some other work for itself," Frances says appreciatively.

She rejoiced in the wisdom of her friends, not so much because they were nurses or Negroes but because they were women. Her feminine pride led her to suspect that men would not have been so sensible.

A year later she was speaking with both nostalgia and hope at another nurses' meeting, sandwiching it in between two very busy days on the House floor. This one celebrated the passing of the National Organization of Public Health Nurses, in which a young Mrs. Bolton had played a leading role along with Ella Crandall. Again it was a rebirth rather than a death, for the public health nurses were being absorbed into a larger National League for Nursing.

To Frances the reward for her share in the success of these organizations was that she could devote more time to other problems. First on her list now came the con-

fusions and misfortunes which beset many families in the relations of the members to each other and society. The effect upon the young was the most important factor. A good many of Congressman Bolton's speeches began to be devoted to the spiritual and moral education of the future generation. More than one audience heard her argue that the greatest single resource of the country was its children. The special problems of the offspring of working mothers and divorced parents preoccupied her, although she recognized that they were too complicated to admit of general solutions.

She was not at all shy about introducing her beliefs in reincarnation or the values of Eastern religious thought into everyday discussions. In one interview, she insisted that, to those who seek truly, the old Hindu literature reveals "complete understanding of the body and the laws of the mind." Thousands of years ago, she explained, the wise men of India had known how to produce leaders, men who were worthy of being priests and rulers. She was only a little dismayed when the press interpreted this as advice to India to use such a system of birth control to solve its current population problems.

When she recorded her fundamental philosophy for Edward R. Murrow's "This I Believe" program, she said: "I believe that what we call a life span is but one of an endless number of lifetimes during which, bit by bit, we shall experience all things. I believe that we are responsible for our thoughts and actions from the moment the soul asks, 'What am I?' . . . I am not dismayed by the darkness into which mankind has betrayed itself, for I

know as only women can that all new life comes out of darkness through the gateway of agony and anguish into the Light."

Such wisdom as she had acquired, she believed — and she was not hampered by false modesty in estimating her progress — had come as much through suffering and slights as through the advantages of wealth, a good mind and hard study. To a younger woman seeking in some anguish of spirit sage counsel for meeting her difficult family problems, Frances suggested that whatever step she decided upon — leaving her home or anything else — should be taken only after she was sure where it would lead.

"And do not take it purely for the sake of personal gratification," she added, "or you will fail in real satisfaction."

The advice proved sound enough that the recipient, who had thought of the rich Mrs. Bolton as elevated above all common human trials and tribulations, later asked her: "How do you know and understand these things so well?"

"The only way anyone really understands, my dear," replied Frances, "is from the depths and heights of personal experience."

CHAPTER XVII

DIPLOMACY AND A DOLLHOUSE

MRS. DUDLEY BLOSSOM and Mrs. Chester Bolton stood together one day in 1953 looking at a pillared, two-story mansion with graceful fanlight over the front door and lamps shining cheerily from every window. They admired the exquisite furniture, the modernization of plumbing and electrical fixtures (for the house was more than sixty years old), and Mrs. Blossom pointed out to her sister that the bathrooms were sufficiently up-to-date to have HIS and HERS embroidered delicately on the towels.

They could see all this without moving because the mansion was only an inch more than three feet high. It had been Charles Bingham's Christmas present to his little girls about 1890. Betty had just finished having it restored and modernized for her own grandchildren. But now that it was done, it seemed rather a pity it should be enjoyed by so few. What did Frances think of giving it to a museum?

Frances thought it a splendid idea, and so the Western Reserve Historical Society acquired one of its most popular exhibits. The younger sister could not wait to

see it installed, however. She had to rush off to school. When the doll's house was new, she only had to go across the street. But now, at sixty-eight, she was flying to Washington for her classes.

President Eisenhower had appointed Representative Bolton to the United States delegation for the September meeting of the United Nations Assembly, and she and her fellow delegates were to attend a series of intensive briefing sessions, or "summer school," as Frances called it, at the State Department. The loyal Cleveland papers might object that this was like Helen Hayes taking acting lessons, but Frances knew better how varied and complicated were the problems she would confront, and she was grateful for a chance to learn. Ever since she had taken her place on the Foreign Affairs Committee, she had been attracted strongly by the art of diplomacy. Now she was to step onto the stage of the greatest of all international forums. It was an exhilarating but also a sobering prospect.

As her plane winged its way from Cleveland to the capital, she could reflect that there wasn't as much change in the little girl who had been so thrilled by the doll's house as there was in the world the little girl had known. Perhaps the greatest changes of all were summed up in the very fact that here she, a woman, was flying thousands of feet above the earth at a speed of several hundred miles an hour to take her place in what could be regarded as the highest councils of mankind — and it all seemed perfectly natural and reasonable. Newspapers, magazines, radio and television devoted millions of words to the coming Assembly session, the issues and personalities

involved. These were discussed and debated from almost every conceivable point of view except one. Nowhere did a venerable relic of male superiority rise to question the wisdom or propriety of the United States being represented by a woman. Not a single humorist thought it was funny. If any of her older colleagues cherished any reservations about her qualifications because of her sex, they were mighty careful to keep the old-fashioned idea strictly to themselves.

As a matter of fact, Frances herself did not spend much time in rehearsing the twists and turns of the women's revolution which had brought her to this new career of diplomacy. She was much too busy preparing for it to look backward.

She had no illusions that she was about to embark upon nothing more important than a pleasant round of teas and dinners, gossip and speeches. She had been too close to the realities of international affairs in the grim war and postwar years to suppose that there was any room left for "cookie-pushers." She appreciated the advantages to be derived from informal contacts at social gatherings, but she knew they had value only if they were backed by solid study, hard work in committee and a well-thought-out program for presenting American aims and policies to other delegations.

Her expectations were more than realized. In New York that September, her nose was to the diplomatic grindstone almost every waking hour. Taking rooms at the Vanderbilt Hotel so she could be across the street from the offices of the United States delegation, she breakfasted at seven on tea, fruit and important papers. Then

she stepped briskly across the street to her office for some intensive work and conferences before driving to United Nations headquarters. If the day of committee negotiations ended in time, there was more office work until she changed for the official parties of the evening — at least one every evening. After she got back to her suite, enough paper work had accumulated from the day and her congressional mail to occupy her until far into the night, so she sometimes got to bed for as much as five hours.

“Fortunately, rearing a large family taught me to get along on very little sleep,” she commented cheerfully, putting in her characteristic plug for the advantages of motherhood as a preparation for other important matters in life.

She was more disturbed by clothing problems than by lack of sleep. There just wasn’t time to change often enough to be quite as tastefully clad for each occasion as she liked to be. She solved it, not entirely to her own satisfaction, by wearing tailored suits which were suitable for the working day and the average cocktail party.

She was assigned to the Assembly’s Committee Four, which dealt with the touchy problems of trusteeships and countries which were not self-governing. She had become quite knowledgeable about the intricacies of government and development in such places as Togoland, Somaliland, and the Pacific islands. Committee Four wrestled, too, with the insistence of the Union of South Africa upon doing as it pleased with territories mandated to it after World War I. In all of them there was an unpleasantly large amount of grist for the Communist

propaganda mill. Speaking "for my delegation," Frances Bolton reached the high point of her career so far.

For three months she was in the thick of the negotiations which, for all the dissatisfactions, frustrations and serious setbacks, remained the best hope of peace. She conferred with other delegates and experts on facts, precedents, prejudices. As debate and argument proceeded, she jotted down notes on what she might say, and, when her turn came, her remarks were notable for clarity and for clearer grammatical construction than most speakers achieve in purely extemporaneous utterances.

Her own education was enlarged by contacts with delegates from behind the Iron Curtain. After a luncheon with Julius Katz-Suchy, the tall, dark spokesman for Poland who peered at people through thick, heavy-rimmed glasses and spoke with persuasive eloquence, she was so impressed that she made a note of both his brilliance and his menace in a penciled memorandum intended mainly for herself. Katz-Suchy had the attraction which bad men often exert in casual contacts with people of good will, and Frances could not help admiring the extent of his information. She thought he "probably knows more than any but a very few about the U.S.A. — physically, mentally and governmentally." Then he talked about the rebuilding of Warsaw, which she had seen in its tragic ruin.

"It was a strange experience sitting there listening," she wrote. "I couldn't help wondering what was being done through the contact."

She herself was assiduous in cultivating not only the

Soviet and satellite delegates, but also representatives of all other countries. She became acquainted with so many of them that she surprised her colleague, Richards. A gregarious man himself, he thought he was familiar with members of most of the missions.

"But Frances knew twice as many as I did," he says.

The once sensitive girl who had shrunk from exposing herself to possible slights was not easily rebuffed now. The women of the Communist bloc, she noticed, frowned or simply looked blank when she greeted them civilly, until one day at a luncheon for Madame Pandit, the Indian delegate who attracted even more attention than she, Frances found herself surrounded by Russians, Byelorussians and Poles. She tried to talk to them in French, but they were not very facile in that tongue. Then she remembered that Ivy Litvinoff, the British wife of the first Soviet ambassador to Washington, had been an early exponent of Basic English and had organized courses on it in Russia after her return. So she spoke of these books, "850 words scientifically set up with only a little grammar which Chinese coolies learn in three weeks."

"Would you care to look over one of the books?" she asked.

Their enthusiastically affirmative reply was the first break she had noticed in their formality. That afternoon, Frances bought a Basic English text and after that, even during committee sessions, she saw the Communist bloc women huddling over it.

"It may have been a coincidence," she said toward the

end of the session, "but since then the various Communist delegates I am thrown in with give me a smiling good morning."

The author of *The Strategy and Tactics of World Communism* was not deceived by the amenities. She remained well aware of the dangers from Soviet ambitions, although she thought that if the chief Soviet delegate Vishinsky "did not make the front pages, a lot of the heat would be off."

Sometimes she strayed into partisan bragging, too, as when she told one interviewer in New York: "Make no mistake about it. Their goal is absolute domination of the world. The next step is to fight. President Eisenhower's election stopped what they might have had in mind. There was a great general being elected and they stopped."

Usually, however, she spoke in a more conciliatory vein. These were the days when Senator McCarthy was pushing to his final clash with the administration, and the bitterness of political talk whenever communism or Communist influences were mentioned was reminiscent of the early days of the Republic when Jefferson was being reviled as a creature of French Jacobins and Hamilton as a traitor in the employ of British monarchists.

In this atmosphere it was refreshing to hear Delegate Bolton answer a constituent who objected that she was tripping off to cocktail parties with Communists when our boys were being tortured and killed in North Korean prison camps. Years ago she had seen through her Geneva "window to the world" how representatives of hostile

countries at the old League of Nations had walked across the street or slipped around convenient corners to avoid the necessity of speaking politely to each other. It was not, she had thought then and thought still, conducive to improvement in international relations.

So now she replied to the criticism: "Our so-called civilized 'parties,' where mostly we stand about on weary feet talking first to one and then to another, seem to be the one method we have to make the acquaintance of these many people who have come together from the four corners of the earth to try to lay foundation stones upon which, some day, there can be built the structure of peace.

"Because of my long service on the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House, I probably see more necessity for these contacts which little by little become pleasant acquaintances, some few flowering into friendships which hold fast no matter what. . . . To me they are fragile threads of gold between my country and other lands, tiny perhaps, but still threads which, if brought together, might prove to have a strength beyond our vaguest dreams.

"Here at the United Nations I have tried to weave many other such threads into the pattern of my hopes, even though there are some who protest that all contact with those whose government denies the Godhead should be forbidden."

A little later she could have given a more dramatic proof of the value of cocktail parties. A Rumanian couple, Valeriu and Lygia Georgescu, who were living in America, had been told that their teenage sons would not be

allowed to join them unless the parents agreed to spy for the Soviets. They had refused, but were terribly worried about the boys. Just at that time, Vishinsky's wife and daughter had joined him in New York, and, at one of the denounced cocktail parties, Frances found an opportunity to tell him he must be pleased to have them.

"He allowed as it was very good to see them," she related, "so I led him on a little about family life."

Then she suggested that the Georgescus would relish it, too, and, although he disclaimed any influence, she knew that the incident would be reported. She also persuaded the State Department to ask Eisenhower if he would write a letter to the Rumanian government. Between Vishinsky and the president, the trick was turned; the boys came to America.

Usually when she could not conciliate, she confined her remarks to private memoranda. On one of these, she noted the danger of Arab policies which, as voiced by some of their representatives, were based on false premises and imperiled the progress which she hoped to see the Near East achieve.

"Expediency for momentary gains," she wrote presciently, "at the sacrifice of long-range wisdom is evidence of a lack of principle that can lead only to disaster."

But the high point of her United Nations service came on the last day but one, December 12, during a rather warm debate over racial discrimination in South Africa. Here was a subject on which most Americans felt strongly, but on which our own record was not one to encourage strong speech about others. In the normal course of

seniority, the speaker for the United States delegation should have been the former secretary of state who was a member. But this happened to be Governor James Byrnes, of South Carolina, hardly the man to voice the feelings of anyone not lily-white and resident in the Deep South. So Mrs. Bolton was selected instead.

No other American ever had confessed so frankly in a United Nations session to the elements of segregation in our own society. But no other American had made a more persuasive exposure of the wrongs of segregation everywhere, the wrong not only to those who are discriminated against, but the wrong to those who do the discriminating.

Next day the eighth session of the United Nations Assembly passed into history. Frances noted that she had had her first experience of formal diplomacy, and she had liked it. More important, many in her delegation, in the United Nations and the State Department, had liked her in it. It was freely predicted that she would round out her career as an ambassador.

In the midst of her preparations for diplomacy, Frances had snatched a few days in the summer of 1953 for an international gathering of quite another kind. Several years before, she had organized, with Eileen Garrett, a Parapsychology Foundation to focus better their joint aims and ideals in the scientific exploration of what so many people still consider unexplorable. True to the Payne tradition, the foundation was small, consisting only of Mrs. Garrett, and a very few interested people. Officially, Frances was vice-president, but she never was able to devote as much time to its work as she hoped.

(She did visit the New York offices often enough to go over the books and budget with that auditor's look which she can muster, while she heard about projects in which she was intensely interested but in which she had no time to participate.)

The foundation was able to arrange the First International Conference of Parapsychological Studies at the University of Utrecht in Holland for July 30 to August 5, with ninety eminent scientists and scholars from fourteen countries meeting under the presidency of Dr. Gardner Murphy, one of America's most distinguished psychologists. It was hard for the usual scoffers to elaborate their sneers at a group of this quality. When Frances flew over to address the opening session, she could feel that the whole course of her life and her studies had been pointing to this.

She spoke as modestly as a layman should among experts, encouraging those present to persevere in "searching for knowledge and truth in realms beyond those on which science had set its seal of approval." She saw with emotion these "men and women who go out beyond the recognized boundaries," and she rejoiced that she had been able to further their deliberations. She minimized her share, but the conferees in their final resolutions characterized it as "inspiration and extraordinary generosity."

The fifty-seven papers and resulting deliberations were learned and technical to a degree. But the Utrecht Conference has been hailed, by those who can understand its work, as the establishment of a new era in the progress of parapsychology.

It was from such experiences that Frances could return with renewed gratitude for the strength — not all from within herself either — which enabled her to overcome the timidity and fears which had haunted her youth. In the exercises of spirit and body she found protection from those old demons, and if the physical were more apparent to her friends, some of them profited by her example. Senator Smith, for example, says that she herself always was a devotee of setting up exercises, but she adds, smiling: "Frances taught me some new ones."

An elderly congressman, one of the colder, more acid, cantankerous members, once asked Frances rather wistfully — he was feeling his age, she thinks — where she got her calm, her faith. He was startled to hear her reply: "Where few want to go — in hell!"

Yet it was, indeed, there that she had learned some of the truths which made her attitude toward weak or even wickedly perverse human beings admirable. She could not condemn unreservedly and self-righteously, and she was likely to speak her mind. When the Army decided to court-martial the handful of American prisoners of war who had first refused repatriation from North Korea and then wanted to come home after all, she disapproved strongly. She could hardly be suspected of sympathy with what the youths had done and she knew she would be accused of trying to subvert military discipline, but she urged: "Let's be human in these things."

To be human, she thought, was to understand and forgive, because she could appreciate the agony one might suffer in becoming a renegade.

The more the world changed, the more Frances Bolton remained the same, to twist an old adage. Perhaps that was why she so often had the feeling of "I've been here before." To herself this was most apparent in those rare hours when she had the leisure and the solitude for contemplation. Sometimes it was at dawn on the beach at Casa Apava. Sometimes it was late at night at Franchester where she works in a businesslike but feminine office, or relaxes in a charming blue and white room with dark blue drapes and pictures of her uncles and various Payne or Perry homes on the cream-colored walls. Sometimes it was a flash in a moment's interlude in Washington or New York. But to outsiders it was more obvious in the activities which claimed the indefatigable Mrs. Bolton's attention.

Nursing remained in the forefront. After some maneuvering, she pushed through Congress a law for commissioning male nurses in the Armed Forces — "my equal rights for men in the Army bill," she called it, with a broad smile, comparing it to an equal pay for women measure which she sponsored with as much vigor but less success. Then she tackled the more difficult problem of shortages in the profession. It was not only that too few girls were recruited; there was a large, steady leakage of well-trained, thoroughly experienced women out of the ranks, mostly into marriage. A significant proportion of them seemed to be the wives of doctors who were deploring the trouble they had getting competent nurses for their patients. Was there some way to bring these women back? Frances sent out ten thousand question-

naires about the shortage to people who ought to know, and the four thousand replies generally agreed on only one point: that there ought to be some sort of federal aid.

On the basis of the confusion which these replies indicated, Frances introduced a bill for the creation of a twelve-man Commission on Nursing Services. Her own survey had proved that there was little agreement among the experts as to the facts. Her commission would be authorized to gather these, to study ways of utilizing the nurses we have more effectively, to devise means for discouraging the "escape" of nurses from the profession. The work was to be tied closely to the over-all health and medical picture.

For once, she did not have the full backing of the nurses themselves. Some of them were not so sure they wanted to trust a commission which would not be controlled by themselves. But the sponsor persisted, and still persists.

Then, in 1954, she was able to dramatize the problem in a way that appealed to the emotions of all Americans. Those unlikely Indo-Chinese place names which had been prominent in the news when Frances Bingham was born were back in the headlines, coupled once again with reports of French military defeats. None of them had been more thrilling than a fortified camp at Dienbienphu, and the outstanding personality of a breathtakingly heroic siege, rivaling the gallant commander himself, was a French Air Force nurse. Her name was a jaw-breaker for most newspaper readers here, but, as the "Angel of Dienbienphu," she had become a popular heroine. Frances introduced a congressional resolution

to invite her to this country as the guest of the United States, and arranged a triumphal tour which gave many Americans a new appreciation of the nurse's role not only in war but in the everyday vicissitudes of life.

Later on, she won the principle even if not the bill. Her steady advocacy of a commission to look into the nurse shortage challenged the Subcommittee on Science and Health so strongly that its members decided to study the matter themselves. Frances had gained the result she desired.

She was very much the daughter of the man who had helped make Cleveland a machine-tool center. From her vantage point in viewing the realities of foreign relations, she had become a strong advocate of a truly reciprocal tariff. At the same time she interposed a canny reservation on behalf of protection for machine tools. She displayed a virtuosity of argument as she quoted facts and figures about the industry which would have done credit to Charles Bingham himself. It was her contention that she asked no more than a reasonable safeguarding of an item essential to the national defense.

One of the ironies of politics is that odd trivia attract more attention than genuinely important but undramatic legislation. When Frances and Margaret Chase Smith cooperated on identical bills in House and Senate to adopt the rose as the national flower, they stirred up more comment than the shortage of nurses and protection for machine tools combined. Verbal play upon this new "War of the Roses" was irresistible to commentators. But Representative Bolton was tough enough to shrug off sarcasm.

She was sufficiently armored against disappointment to accept philosophically, if regretfully, the Republican loss of Congress in 1954. In her own committee such transitions were easier than in more hotly partisan groups, and the new chairman, Richards, was an old friend with whom her influence was strong. In fact, they tried to change each other, she to spur him to greater activity, he to persuade her to slow down.

"I tell her, 'Frances, just carry one well on your shoulder at a time,' " he says, "but she wants to carry all of 'em."

Richards complains that she not only wants to know and do too much herself, but wants others to do the same. She will bring him, as chairman, a bulky sheaf of papers and advise him: "Jim, you ought to know about this."

"You can't know about everything," he parries. "That is why we have our subcommittees."

"No, this is something you should study," she insists.

"But I don't have time to study," he objects.

"All right, I'll tell you about it," she replies.

"And," says Richards ruefully, "she does."

As she approached the age of seventy, there certainly were no signs that she took Richards' advice about slowing down. Not that she was without plenty of reminders of mortality. No one approaches the Biblical span without mourning many friends, and early in 1955, Will and Harry Bingham died within a few weeks and a few miles of each other in Florida. Their sister's seventieth birthday, only four days after Harry's death, was hardly a festive occasion, but probably would not have been under happier circumstances anyway. The heavy hand of con-

vention, which she had been trying with varying degrees of success to evade for half a century or more, could no longer compel her to interrupt interesting or important activities for the empty formality of anniversaries.

Seventy years old? That was something to be worried about by those without a responsible role in domestic and foreign legislation, without a Payne Fund needing to be administered so that her large income did some good in a world of people and ideas, without obligations to a variety of organizations in health and education and the arts on whose boards she sat, without, in short, a zest for life and an ambition for achievement which had been growing rather than diminishing ever since Frances Bingham was a shy and solemn little girl.

CHAPTER XVIII

NEXT?

TWO motor cars rolled through the beautiful scenery of Ruanda-Urundi in East Africa between Astride and Shyogwe. In the first, several young men, two with motion picture cameras, watched for possible shots which would give a glimpse of the real Africa to Americans, most of whom think of the Dark Continent as did Jonathan Swift when he wrote:

Geographers in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

From the second car, a woman eagerly watched the terraced hills with their thatched houses looking down into deep valleys and across to purple mountains. This was the country of tall men over which ruled the Mwami and the Queen Mother. This was the country of the Watusi, whose corps de ballet the woman in the car had admired in the movie, *King Solomon's Mines*.

Climbing the last hill, the cars stopped at the edge of a great semicircle of graveled terrain in front of a low, rather extensive brick building, the palace. Out stepped

a smallish woman in a gay print dress and a big hat who walked erect and very briskly, just as if nobody had told her to be careful of the African sun. Representative Frances P. Bolton, member of the Subcommittee on the Near East and Africa of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States House of Representatives, was calling upon the Queen Mother. As she and her little party entered the compound, they found standing in the doorway a tall woman in white, her hand outstretched in welcome.

In an inner room of the palace, with both women seated and an interpreter standing behind them, the Queen Mother asked with great dignity and earnestness: "Why have you come?"

The congressman explained the official nature of her position, her desire to learn at first hand about the parts of the world which fell within her subcommittee's jurisdiction, and then added: "I have come these many miles because I believe it is important that women of opportunity and responsibility everywhere in the world should look into each other's faces and speak together. I believe that through such an approach to world problems, peace can be achieved. We who bear the world's children, once we know each other, can, if we will, exert a very potent influence upon the great future."

And so the two women talked and exchanged gifts and watched the wonderful Watusi dancers. But an even greater impression was made by quite a small incident after she had made her farewells to the imposing Queen Mother and returned to the graveled semicircle where a group of women were gathered with babies on their

backs and children running about. She soon found that what she has called the universal woman language that needs no words was an adequate means of communication. It consists of smiles and nods and good will. A little fellow in a gray flannel shirt, and nothing else, lifted his arms with an inviting smile which asked: "Pick me up?" In a moment he was on her arm, but obviously not happy, and his mood was reflected in the faces of the women around her. But just before tears came, something told her to shift the child to her hip in native fashion.

"Instantly," she says, "all was well. Nor shall I forget what it did to me to feel his little knees gripping my hip bone. I was flooded with a curious sensation of love and understanding, of belonging, quite impossible to describe."

This sense of belonging was not new to her on the trip. Objectively, the seed of desire to take it had been sown during her tour of duty at the United Nations. Subjectively, as she worked out a plan for the long trek — twenty thousand miles through twenty-four countries — there grew an odd sense that somewhere in her long past Africa had played a part, and that the present journey could not be less than meaningful. This impression never left her; indeed, she retains a curious feeling that in Africa she found an experience, unfinished and needing fulfillment.

But travel today needs much down to earth preparation. Official travel, in Congressman Bolton's view, demands authoritative reports which call for the corroboration of more than one person's impressions. Therefore,

with the help of those who knew at least a little about Africa, she had obtained a Signal Corps photographer who was somewhat familiar with East Africa, a transportation officer with a background of eight years mostly in West Africa, and a Mayo Clinic physician whose prolonged work in Peru had given him an abiding interest in the health problems of primitive people. It was typical of Frances that one of her joys was that she could use money left by her brother Will for this survey trip. "I am sure he is happy he could make it all possible to me rather than having the taxpayers charged with the costs," she explained.

So here she was, in the Fall of 1955, walking much too fast in the sun, talking with the impressive, friendly queen, watching the magnificent Watusi dancers. She had climbed mountains afoot, fled in a jeep from a charging wild elephant, embraced a Nigerian mother who had a son studying in America on a Payne Fund scholarship, conferred with a brilliantly garbed paramount chief with an Oxford accent, tapped a rubber tree in Liberia, bragging that the product would end up in Ohio. She had reviewed a guard of honor in Nigeria, spent a night in the Mau Mau country with a cheerful young couple who had barbed wire over the windows of their pretty house, an alarm rocket rigged to fire at the jerk of a cord and guns at their sides day and night.

But mostly she had seen how people lived and worked. She had spent most of her time analyzing their struggles for education and health and development of their land. She had walked about where malnutrition and disease stalked so that the smooth little bodies of children turned

a rough red-brown and their hair gray. She had reviewed the armies of defense against these enemies — the hospitals, doctors and nurses. Missionaries and miners, businessmen and lawyers, foreign agents and national political leaders, tribal chiefs and city workers, all told their stories to the visitor. At every stop her briefcase bulged with papers and her head buzzed from the kaleidoscope of impressions.

For ninety-nine days, Frances kept up a pace which tired her companions and filled her mind with enough information to satisfy even her. Planes, trains, river boats, coastal steamers, automobiles and jeeps carried her from one breathlessly exciting experience to another. After all of them had been sorted out, what were her conclusions? Even Frances needs a deep breath to answer.

“. . . mystery, beauty, incredible poverty and stark majesty — all at the same time . . . the passionate eagerness to learn . . . the people of tenderness of laughter . . . the eagerness and longing of women for better child care . . . the refusal of others to let go the agelong traditions of tribal life . . . tremendous housing programs everywhere, the hospitals, the dispensaries, the clinics and the maternity homes . . . a continent of contrasts, and above all a continent of new life, new faith, new hope.”

She came home at last, a spokesman with a mission. To her, Africa is the land of the future where two hundred million people can move, if we and they will it so, from the oxcart to the atomic age in one splendid leap. She has the evidence to prove her contention — crates of notes and papers and films which she brought back with

her. Her official report is being requested by governments, universities and libraries everywhere.

She came home, too, by way of the Near East, and from Cairo went to Baghdad, a trip true to her interest in the pioneering she undertakes through the Payne Fund or otherwise. In this case, she wanted to look over work which owed its inspiration to the days in Peter Bent Brigham Hospital just after Charles had broken his neck. The boy had become close friends with a young British surgeon, Hugh Cairns, who dreamed of taking the Cushing neurological techniques to England. Frances, setting up the Charles Bingham Bolton Neurological Research Foundation in London, had enabled him to do it and achieve a notable career in doing it. Much later, in 1954, Dr. Cushing's onetime right hand in Boston had wondered out loud if Frances had any money to undertake a similar experiment in the East on behalf of a brilliant surgeon there. So Frances met and talked with Dr. Parhad and agreed.

"I am enough of a Yankee to want to know what happens when I spend or give money, so I returned from Africa via the Parhad Clinic," she said.

She also stopped in Jerusalem, Haifa and Tel Aviv, eager to see the changes in Israel since her last visit there, and she flew from Tel Aviv home. She has used a dramatic ability to make audiences feel that they had been with her when she tells of the progress of the new but old country, of the tragedy and fears and irrepressible hopes in a Jerusalem girl with barbed wire, of the terraced hillsides and newly planted fields and orchards in the tiny new villages, of the draining of the marshes and

the beauties of Lake Tiberias, of the shock of reprisals as the visitor turns west toward Acre and Haifa. She speaks with understanding of the work of such American organizations as Hadassah, of Point Four programs, of the accomplishments of the Israeli themselves. But most of all she talks of the possibilities of peace in this area, this bridge between East and West, this source of three of the world's great religions.

Her sense of the tensions and dangers in the Near East only confirms her belief that Africa must come to play an increasingly important role in the progress of the world. But she has not been able to devote herself exclusively to that. Frances never has a chance to concentrate for very long on a single issue, problem or program, and it is not at all certain that she would if she could. More probably she would stir around energetically until she found a few more, for she has the restlessness of her vitality. She is the juggler who would rather keep four balls in the air at once than three, and six is better yet.

Fortunately for a congressman of ripe seniority, for a layman with a solid position in the fields of health, education and communications, for a searcher into the broad realms of the unseen, there always is more to be done than the day permits. When one adds the joys and cares of motherhood and grandmotherhood, of three large houses and a multitude of miscellaneous possessions, there is enough to consume the energies even of a Frances Bolton.

She has made it a point to follow the progress of the Guernsey herd which her son Charles maintains on his farm. She would be unhappy not to be informed as to

how Kenyon is getting along in any of his various enterprises. When Oliver announced that, recovering from a heart attack, he would not seek re-election, she was disappointed because she liked the mother-son relationship in Congress, but "it is his life, and for him the choice no doubt is well." She seldom interferes in the lives of her sons.

"I've learned not to try to run my children's lives; my own keeps me busy," she says, and proceeds to a discussion of something which perhaps she can influence.

That may be her nursing bill, the latest ideas in education for better citizenship or better family relationships, the needs of her constituents, the bad behavior of Democrats more bent on politics than progress, the intricacies of foreign aid, the 485 acres of land she bought in Maryland across from Mount Vernon so no one will ever be able to spoil at least that much of the view with a housing development or a factory.

She enjoys the honors which come her way; she never quite gets used to them because appreciation came to her relatively late in life. For years she has been Ohio's Vice-regent of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association which maintains Washington's old home, and she delights in the opportunity this gives her to show the place to such visitors as the Emperor Haile Selassie, and to sleep there herself once a year during Council. She was greatly and pleasantly surprised when the French embassy advised her that she was to receive the rank of officer in the Order of the Legion of Honor. The moving little ceremony gave her a curious happiness, almost the same as she had felt at Pauline Whitney's wedding. The charm-

ing speech of Ambassador Couve de Murville, the red ribbon with white enameled star, the smiling faces around her — her sons and daughters-in-law, Margaret Chase Smith, "the Angel of Dienbienphu," a few of the military — were all infinitely touching.

But hers, in one sense, is a lonely life. Crowds and much activity do not replace the confidences and intimacies of a really close companionship. Frances Bolton is a highly successful woman, so successful in her varied undertakings that there is no time for the leisurely, timeless cultivation of such companionship. It may be that there isn't time to miss it either. If there is, one suspects, that fact is pretty much of a secret between Frances Bolton and those of her gods from whom she draws strength.

Certainly there is plenty of vigor and buoyancy in the side of her nature she shows the world. A typical day toward the close of Congress went something like this: Up and dressed for breakfast at 7; read papers and handled mail at home until 9:15; met with staff of Foreign Affairs Committee, 9:45; participated in committee hearings on bill to amend the Armed Forces Act, 10 to 12; attended on the House floor, 12 to 12:30; attended luncheon meeting to discuss the Foreign Service School (she is on its Advisory Committee), 12:30 to 2; present on House floor for School Bill debate, with one interval to greet a group of thirty people from her district, 2 to 4:30; hastened to the office to receive visitors, read, dictate and sign mail, telephone her Cleveland office, talk with members of her staff, put her homework into her brief-

case, 4:30 to — well, almost any time, but on this day it was 6:50.

Emerging from her office, she smiled apologetically at a man who was waiting to bear her off to a dinner meeting and conference which would last until midnight. She was trim, erect, fresh. As they walked toward the elevator through the empty, echoing corridor of the House Office Building, she turned to him and exclaimed with genuine exuberance: "Oh, there's so much to be done still, and this is so much the place to do it!"

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